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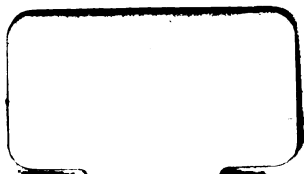
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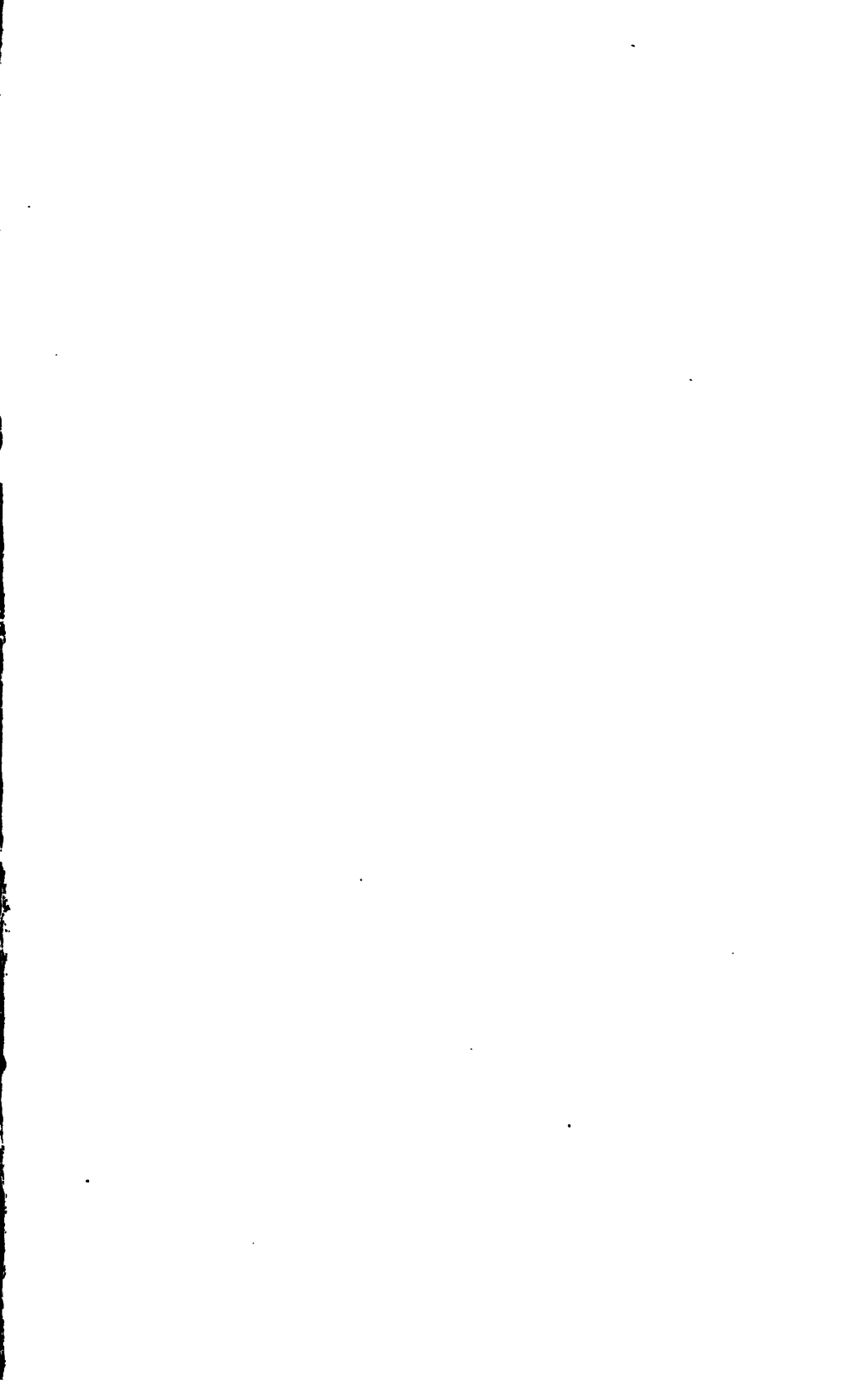
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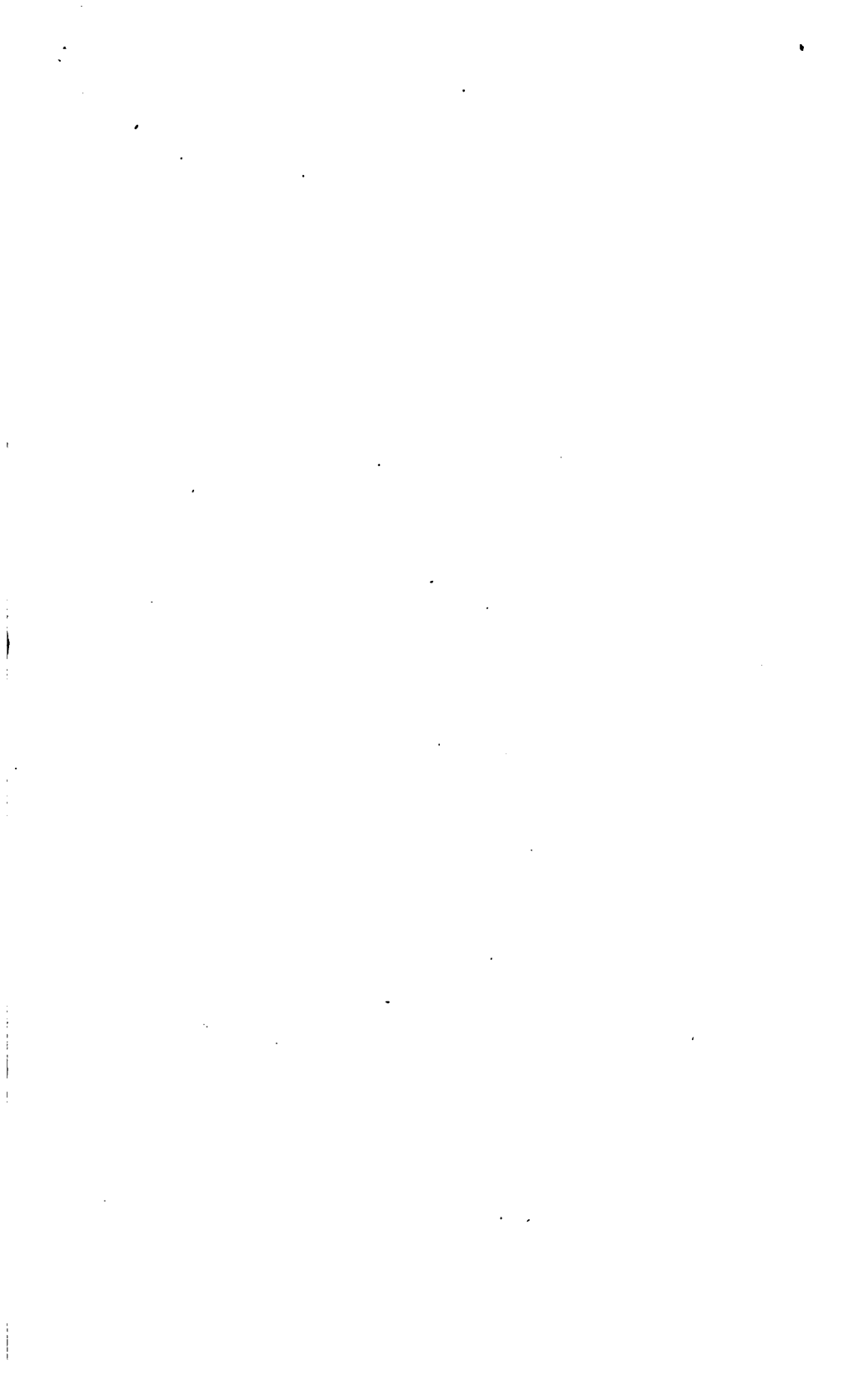




THE EAGLE.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.





Engraved by H. P. Marshall

Designed by Aug. 1844

Guinevere

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill, London.

THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE,

SUPPORTED BY

MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

VOL. IV.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET,

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

1865.

Engle R 5713.9.40



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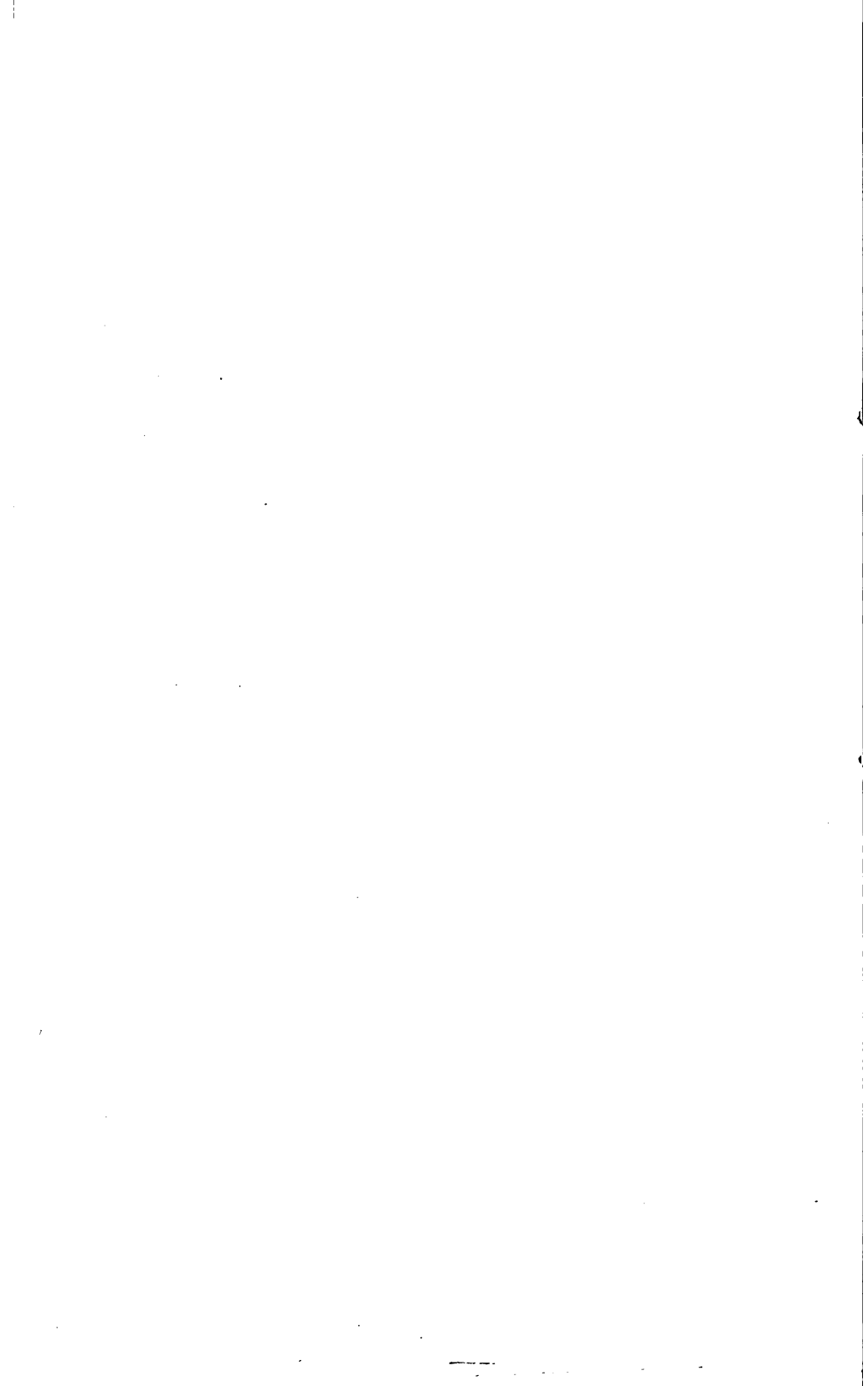
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THE EAGLE.

A GHOST STORY.

(Concluded from Vol. III., page 345.)

A GAIN must I apologize to the reader for the fact that my excited feelings brought the last part of my story to an abrupt termination; the best apology that I can make will be to conclude as speedily as it is possible a story which I feel has already occupied far too much space in the columns of a Magazine so well known and so deservedly distinguished as *The Eagle*. Let me then return at once "in medias res."

Fear like unto the fear which I had felt long years ago in the haunted room fell upon me. I stood in silence gazing on the handsome, though sombre features of my companion, and some minutes passed before I could ask him what object he had in this mysterious midnight interview.

"Tell me," he replied, "before I answer you, tell me if you believe that long years of repentance can blot out long years of wickedness. If days spent in alms-giving, nights in sorrow and sleeplessness, seem to you to be any atonement for the sins of one's past life, then you will not refuse the hand of forgiveness to him who now stands before you, and to another as sinful, as unhappy, and as repentant as he is."

"If," I replied, "you speak of Agatha Snow—for I cannot help believing that you are in some way connected with

certain events of my early life—I have long forgiven her as heartily as I hope to be forgiven myself.”

“And what of him who now addresses you?” he asked in an agitated voice, “can you extend to him who is far more guilty the same forgiveness?” “Convince me of your repentance,” I replied, “and your offence will be indeed a heavy one, if I, who stand so much in need of forgiveness, cannot forgive it.”

“Thank God!” I heard him murmur to himself; then handing me a sealed packet, “Read this,” he said “at home, and remember that you have promised to forgive; remember that the sins related in this narrative have been bitterly repented of; and if, after you have read all, you can still forgive Agatha Snow and her wretched brother and accomplice who now stands before you, come to the address which you will find written for you, and by your forgiveness throw one ray of hope over the last days of two repentant sinners.”

Nothing of any importance passed between us after these words; my companion crossed to the opposite side of the river to that from which I had come, and I rejoined my husband who was beginning to be alarmed at my absence. On reaching our hotel, the first thing we did was to sit down to read the MS. which I had received, and the contents of which I shall lay before the reader. The writing I saw was that of a woman, and I seemed to recognize it as that of Agatha Snow; the only title of the narrative, which I am going to translate, as well as I can, for the reader’s benefit, was—

A CONFESSION.

I write this account of my life, in which I intend to hide nothing, in the hope that it may at some time reach the hands of Miss Hester —, and that she and anyone else whom I may have injured may forgive me. I shall address this confession to Miss Hester —, partly because she is intimately connected with many of the events which I am about to relate, and partly out of a feeling of love towards her, and a desire to obtain her forgiveness for an injury done to her. Should she think that sufficient atonement has been done by my confession, I ask of her to destroy this confession, and to banish it and the events which it relates from her memory for ever. It would be painful for me, and useless for the reader of this confession, were I to enter into a description of my life previous to my marriage with Arthur Snow, my late mistress’s butler; it is enough for me to say, that till the day of my marriage my life had been one of

peace, innocence and happiness ; and, but for my marriage, I might even now have a conscience clear before God and man. I do not intend to defend my own guilt by laying my crimes at another's door ; whatever may have been Arthur Snow's guilt he has atoned for it by his death, at least in the eyes of man. I had not been married long before by accident I discovered that I was married to a most profligate and lawless character ; in fact, that the man who was to be my partner for life lived by coining.

It is needless now to describe how I strove to turn him to an honest life, how unavailing were all my tears, my reproaches, and my prayers ; how my horror was increased, when I discovered that my brother Edward, my youngest and best-beloved brother, was one of the gang ; and how by degrees I myself left the paths of honesty, and became the most eager, the most crafty, and the most accomplished coiner of the gang. My husband died within two years after our marriage, but before his death he had entrusted to me a most important secret. Previously to his having turned coiner, he had, as he told me, been guilty of several forgeries, in which your late uncle, Miss Hester, had been more or less implicated. Your uncle, though a wealthy, had always been an extravagant man, and I fear that he was induced by Arthur Snow, who, though only a butler, was much in his master's confidence, if not to participate in his crimes, occasionally to avail himself of money which he knew had been dishonestly got. A feeling of remorse at length drove him to take away his own life in the room which you know afterwards was called "the haunted room." My husband while a servant in the house had discovered that there was an underground chamber underneath this room, and connected with it by a secret passage ; this chamber was also connected with one of the canals of the town by an underground passage, and had been formerly used by smugglers as a storehouse for their goods.

Arthur Snow on his master's death determined to employ this secret chamber as a safe place in which he might coin counterfeit money, the only room in the house which was connected with it being uninhabited, in consequence of the awful death which had taken place in it.

It was this chamber that was the scene of our illegal trade. One of our gang had a place as servant in your aunt's house, and, by judiciously inspiring a dread of the haunted room into the other servants, secured us from any interruption after night-fall. I must now return to my own

history. After my husband's death, you might imagine that I must have at once given up my dishonest life.

But alas! The excitement and the danger of our occupation, and a desire to share the fortunes of my brother Edward, determined me to follow the path of wickedness upon which I had entered. It was, however, the opinion of my accomplices that I could be of more use to the gang by obtaining the place of lady's maid to your aunt than by remaining with them. The servant in your aunt's house who had been in league with us had incurred the displeasure of your aunt, and had been in consequence dismissed. As you know very well I applied for and obtained the place of lady's maid to your aunt. Things went on very well, till one day to my horror we heard that the Haunted Room was again to be inhabited. Many were the anxious consultations which the gang held on the subject; and at length, contrary to my advice, it was determined that a Ghost should be got up for the occasion to terrify the first person who should invade our place of resort. My brother was the person who undertook to act the part of the Ghost. He was well acquainted with your aunt's private history, and being remarkably like your unfortunate uncle he resolved to represent him, and accordingly appeared for the occasion with one arm (your uncle had lost an arm some years before his death), and a ghastly cut across the throat. He thought that as your aunt's superstitious feeling about the room had made her refuse to let it be occupied for so many years, directly she heard of her husband's spirit having actually appeared in it, she would order the room once more to be shut up, and to remain uninhabited.

How little he knew the strong mind and dauntless spirit of your aunt, the sequel proved too well. I who knew her better than he, and who longed to save you from the danger which threatened you, tried in vain to dissuade him from what he was about to do. At the same time, wicked though I was, I still had a heart left, and loved you with all of it that was left. But selfishness was stronger than love within me: I thought that the occupation of the haunted room would certainly lead to the detection of our hiding-place, and I argued with myself that the love of self-preservation was an ample excuse for my conduct, and that it would be a squeamish piece of folly if I were to expose myself, my brother, and my friends to certain ruin, in order to save a young lady like you from one night of alarm. I will not describe the horrors of that night, nor my own feelings of

remorse, when on the next morning I thought I was standing over your lifeless body ; I found that my brother also was troubled in his conscience at the part he had acted, and positively refused to appear as the Ghost again, if the haunted room were occupied by a woman. Fortunately good Mr. Broadbrim was our next guest. Strange as it may seem, I can hardly help laughing even now, when I think of the account which my brother gave me of his nocturnal interview with that sober gentleman, who then for the first time in his life forgot to address a stranger as "friend," and even to "thee" and "thou." The amusement produced by the absurd terror of this gentleman made my brother more reconciled to his character, and when I told him that his next victim was to be a general in the Indian army, he was perfectly delighted. But this time we knew our task was not so easy as before ; and as my position in the house enabled me to go into all the bed-rooms, I was only too glad to be able to get at the General's pistols, while he was at dinner. He had imprudently talked in my presence of loading them, so as soon as he was at dinner I found my way to his room, and extracted the bullets. You know the rest, and how at one time our plot seemed likely to terminate in the crime of murder ; I must go on to explain to you matters of which you are probably still ignorant.

You remember the sudden manner in which I left your aunt's house, and you must have connected it in some way with the emotion displayed by me while reading the newspaper a few days before. In that paper I saw for the first time that several of our gang, my brother amongst them, had been arrested. My mind was soon made up ; I resolved to leave your aunt's house, and to devote myself to effecting my brother's escape. I shall not attempt to give an account of my futile efforts at plotting his escape. They all failed ; and as I knew the police were observing your aunt's house at the time, and were also on the look out for the place in which we had coined all our money, I was in a state of terrible suspense ; for had they discovered our underground chamber, they would have obtained positive proof of my brother's guilt. But I am thankful to say that with all their vigilance they were doomed to disappointment, and as they only had their suspicions and no evidence against my brother, he was acquitted on the day of his trial. But the gang was broken up from that time ; the eye of the police was upon us ; and ere long we migrated to England, that land whose shores ever welcome the destitute and the oppressed. But

my brother and myself felt tired of and disgusted with our occupation, so, respecting the hospitality of England, we separated from our companions, and strove by leading honest lives to atone for our past offences.

My brother managed to obtain a situation in a mercantile house, where by slow degrees he at length made a sufficient fortune to enable us to return to our native mountains. For the last few years we have been living at Lucerne, where, by spending our time and money amongst the poor, we have endeavoured to atone, as far as we can, for the misdeeds of the past.

Thus ended this remarkable confession, which it is needless to add, I read with great attention and no little excitement and surprise. We soon found our way to Agatha Snow's house; she was still in many respects the Agatha of former days, a strange mixture of good and evil, though now the good prevailed, as formerly the bad had prevailed.

As in her confession, so in her conversation, she could hardly at times abstain from laughing at the ludicrous points of the Ghost story. Still I believe, judging from her general demeanour as well as from the charity with which she gave to the poor, that she was truly repentant; and, when at length she died, respected by the rich and lamented by the poor, I felt confident that her end was peace.

AMYNTAS.



MATHEMATICS, A SATIRE.

[The following effusion is supposed to be due to a man who suffered much and long from want of appreciation on the part of Examiners. The Tripos-list (in which, instead of being a wrangler, he was but a few places from the bottom) drove him to desperation, and these lines, which were left behind in his rooms, are the consequence. The Editor has struck out several allusions to private tutors, which seemed to partake of a personal nature.]

WHEN the Chaldæan shepherds watched by night,
And pondered on the distant worlds of light,
In all the freshness of its youth arrayed
A mighty science was to men displayed.
As silently of old its votaries sat,
And gathered in its laws—great truths, whereat
The eye flashed bright—then Poetry's rare-fire
Was ever near to quicken and inspire;
Imagination owned the kindred twain;
Ah me! of old 'twas thus, a glorious reign,
Ere Mathematics, harnessed to a tram,
Was brought to basest use of carting cram.

But now—great Science hear my truthful lay!—
But now we never think—it doesn't pay:
The age is passed; far wiser is our hope,
Our high ambition has a larger scope;
No more we strive to leave a mark for fame,
To gain a mark is now our noble aim;
To floor a paper, taking honest care
Only to fudge a little here and there:
This is our grand resolve, the worthy end
To which our modern aspirations tend.

Of old, how eager was the thirsty mind
New laws and undiscovered truths to find!
How, as in earnest search the kindling eye
Devoured each symbol-truth, the heaving sigh
Would greet the closing page! but now, forsooth,
Our modern volumes, for our high behoof,
Temper the rough wind to the shorn lamb's state—
Omit Arts. 5—9, Chaps. VI.—VIII.

Now by the mystic $\sqrt{-1}$
 No more shall fearful looking volumes stun ;
 Hence folio treatises, great tomes away,
 Rose-water mathematics have the day !
 Now crown octavo volumes deftly bound,
 The royal road to learning's dome have found ;
 Macadamised and fair the way appears,
 And laureate honours droop on lengthened ears.
 Soon shall we have, as taste and art increase,
 Our books embellished with a frontispiece :
 And startled Euler scandalised shall view
 His propositions set in red and blue !

Yet still with olden fame we can compare,
 Claim for our age its due inventive share,
 Speak of advance in mathematic lore,
 And point to grand results unknown before.
 Granted no wondrous laws repay our zeal,
 And little of the world our powers reveal,
 Yet we the old philosophers could show
 How to set a, b, c down in a row.*

The glorious science lives, to flourish still !
 We differentiate with easy skill :
 Let not our learned era be defamed,
 Immense equations now, like dragons tamed,
 Defend in vain within their magic ring
 The doomed solution, such the force we bring.
 The glorious science lives ! and this its power,
 To bully some poor rider by the hour,
 Till worried, knocked about, and beaten well,
 It "comes out"—like a wrinkle from its shell.
 'Tis true, we grant, when yielded is our prize,
 It is not much in quality or size,
 But if the fox beneath your censure smart,
 At least bear tribute to the hunter's part.

Had Galileo's mind remained content,
 And had it on results like ours been bent,
 Those mild results which now our thirst assuage,
 In Mathematics' crown octavo age ;
 No inquisition, meddlesome or mad,
 Would ere have deemed his calculations bad ;
 Save haply when analysis had shown
 That half a man "can dig a ditch alone."

* There is supposed to be some allusion to *determinants* here.

Here then our comfort ; if we aim not high,
At least we fear no charge of heresy.
The rash intruding spirit we disown,
That dares to guess at suns and worlds unknown ;
In humbler guise we are content to plod,
And talk of fleas and spiders on a rod !

But hold my muse ; nor venture on the ground
That opens now, where conicoids abound,
Or that profound abyss, infinity,
Where all the asymptotes in limbo lie.
Enough ; it yet remains to weep the age
Of bygone enterprise, that would engage
Freely with Nature's laws, mayhap to fall,
Yet, stumbling grasp the treasure after all.

May the day come, when men of stronger thought
No more shall toy with science as in sport,
Blow pretty bubbles, calculate their height,
And mark them as they vanish out of sight,
But turn to nature, and with strength of yore,
Compel her to divulge her hidden lore.

F. H. D.





ΜΕΓΑ ΒΙΒΑΙΟΝ, ΜΕΓΑ ΚΑΚΟΝ.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

TENNYSON.

IN one of those noble libraries which are the pride and ornament of the modern capitals of civilization, there stood, amid throngs of frivolous loungers, two more thoughtful occupants. The one a youth, with intellectual forehead, bright hopeful eyes, and glowing cheek; the other a gray-haired man, whose pale and furrowed brow told of long years of patient study and research.

"Ah!" cried the first, as he glanced around at shelf upon shelf, chamber upon chamber, richly stored with the trophies of learning and genius, "what a field here lies before me! many years of life still await me, how gloriously shall they be spent! how I burn to traverse these regions of thought, to know and feel what the wisest and wittiest of mankind have discovered, invented, or imagined; to study, estimate, compare, all the great philosophers, historians, and poets; and in such company, associating with such princely intellects, to myself become wise and great!"

The other heard him not, but as he glanced around, his mind too was moved to meditation.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how my estimate of this vast collection has altered since first I saw it! what a mass of rubbish I now see around me! what exploded error, garbled truth, facts belied, falsehoods invented, absurd pretension, intellectual quackery! Palimpsests—where lying monkish legends have smothered beyond the chemist's reach the utterances of more honest minds! Commentators—wresting from their text ideas the author never dreamed of! Editors—degrading some estimable name into a mere pedestal whereon to display their own ignorance and conceit! Truths, thinly

scattered though they be, repeated to satiety, and so choked and overgrown withal by innumerable fallacies, that it were a matter of nice calculation whether mankind would not rather benefit by the destruction of the whole collection! Verily, if anywhere, most of all in a great library like this, do the words of the preacher come home unto me, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!'"

"The volumes seem to speak to me from the walls," continued the other, "inviting me to converse with them. Besides those glorious masterpieces of antiquity, of which I already know somewhat, how much is there in my own tongue awaiting me! The historians—how different and yet each with his peculiar charm! here, stately and measured narration; there, charming and inimitable diction; yonder, patient investigation and philosophic disquisition; beyond, eloquent and soul-stirring description; this one, like the miner in his dark recesses, lighting up and discovering obscure annals and forgotten epochs; the other, adorning and illustrating the noblest and greatest passages in the world's history. But all with the same aim, to instruct and elevate me, to take me beyond the little sphere in which I live, and make me wise with all the lessons of the past. There, too, are the poets and romancers—with what enthusiasm shall I read them, finding there sympathy with all my emotions, food for the highest susceptibilities of my nature! How shall I delight to re-peruse and criticise them, comparing their excellencies, illustrating their fancies, and making, what I most admire, part, as it were, of my own intellectual being! See too, where Science invites me, with her marvellous discoveries and ever growing lore! How eagerly shall I investigate the laws of light and heat, of motion and of matter, of the great system in which I am but as a speck of dust or a grain of sand, go up to the first fountain of my being, the eternal and the everlasting, and learn at last, in contemplation of the Infinite, 'to look through Nature up to Nature's God!' Once more, there are the divines and theologians, and, among them the keenest of intellects and the holiest of men. How will it be at once my duty and my delight to examine the credentials of my belief, to study its history, and to apprehend the philosophy of its ethics and its design!"

"Looking at each department of knowledge here represented," soliloquised the other, "how at variance are the authorities! until like the quantities of a long equation, they neutralise each other, and the equivalent obtained in un-

deniable truth, may be written down as nothing! See those shelves laden with historians, 'Quot libri, tot sententiæ,' this one reading events and their results in one light, that one in another, until scarcely the facts seem common. See the legends and fables there, the disregard for the most notorious circumstantial evidence here! Old historians foolishly credulous, new historians foolishly sceptical! Until one begins to doubt whether the professed writers of history have not rather obscured and rendered ambiguous what mere tradition had better preserved. The poets, too! what mere tinsel now appears what formerly I most admired! words which once flushed my cheek and made my heart beat quicker, how their light has died away! Where once I saw nothing but what was just, graceful, and sublime, how much of false imagery and meretricious ornament I now discern, how little that my judgment and fancy alike approve! Nor when I turn to where stand ranged the treatises of science, can I pretend to much more real satisfaction at the sight. Granted that I see much of unimpeachable, well established truth, how trivial is the amount when compared with the unexplored and the unknown! The sum of human effort seems, here, but to have lit, in a dark illimitable cavern, one tiny lamp, whose rays just suffice to show mysteries which the human mind shall never penetrate, labyrinths which my limited faculties shall never explore. Lastly, there are the stores of theology—what portentous volumes have mounted those shelves since first I saw them! debating not merely an isolated doctrine, but unteaching me half that I learned at my mother's knee, or confessed at the altar of my church."

"But if there be one thought," continued the youth, "which more than any other thrills me with enthusiasm, it is to think what a glorious prospect here opens on my age. With such a foundation, what a superstructure may we look to raise! So much error detected, so much truth established, with what increased freedom shall the human mind now travel on its onward path, sounding depths of natural science and rising to heights of philosophic thought undreamed of by the past generations! And it will be my grand privilege to help in this noble work—perchance to leave behind a name which posterity shall cherish and venerate!"

The bell, that marked the hour for closing the library, now sounded; the reverie of each was broken, nor did the crowded thoroughfare prove very favourable to the continuance of such meditations. Which of these thinkers was

nearer truth? or did the "golden mean" lie somewhere half way between the two?

To be candid, we are bound personally to confess to a sensation of something like mental nausea, when surveying a huge library. That the feeling is more justifiable or natural than would be the loss of appetite at the sight of a magnificent banquet, from which we must rise, leaving untasted many a tempting dish, we are not prepared to shew; but the fact remains, and we do undoubtedly contemplate with more complacency a certain niche in our own study, where we are not scandalised by names of authors, before unheard of, each stretching away on the backs of some dozen goodly octavo volumes. The sight of such vast collections humiliates us. With the utmost industry and energy how small the fraction we can hope to make our own! Were it not better to give over the toil and trouble we are wont to expend on this fraction, and to take our ease in content and ignorance?

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?"

The words of Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medici*, come back to us:—"There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but waiting a little longer and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion, which we endeavour at here by labour and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance and rest contented with the natural blessings of our own reasons, than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life with sweat and vexation, which death gives to every fool gratis, and is an accessory of 'our' glorification."

We think, too, of that exquisitely beautiful plaint of one of our greatest modern writers, that on such occasions his feelings were like those which drew tears from Xerxes, on viewing his vast army, and reflecting that in one hundred years not one soul would remain alive. *For to himself, with respect to the books, the same effect would be brought about by his own death.*

There is yet another view, more healthy as it seems to us than this, more rational than the ambition which would grasp at all. It points to the subdivision of labour—a law in the intellectual as well as the physical progress of mankind. The age of admirable Crichtons has gone by. The man who, in the present day, should profess to speak with authority in all the many present subdivisions of human knowledge,

would be laughed at as a mere pretender. The age is getting intolerant even of such sciolism as that of Frederic Schlegel, who aimed at universality in literature simply; but whoever, being possessed of fair abilities, will devote himself mainly to one section of Literature or Science and assume to know but that, will always command a hearing.

An amusing article appeared a short time ago, in one of our most popular contemporaries, entitled "Why should we write more Books?" wherein it was argued with much humour, that it were well we should discontinue writing and take simply to reading. There were already more books in our libraries than we could read, supposing we were to allot, say half a century, as a breathing space wherein to make ourselves better acquainted with what we possess, and to accumulate some really new material for theory and practice to work upon. The laws of Nature rule, however, even in the domain of letters. As well might we expect that the years should pass, bringing no spring time, and yet—

"—with Autumn's yellow lustre gild the world,"

as that the human mind should move onward, assimilating past thought, but producing nothing new.

We remember once hearing it debated, and arguments of some ingenuity were adduced on both sides, whether the burning of the Alexandrine Library were not, after all, a benefit to the world. Without discussing the question, we would venture to suggest broadly, that no true philosopher would wish to see any past product of the human mind utterly lost to us. Though noticeable only for its folly and absurdity, it may yet be useful as a danger signal for the future. Many an incipient theory has doubtless been crushed in the shell by the discovery, on the part of its originator, that his craze, untenable and absurd though it may have been, had been anticipated by some centuries. An exploded book will sometimes serve, like the Irishman's sign post, to shew the way the road does not go. It may save the future traveller some fruitless steps. Failures and follies, to the wise, are but stepping stones to truth.

Δ.



THE DON.

I was reading Mathematics
Till my eyes were heavy grown,
O'er Sir Walter then I nodded
Till to sleep I laid me down ;
And methought that Rokeby's Outlaw
Laid his sword and buckler by,
And in peaceful garb arrayed him,
Here to live, to read, and die.

I.

Our fellows' grounds are fresh and fair,
The banks are green, they say ;
I'd rather be an idler there,
Than reading for the May.
And as I passed through fair St. John's
Beneath the turrets high,
A Freshman envying the Dons,
Was sighing dolefully :
" Our fellows' grounds are fresh and fair,
And college rooms are dreary ;
I'd rather roam an idler there,
Than study Lunar Theory."

II.

" If Freshman, thou of those wouldst be
Who drink our college wine ;
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
Who at high table dine ;
And when you've told the riddle o'er,
As tell full well you may,
Then tell me if you still deplore
That this is your first May."
" Yet, sighed he, college grounds are fair,
And college rooms are dreary,
I'd rather roam an idler there,
Than study Lunar Theory."

III.

I read you by your chin smooth shorn,
 And by your tie so white,
 I read you for a curate, sworn
 To keep the Church's right."
 "Though curates must their schools inspect,
 And lengthy sermons write;
 Their task is over with the day,
 Mine not till dead of night."
 "Yet, sighed he, college grounds are fair,
 And college rooms are dreary,
 I'd rather roam an idler there,
 Than study Lunar Theory.

IV.

I read you by your limbs so large,
 And by your ponderous weight;
 I read you for an oarsman good,
 Five in your college eight;"
 "I list no more the starting gun,
 No more the coxswain hear;
 No more along the banks I run,
 No more my comrades cheer.
 And oh, though fellows' grounds are fair,
 And college rooms are dreary;
 Sooner than roam an idler there,
 I'd study Lunar Theory.

V.

Freshman, a mateless lot is mine,
 And mateless shall I die;
 The gyp who serves you when you dine,
 Has happier life than I;
 And when together we are met,
 And the port is getting low;
 What might have been we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now."
 "Yet are the gardens fresh and fair,
 And college rooms are dreary;
 I'd rather be an idler there,
 Than reading Lunar Theory."

T. R.



THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.*

DEAN Alford and Mr. Moon represent two classes who are just now doing much to mar the purity of our English. The former is a type of the school, who set up custom as their paramount guide in matters of language; the latter of the followers of Blair and Kames, who would cramp all energy and nervousness of style by precise rules, such as none but a dead language will allow. That the Dean has done good by calling attention to common mistakes and vulgarisms is evident from the thoughtful letters which have furnished much of the material for his later papers, but this only makes his advocacy of custom *versus* grammar the more dangerous. I am not going to uphold grammar in Mr. Moon's sense of the word as applied to the writing of English: the language is too elastic, its power of assimilation too great, for its growth to be thus limited. But there are general and universal laws of grammar, to which the language of civilized men is everywhere subject, laws equally binding upon the speech of Demosthenes, and the dialogue of Shakespeare. These laws are not arbitrary, but are founded on the common sense of mankind. Indeed it is this appeal to common sense which seems to have misled the Dean of Canterbury: though the common sense of mankind is surely better shown by the principles which men have acknowledged for centuries, than by the changing fashion of an age of beaver hats and crinolines.

In defence of these principles, and by consequence of pure English, I propose in this paper to examine some of the points discussed by Dr. Alford, and to touch upon some other questions which arise out of the subject. I simply view the matter as one of common sense grammar; I have

* *A Plea for the Queen's English*, by the Dean of Canterbury in *Good Words* for March, June, and November, 1863.

no knowledge of the sources of the English language which would justify me in taking any higher ground.

In his first paper* the Dean says: "The 'to' of the infinitive mood is precisely the same preposition as the 'to' of motion towards a place. '*Were you going to do it?*' simply means 'Were you in your mental intention approaching the doing of it?' And the proper conversational answer to such a question is, '*I was going to,*' or '*I was not going to,*' as the case may be; not '*I was going,*' or '*I was not going,*' inasmuch as the mere verb '*to go*' does not express any mental intention. This kind of colloquial abbreviation of the infinitive comprehends several more phrases in common use, and often similarly objected to, as e.g. '*ought to,*' and '*ought not to,*' '*neglect to,*' &c., some of them not very elegant, but all quite unobjectionable on the score of grammar."

I will return to the first-mentioned case by and bye. Let me say a few words on the general question. The infinitive mood may be called the noun form of the verb; it expresses, that is, the idea of the verb abstracted from the ideas of time and modality.† This is the true key to its use. A noun can stand in a sentence either as subject or object, and under these heads most of the uses of the infinitive can be classed. Now the English infinitive has two separate forms, but no inflexions. The form 'to have' comes, it is true, from an inflexional form of the Anglo-Saxon (Latham's *Handbook of the English Language*, p. 397), but examples will show that in the written language it is such no longer. Each of the forms is used, now as subject, now as object.

Take the following:

To err is human, to forgive divine.

To be or not to be, that is the question:

(where the position of the negative shows that the 'to' is an integral part of the noun form.)

And have is have, however men do catch.

K. John, Act 1., Sc. 1.

The use of this form, however, as subject is rare.

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn.

K. John, *ibid.*

* *Good Words*, March, 1862, p. 194, a.

† In English, that is, and in fact in most modern languages: in the ancient the infinitive has an inflexion of time.

Since that thy sight which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow.

Coriolanus, Act v., Sc. 3.

The infinitive also occupies the place of the object in such phrases as "I will come," "I dare say," or "I dare to say," as

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest.

Othello, Act iv., Sc. 2.*

The uses of the two forms thus run almost parallel, 'to deceive,' 'to learn,' being objects in the first passage, 'flow,' 'dance,' 'weep,' 'shake,' in the second. The second form is only, it will be noticed, used with transitive verbs as a secondary object.

Now it follows from this meaning of the infinitive, that in the case of ordinary transitive verbs the proper substitute for the infinitive standing as sole object is the same as it would be for a noun in the same place, namely, the neuter demonstrative 'it.' 'Do you wish to see this collection?' 'I do wish it.' 'Neglect to,' 'ought to,' and the like are consequently vulgarisms.†

But besides these uses, there is another class which can scarcely be included in either of the former, as representative of which we will take the Dean's '*going to do*.' The verb 'to go' is essentially an intransitive verb, and the infinitive 'to do' cannot therefore stand as its object. The explanation of this class is to be sought not in the general laws of the infinitive, but in the special origin of the form '*to do*.' 'To' being, as the Dean remarks, the same as the ordinary preposition, expresses when combined with the noun form of the verb, the direction, object, tendency of an action. It is to this that we owe the use of the infinitive to denote purpose:

"I come *to bury* Cæsar not *to praise* him,"

or consequence, as is the case after some adjectives and phrases like '*such as*,' &c. or even absolutely—

* Other instances of the so-called gerundial form of the infinitive in early English following verbs, which generally take the objective form, may be seen in Dr. Latham's book.

† If the Dean is not satisfied with 'I ought,' let him follow Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act III., Sc. 3.

SIC. Answer to us.

COR. Say, then; 'tis true, I ought so.

And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John, Act IV., Sc. 2.

It is to the former of these uses that the phrase "*Are you going to do it?*" belongs. It originally, I believe, denoted actual motion, but subsequently was widened and at the same time contracted to its present use. The '*to*' is an integral part of the infinitive:* if it were not, yet, being simply the mark of direction, whether actual or mental, it cannot have a place in the answer to the question any more than in the answer to the question "*Are you going to town?*"†

There are several other illustrations of the use of the Infinitive as a noun form which I should like to bring forward, but must defer to another occasion.

Connected with one of these infinitive forms are the auxiliary verbs *shall* and *will*, with respect to which I cannot do better than quote the definitions of Dr. Latham: "Auxiliary derived from the idea of future destination dependent upon circumstances external to the agent—*shall*. The same dependent upon the volition of the agent—*will*. *Shall* is simply predictive, *will* is predictive and promissive as well."

To denote simple futurity we use the form 'I shall,' 'thou wilt,' 'he will.' The reason is obvious. In our own case the event is either entirely independent of ourselves, or is made virtually so by the completion of the act of volition: in the case of others, courtesy supposes that their volition will always have free play, and the action be dependent upon it. If you want on the other hand to intimate to a man that you will use a pressure which shall make him no longer thus a free agent, you say 'You *shall* do this.'‡ Dr. Alford gives

* That it is so is seen by comparing the French *je vais faire* with the German *Ich werde thun*.

† Morell classes together "I am going to read," "I am about to work," somewhat incorrectly. In repeating the second clause, 'to work' would evidently be rendered by 'it.'

‡ *Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 1.*

An officer
That with his peremptory '*shall*'—wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch
And make your channel his.

I think the Dean's sentence "If you look through history, you shall find it so," (p. 439, b.) decidedly pedantic.

good illustrations of the two cases of the use of *shall* in the first person. '*Next Tuesday I shall be twenty-one*'—is an instance of an event plainly independent of my volition: while the traveller's angry words '*I shall write to the Times about this*,' are to be explained according to the second account, viz. that the man's mind is already made up, and his writing is put in the class of things no longer dependent on his volition.

The two expressions "He told me he should go up to town" and "He told me he would go up to town," do not necessarily arise from the possibility of saying either 'I shall' or 'I will,'* but the one represents exactly the speaker's words, the other the courteous expression of them by the reporter. The latter may express simple futurity, as well as a promise to go.†

I am glad to see Dean Alford take up the cudgels for that much misused tense, the *perfect*, or *present perfect*, as Dr. Wordsworth very properly calls it. The tense is not a past tense at all, but denotes a present state, which is the result of some past action or course of action completed before the present time. That this is the case is shown in the dead languages by the position of the perfect among the primary tenses, and by passages like Virgil's well-known '*Troja fuit*,' which bring out most strongly this meaning; and the

* *Good Words* for June, 1863, p. 440, a.

† Since writing the above, I have met with some good remarks on the same subject by the late Archdeacon Hare in the *Philological Museum*, Vol. II. p. 219. He says: "Our future, or at any rate what answers to it, is, *I shall, thou wilt, he will*. When speaking in the first person, we speak submissively; when speaking to or of another we speak courteously. In our older writers, for instance in our translation of the Bible, *shall* is applied to all three persons; we had not then reached that stage of politeness which shrinks from the appearance even of speaking compulsorily of one another. On the other hand the Scotch use *will* in the first person; that is, as a nation they have not acquired that particular shade of good-breeding which shrinks from thrusting itself forward."

In a conversation which I had recently with a foreigner, another apparent exception was started. A question having arisen about the derivation of a word, he said, "I shall look in Grimm's *Wörterbuch*." Why do we say *will*, and not *shall*, in such a sentence? By the same rule of courtesy, which dictates that such an act, to oblige another, must be expressed as a distinct exercise of our own will, and no mere passive compliance with circumstances. That is, the expression is "promissive as well as predictive."

use of the present of the auxiliary verb *to have* to form it is the testimony of modern languages to the same fact. Indeed I do not know whether it would not be better to abolish altogether the practice of calling '*I have found*' a tense of the verb '*to find*.' Strictly speaking, the English verb has only two tenses, present and past; the other so-called tenses are all combinations of the present and past of other verbs, with the infinitive or one of the participles of the verb in question. In the sentence "*I have found a book*," the word *found* is as unalterable under any inflexion that the verb *have* may undergo as any adjective could be, and can be regarded only in the same light as an adjective. Modern European languages give a good illustration of this. The German has its predicative adjective invariable, and therefore makes no change of gender, to suit the participle to the object; but points to the same conclusion by always putting the participle last, "*Ich habe ein Buch gefunden*." But the French and the Italian make the participle agree in number and gender with the object when that object has preceded the verb, as in relative objective sentences: "*J'ai trouvé des livres*," "*Io ho trovato dei libri*;" but "*Les livres que j'ai trouvés*," "*I libri, ch' io ho trovati*." (The fact that the gender is invariable, when the object follows the verb is explained by the usage of all languages, to suppose an object, until it be mentioned, to be of some particular gender, &c. In English and German it is the neuter '*it is*,' '*es ist*;' in French and Italian the masculine as the more worthy.)

Now let us examine the case *à propos* of which the Doctor's remarks are made. In the second paper* he had used the words "Dr. Donne in King James the First's time, preaches on them, and quotes them over and over again in this sense." To this a correspondent objects that, as Dr. Donne has been dead 200 years, he ought to say '*preached*' and not '*preaches*.' I think he is right in his conclusion, but not in the way by which he reaches it. The Dean justly observes, that the present and present perfect are properly used in speaking of authors who being dead yet speak to us by their works. "We should say '*Dr. Donne has explained this text thus and thus*;' not '*Dr. Donne explained the text thus and thus*.' This latter sentence would bear a different meaning." That is, we call attention to the permanent record of his explanation, *still*

* *Good Words* for June, 1863, p. 431, b.

current, and its influence upon subsequent comments, not to the mere fact of explanation. But after the addition of the mark of time,* "*in James the First's reign*" this is no longer possible; we are bound down to the one instant of the preterite—we must either say '*preached*,' or use the *historio* present '*preaches*.' The accurate form of the sentence would be "Dr. Donne in King James the First's time preached on them, and quotes them, &c." the present '*quotes*' shewing that the quotation still remains.

I do not think that the sentence, '*Dr. Donne explained this text thus or thus*,' bears the meaning put upon it by the Dean, namely, that the book containing the explanation is lost. The meaning of the preterite as distinguished from the perfect is always, that the effect of the particular action of the verb is looked upon as transitory, not permanent. Apply this distinction to the present case, and you have the meaning which would, I think, be naturally put upon the sentence; Dr. Donne explained it so, but his explanation has been since then exploded. So with the sentence, "*Livy told us*," the telling has no permanent effect. This may, I think, mean either that the books in question are lost, or that the researches of modern scholars have proved the erroneousness of the statement.

It has often been matter of dispute whether *than* is to count as a conjunction or a preposition, i. e. whether we are to say "*less than I*" or "*less than me*." Alford decides for the latter on the strength of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 299,

Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat.

"*Than who*," adds the Dean, "would be intolerable; and this seems to settle the question."

But take another example, "Sit not down in the highest room lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him:" would not *than thee* be equally intolerable?

As a matter of pure grammar *than whom* is wrong. *Than* is the same word with *then* (Donaldson, *New Cratylus*, § 200), so that "he is taller than I" means "he is taller,

* This point may be illustrated by a quotation from the *Cambridge Chronicle*, Nov. 7th, 1863. "On the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week, Mr. E. T. Craig has delivered a course of lectures," &c. Substitute "during this week" for the names of the days, and the perfect is right.

then (i.e. next in order) I."* It is best to adhere to this grammatical rule (violated, I confess, by many good writers) for another reason. The sentence "*I like you better than him,*" supposing *than* to be a preposition, is ambiguous; it may mean, "*I like you better than he likes you,*" or "*I like you better than I like him.*" Keeping *than* as a distinct conjunction, the former sentence is expressed by "*I like you better than he,*" and the ambiguity avoided.

What then should lead us to accept Milton's *than whom*? Chiefly, I believe, considerations of euphony which in the inverted order of poetical sentences sometimes overthrow grammar. Take the sentence "Satan sat higher. Higher than who?" or "Socrates was wiser. Wiser than who?"; and I do not think 'than who' is intolerable. But with the relative it is otherwise. There would be the same harshness about *quam qui* or *ἢ ὅς*, but we unfortunately have no genitive *oŭ* or ablative *quo* to resort to. So our poet takes the whole idea '*higher than,*' and gives it the same regimen as its equivalent word 'above.'

We might be tempted to make *than* a preposition as well as a conjunction, on the analogy of *except*. But the analogy is a false one. *Except* is the imperative of a verb, whose object may be (1) the objective case of a noun, including of course the infinitive of the verb; (2) an objective sentence which, as expressing a hypothesis, is put in the subjunctive mood.

Somewhat akin to the dispute about *than* is another about the word *like*. Is it an adjective only, or is it also used as an adverb of manner? That is, can the sentence "*like he was*" stand? I think the Dean is quite right in putting it altogether under ban.

Again, what shall we say of the following sentence?

They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece.

Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. I. .

* Shakespeare uses it thus without a comparative (for the previous 'rather' seems not to belong to it), *As you like it*, Act III., Sc. 2:

As loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Note also a peculiar use in *Winter's Tale*, Act IV., Sc. 3:

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.

Undoubtedly "such a one as him" is better for ordinary use, for the simple reason that it avoids an unnecessary ellipsis.

A correspondent of the *Dean's* asks whether it is not incorrect to say "*He is not as tall as his brother?*" I should say certainly not, whether you regard the reason or the custom of the thing. You do not say "*Is he so tall as his brother?*" but that is no proof of the converse. The reason of the preference for the negative form of the expression "*He is not so tall as his brother*" is pretty plain. "*As tall as his brother*" merely fixes an inferior limit of height: "*So tall as his brother*" fixes a distinct and definite height. When I ask whether a man is as tall as his brother, I want to know whether he is at any rate not under his height, not whether he is exactly of the same height. Now as a general rule of language 'not equally' is taken to signify 'less': therefore "*not so tall*" means under the fixed limit of height, and is the most accurate way of replying in the negative to the above question. At the same time the other answer, by negating the inferior limit together with all superior heights, simply contains the other answer plus a superfluous addition. The *Dean* is not right in implying that the affirmative sentence "*the one is equally good with the other*" is equivalent to "*the one is as good as the other.*"

Whilst I am upon this subject let me observe that the phrases *not so great*, *but*, and the like, followed by a verb, are not, as many persons think, colloquialisms to be avoided in writing—but expressions used by good writers, and defensible on grammatical grounds. Take the following instance from the *Taming of the Shrew* (Act I., Sc. 1), "*Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out.*" The second clause defines the *so*, and the *but* may be paraphrased by 'on the contrary.'

The question arises here how far the omission of *that*, be it conjunction or relative, is allowable. Dr. Alford, speaking of the position of the prepositions in relative clauses, says "'*You're the man I wanted to have some talk with,*' would always be said, not '*You're the man with whom I wanted to have some talk,*' which would sound stilted and pedantic." Insert *that* or *whom* after *man* in the former sentence, and you have a grammatical sentence, which, I grant, runs more easily than the second. But without the relative the sentence is neither grammatical nor indeed

intelligible, except when the growing tendency to be oblivious of grammar has made us expert at deciphering such combinations. This is just the sort of slipshod writing and talking, which I think all men of education ought to protest against, and by their example to condemn.

As a conjunction in such phrases as *only that*, *but that*, *(so) as that*, I believe *that* is better left out.

A word about participles. The English language has only two, the participle of the incomplete action, *writing*, and the participle of the complete action, *written*. "*The letter being written*" is sensible English, and denotes that the writing is finished—but "*The letter was being written*" is nonsense, for it attributes incompleteness to a completed action. The Dean very justly gives us the proper expression *in writing* or *writing*. I cannot help thinking that we have to thank those who prefer custom to rule for the loss of the good old equivalent of the former expression, *awriting*, which would have saved us so much bad grammar. At any rate I hope my fellow Johnnians will not, with Dr. Alford, think it "vain to protest against this combination of past and present participle, or even to attempt to disuse it one's self."

An interesting paper might be written on the formation of the perfect tense of English verbs, by means of the auxiliary verbs *to have* and *to be*. How shall the boundary line be defined? *Come* and *go* certainly require *to be*; so do many neuter verbs. We do not say, "the flower *has* faded," but "the flower *is* faded;" but yet we say, "she has fainted" not "she *is* fainted." The sentence which one sometimes hears, "he has died since then," is a barbarism; but "he has lived there a long time," is the only admissible form. Any one that will work this vein will confer a benefit on his native language, and will be the means of preventing much inaccurate writing. Perhaps, however, we can hardly expect to find any logical system involved in the usage when we start with the glaring inconsistency of "*I have been*." The French go with us in this particular, the Italians and Germans are more logical.

While on this subject, let me add a caution against another barbarism. There are a few words originally adjectives derived from Latin participles which have come to be used also as verbs, such as 'degenerate,' 'regenerate.' We meet now-a-days with such expressions as "*it has (is ?) degenerated*," "*a peak is serrated*." I question the propriety of these forms. The Prayer Book settles the matter as

regards one of the words; "except he be *regenerate* and born anew."*

The absolute use of the participle is another subject which admits of closer research than has been given to it. Here is a good example for analysis:

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss

Is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done, not doing it.

K. John, Act III., Sc. 1.

To turn to another subject:

The rose by any other name would smell as *sweet*.

How *sweet* the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

The moon shines *bright*: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did *gently* kiss the trees, &c.

Merchant of Venice, Act V., Sc. 1.

Colts, bellowing and neighing *loud*.—*Ibid*.

What part of speech is *bright*, and why should we make the difference between "shines *bright*" and "kiss *gently*"? These are two questions which Alford has not satisfactorily answered. *Bright* is an adjective, and I think I can show that it is used in accordance with the common-sense principles of grammar. In the phrases "*he seems anxious*," "*he looks pale*," *anxious* and *pale* are adjectival predicates, just as much as the word *happy* in the sentence "*he is happy*." Since however the verb itself contains the primary predicate, they are called by grammarians secondary predicate. *Anxious* is therefore of the masculine gender. "*The moon shines bright*," "*the rose smells sweet*" may possibly be explained in this way. A reference to the Latin suggests another possible solution. As in the corresponding adjective *suaveolens*, *sweet* may be a neuter adjective, agreeing with the noun idea of quality implied by the verb, as in the paraphrases "the rose has a sweet scent," "the moon gives a bright light." Whichever solution be adopted, (and to this I may return on another occasion, when I have leisure to test the two by examples from good authors,) the words are used strictly as adjectives, and from both rules it follows that the use of the adjective will be confined to verbs of passive quality, and cannot be extended

* It might be thought that the verb 'to regenerate' was of later origin: but see the service for Private Baptism, "it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant."

to verbs of action, or of active quality. We say "*the rose smells sweet*," but we cannot say "*the man smells keen*." An exception must be made in favour of such active verbs as admit of what is called "the accusative of cognate signification," as *to walk quick, to talk loud, to breathe soft*, or as in Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act III., Sc. 2:

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty.*

These then are the two uses of the adjective in the predicate.

The number of verbs which admit only the adjectival form is limited: there are many which admit the use of either the adjective or adverb; for instance

A substitute shines *brightly* as a king

Until a king be by.

Merchant of Venice, Act v., Sc. 1.

And compare the next line but seven,

The crow doth sing as *sweetly* as the lark

When neither is attended:

with Tennyson's beautiful lines

And as the sweet voice of a bird,

Heard by some lander in a lonely isle,

Moves him to think what kind of bird it is

That sings so delicately *clear*, and make

Conjecture of the plumage and the form;

So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint.

The verb *to read* belongs, as I believe, to the latter class, and while "*to read oddly*" is correct, just as "*to sound oddly*" might be, "*the sentence would read rather odd*" is perfectly legitimate.†

The Dean's theory that it is only monosyllabic adjectives that are thus used is scarcely tenable.‡ "*It looks elegant*," "*it tastes delicious*," are surely not incorrect: "*it tastes deliciously*" would be absurd. There is a line in Tennyson's *Vivien*, which some such idea has, to my mind, marred:

How hard you look and how denyingly!

* *Look sweet*—*sweet* is here a neuter accusative for *look*=*put on a look*. The expression 'to look nice' may belong to either class, as *that cake looks nice*, where *nice* is in agreement with *cake*: *she looks nice*, where *nice* is the neuter if the phrase is taken in its usual meaning: "the general effect of her appearance, dress, &c. is pleasing."

† *Good Words* for June, 1863, p. 433 b.

‡ *Good Words* for November, p. 766.

To put the two on a parallel, *to look hard* must be taken in the colloquial sense of *to stare*, which evidently is not meant.

How hard you look and how denying!

expresses, I think, far more clearly the poet's meaning, when he speaks of a hard look.

Why should we say *good-looking* but *well-favoured*? Because *favoured* is an adjective, and adjectives are qualified not by adjectives but by adverbs. There is one exception to this in the use of *much* with the comparatives and superlatives (?) of adjectives of extent. That *much* in such phrases is a neuter adjective is shown I think by a reference to the more definite phrases, "*ten feet longer*," and the like. I remember only one other instance "Thy commandment is *exceeding** broad."

This accusative of extent is admitted only with reference to superficial measures, not with reference to measures of quantity or capacity, so that Dr. Alford is using a false analogy when he argues from "*ten feet broad*" the correctness of "*this broad*" (of which I have my doubts) and thence deduces the equal correctness of "*this much*," which is a decided barbarism. Till you can say "*a gallon much*" or "*a bushel much*" you have no right to say "*this much*."† The reason is definitely fixed by grammarians. Every case has its distinct meaning as connected with space and motion, as every one who has learnt the prepositions in his Greek Grammar knows. The accusative denotes the space passed over, and in using the expression '*a wall ten feet high*,' or '*muris decem pedes altus*,' I point out the fact that to reach the top of the wall from the ground, I must pass over ten feet of linear space. But how are we to apply this definition to solid content? It is evidently impossible, and therefore we must be content with the more grammatical, if less striking, *thus much* or *so much*.

Another question arises in connexion with these measures

* This is probably an instance of the use of the adjective strictly for the adverb. Cp. *Twelfth Night*, Act v., Sc. 1:

For his sake did I expose myself, *pure* for his love.

† There are two apparent exceptions: *this full* and *a gallon full*. The latter is on the same footing with '*a pitcher full*:' in the former the *this* is indicated by pointing and is of linear measure, "up to this point, or height."

of space, &c.; ought we to say "*these seven years*," or "*this seven years*"? Both are found:

This woman, whom Satan hath bound, lo! *these* eighteen years.—*Luke* xiii. 16.

and

Who for *this* seven years hath esteemed him.

Taming of the Shrew, Induct., Sc. 1.

In the former passage, the use of the plural calls attention to the continuousness of the disease, and suffering. If I may illustrate from the French, the former would be expressed by *années*, the other by *ans*. The case is therefore parallel with that of nouns of multitude, which take the singular or plural according as the thing signified is looked upon as a unit, or as an aggregate of units. In this light we may defend the following strange construction:

O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us

Is as our earring.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Sc. 2.

where *our ills* = *the catalogue of our ills*. (It is perhaps more probable that "our ills told us" = "the telling to us of our ills," making a participial subject like Tacitus' "*quum occisus dictator Cæsar aliis pessimum, aliis pulcherrimum facinus videretur*.")

Dean Alford (p. 194) supports the expressions '*where to*,' and '*where from*,' in questions, as opposed to what he calls the pedantic (!) *whither*, and *whence*, and he is supported by custom and grammar, for prepositions govern adverbs, e.g., *for ever*, *till now*; but why do people say, "*from hence it is*," "*he comes from thence*"? The expression is utterly indefensible.

A friend has suggested to me that there is some difficulty in the use of *with* and *by*: are you to say "enclosed *with* a wall" or "enclosed *by* a wall"? Strictly speaking, *by* denotes agency, but it is used in a wider sense; *with* in such sentences always denotes the instrument. So that I should then, and then only, use *with*, when I wished to denote the wall as an instrument in some one's hands, that is, when I referred to the original act of enclosure, e.g. "Aurelian surrounded Rome *with* a wall;" but "Rome is surrounded *by* a wall, built by the Emperor Aurelian."

Dr. Alford objects to the sentence "Cambridge has educated a Bacon, a Newton, a Milton." Now compare this

with the sentence, "Cambridge has educated Bacon, Newton, Milton;" and every one will feel at once that there is a difference in meaning. The latter simply states the fact that three men named Bacon, &c. were educated here; the former brings out the preeminent distinction of the men. The article corresponds to the Latin *ille*. As to the use of the plural of proper names, when a proper name is used as the type of a class, it descends to the level of a class-name, or common noun, and is capable of the same combinations. The usage is a very old one. Plato speaks of the giants in argument of his own time as 'Ηρακλέες καὶ Θησέες,* and we commonly enough say ourselves, that a strong man is a very Hercules. The demagogue is called the Cleon of his day; the patron of letters is a Mæcenas. This is not mere colloquialism, but has the support of one of the best masters of English, the poet Gray:

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

There is one more question of Syntax in the 'Plea' which I wish to speak of, namely, the order of words. Of *only* I have nothing to say. Of *both* I have. Shakespeare, in the passage quoted from the *Tempest*, Act I., Sc. 2:

Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts in the state
To what tune pleased his ear:

is wrong if he means the key of officer and the key of office, and is not to be followed, because he violates a law, not of Lindley Murray, but of common sense grammar. I might quote the preceding lines:

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over topping, &c.

as authority for '*her doesn't belong to us.*' Let us examine this matter. There are brackets in composition as well as in mathematics, and any term which belongs equally to every term within the bracket, must be put outside the bracket. Supposing the Dean's interpretation true, (which

* *Theoet.* p. 169, c. I print it in Greek because of my ignorance of the correct plural of Hercules and Theseus.

I doubt,) the above sentence is as wrong as it would be to write $ax+y$ for $a(x+y)$, for the *both* in such a clause is the first member of the bracket. The Dean certainly does violate the rules of good English when he says "they broke down both the door of the stable and the cellar;" nor does it appear to me the plain colloquial form which he thinks it to be. Persons accustomed to speak good English would say either "the door both of the stable and the cellar," or "both the door of the stable and that of the cellar," a form which does not seem to have occurred to the good Dean's mind. I might by my system of brackets write "both the stable and the cellar door;" but I should fall under his displeasure more seriously, for he objects to the combination "*Old and New Bookseller*."

I had almost forgotten to notice the special pleading in defence of that most hateful barbarism '*those sort of things*.' The Dean seems to think that there is a natural tendency in the human mind to set grammar at defiance, and quotes in its favour the well known *attraction* of the Greek relative and antecedent. It is to be hoped that his anticipation, that the inaccuracy will ultimately be adopted into the language, will not be fulfilled.

Let me add a few words on some questions of orthography. The Dean repeats the arguments for *favour* versus *favor*, but does not mention that the same reason upholds *favorable*, *honorable*, as opposed to *favourable*, *honourable*,* which are contrary to all analogy, and law of derivation. Having originally included *neighbour* in the list, he withdraws it in his last paper.† He says, "This has come from the German '*nachbar*,' and it is therefore urged that an exception should be made in its case to the ending in *our*, and it should be written '*neighbor*.' I am afraid the answer must be, that English custom has ruled the practice the other way, and has decided the matter for us. We do not follow rule in spelling the other words, but custom."

But what rule could possibly be alleged for rendering the German *bar* by *bor* rather than *bour*? Take the word *harbour*, which is connected with the German "*herberge*"; why should we spell it *harbor*? We get no further clue thereby to its derivation. His principle is right thus far, that the spelling which custom has fixed, is not to be interfered with, except some reasonable cause can be

* Archdeacon Hare in the *Philological Museum*, Vol. I., p. 648.

† *Good Words* for November, p. 756.

shown for the change. This is not at all a case of custom against rule. With regard to the other words, *senator*, *orator*, *governor*, the former two may have come directly from the Latin, the last is rightly spelt *governour*.

Latin derivatives in *-tion* are formed, not from the present tense of the verb, but from the past participle, as is seen in words in *-ation*, and in such words as *correction*, *prohibition*: it is therefore incorrect to write *connection*, *reflection*, the true form being *connexion*, *reflexion*. No one would think of writing *flection*.

Enclose is another word which is often wrongly spelt. The second syllable shows that it is derived to us through the French; and therefore we write *en* not *in*. The reverse mistake is made with *inquire*, which, with its derivatives *inquest*, *inquisitive*, &c., comes directly from the Latin. *Expense* is another Latin word which without any reason is sometimes corrupted into *expence*.

The Dean has some useful notes on pronunciation, especially of Scripture names. It pains one's ear to hear so often in a College Chapel, of all places, the word *Timōtheüs*, a trisyllable, instead of *Timōtheüs*, a quadrisyllable. *Covetious* too is very common.

As to Zabulon, I believe that Dr. Alford and the Greek are wrong. I know nothing of Hebrew, but am told that *Zabūlon*, is the right pronunciation.

We hear the word *princess* very often now, and not seldom mis-pronounced. On the analogy of *duchess*, *countess*, &c., it is *princess*, not *princéss*, nor *prínciess*. The unaccentuated short 'e' and 'i' are, I think, a crucial test of English pronunciation, just as the pure 'u' is of continental languages. If a man says *rébél* (noun) or *evle*, you may be sure there is a screw loose in his English.

Alford quotes the use of *party* for an individual, from the *Tempest*, Act III., Sc. 2.

STEPHANO: How now shall this be compass'd? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN: Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Here is another instance: *As you like it*, Act II., Sc. 7.

JACQUES: Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?

My desire is to stimulate the discussion of these points, and I think I cannot do it better than by adding some

passages from Shakespeare, which illustrate questions of grammar, or require some careful analysis.

The following will interest the classical student:

Denial followed by a negative: *Comedy of Errors*, IV., 2.

First he denied you had in him no right.

Double negative: *Merchant of Venice*, v., 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.*

Dativus Ethicus: *Merchant of Venice*, I., 3.

The skilful shepherd pil'd me certain wands.

Winter's Tale, I., 2.

I am appointed him to murder you.

Of the following I shall be glad to receive any further illustrations, (the italics are my own):

I'll bring mine action on the proudest *he*
That stops my way in Padua.

Taming of Shrew, Act III., Sc. 1.

Apes and monkeys

'Twixt two such *apes*, would chatter this way.

Cymbeline, I., 6.

And to poor *us*

Thine enmity's most capital.

Coriolanus, v., 3.

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk
Let *him* be made a coverture for the wars.

Coriolanus, I., 9.

He shall conceal it

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note.

Twelfth Night, IV., 1.

Or play with my some rich jewel.

Ibid. II., 5.

I have noted the following instances of simple words, now gone out of use, which I shall be glad to extend:—*file*, *Macbeth*, III., 1.; *praise*=appraise, *Twelfth Night*, I., 5.;

* The Editors, by a false punctuation, insert a comma after 'stratagems'; in any string of words like this the comma takes the place of a conjunction, and has therefore no place where the conjunction itself is inserted.

long, Coriolanus, v., 3.; *stroy*, Antony and Cleopatra, III., 2.; *haviour*, Cymbeline III., 4.

The following passage is interesting, as the original of a common saying, used in quite a different sense. *Julius Cæsar*, II., 2 :

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me.

where ceremonies are prodigies, portents.

I may note, by the way, another proverb often quoted, but commonly misunderstood. A man walking on a straight road, will often say, "Well it's a long lane that has *no* turning; we must come to a turn soon:" whereas, the proverb simply means that the absence of a turn in the road makes it seem so much more tedious and long.

I will close this paper after Dean Alford's example, by giving you as a *bonne bouche* a few specimens of modern English.

The following appeared in the same number of *Good Words* in which the Doctor's first paper was published, to act, I suppose, like the Helots, as a "horrid example."

"In 1806, Carlo Brioschi, Astronomer Royal at Naples, in endeavouring to ascend higher than Gay-Lussac, the balloon burst, but its remnant happily checked the rapidity of the descent, and falling in an open space, his life was saved; but he contracted a complaint which brought him to the grave."

"The processes of expansion and contraction are constantly going on, and varies with every variation in the height of the balloon."

"When all the ballast, instruments, and every thing else are placed in the car, with the grapnel attached outside, so as to be readily detached, and these amount to 4000 pounds, the balloon is brought to a *nice* and *even* balance, so that the addition of 20 pounds would prevent it from rising, but if removed would give it the required ascending power."

The following is taken from the Memoir of Lord Lyndhurst, in the *Times* of Tuesday, October 13. "He acted in perfect harmony with Canning until Canning's death, in the following August; who in fact, caught at Wimbledon the feverish cold which killed him, on visiting, as distinguished from his 'candid,' his cordial friend the Lord Chancellor."

But it is time for me to bring this medley to a close

These notes have been very hastily put together, and I have not the time to revise them as carefully as I could wish. It is very possible that I am mistaken in some of the views I have expressed; I shall be well satisfied if I further the objects for which the *Eagle* was started, by inducing others to take up the subject from their own point of view, and to let us have that *interchange* of opinion which the Editors have so often looked for in vain. There are many reasons why men here should think more of the principles of sound English; the moral benefit of striving to attain to a lofty standard; the danger of going on from slipshod writing and speaking to slipshod thinking: and the fact that the English of the pulpit is the great, nay, in some cases the only model of English to the lower classes. Let us have some protest against the hasty writing of the newspaper press, and where are we to look for it, if not in the young men of our Universities?

The papers which I have passed in review may have on the whole, a good effect, and are evidently prompted by a desire to maintain the purity of English. I only regret that the standard of pure English is put so low, and that the Dean of Canterbury, while defending the coin of the realm* in its sterling purity, has no protest to enter against a debased coinage, so long as it has currency.

R. W. TAYLOR.

• *Good Words* for March, p. 197.





MEDITATIONS OF A CLASSICAL MAN ON A
MATHEMATICAL PAPER DURING A LATE FELLOWSHIP
EXAMINATION.

Woe, woe is me! ah! whither can I fly?
Where hide me from Mathesis' fearful eye?
Where'er I turn the Goddess haunts my path,
Like grim Megæra in revengeful wrath:
In accents wild, that would awake the dead,
Bids me perplexing problems to unthread;
Bids me the laws of x and y to unfold,
And with 'dry eyes' dread mysteries behold.
Not thus, when blood maternal he had shed,
The Furies' fangs Orestes wildly fled;
Not thus Ixion fears the falling stone,
Tisiphone's red lash, or dark Cocytus' moan.
Spare me, Mathesis, though thy foe I be,
Though at thy altar ne'er I bend the knee,
Though o'er thy "Asses' Bridge" I never pass,
And ne'er in this respect will prove an ass;
Still let mild mercy thy fierce anger quell! oh
Let, let me live to be a Johnian fellow!

* * *

She hears me not! with heart as hard as lead,
She hurls a Rhombus at my luckless head.
Lo where her myrmidons, a wrangling crew,
With howls and yells rise darkling to the view.
There Algebra, a maiden old and pale,
Drinks "double x ," enough to drown a whale.
There Euclid, 'mid a troop of "Riders" passes,
Riding a Rhomboid o'er the Bridge of Asses:
And shouts to Newton, who seems rather deaf,
I've crossed the Bridge in safety Q.E.F.
There black Mechanics, innocent of soap,
Lift the long lever, pull the pulley's rope,
Coil the coy cylinder, explain the fear
Which makes the nurse lean slightly to her rear;

Else, equilibrium lost, to earth she 'll fall,
 Down will come child, nurse, crinoline and all!
 Put why describe the rest? a motley crew,
 Of every figure, magnitude, and hue:
 Now circles they describe; now form in square;
 Now cut ellipses in the ambient air:
 Then in my ear with one accord they bellow,
 "Fly wretch! thou ne'er shall be a Johnian Fellow!"

Must I then bid a long farewell to "John's,"
 Its stately courts, its wisdom-wooing Dons,
 Its antique towers, its labyrinthine maze,
 Its nights of study, and its pleasant days?
 O learned Synod, whose decree I wait,
 Whose just decision makes, or mars my fate;
 If in your gardens I have loved to roam,
 And found within your courts a second home;
 If I have loved the elm trees' quivering shade,
 Since on your banks my freshman limbs I laid;
 If rustling reeds make music unto me
 More soft, more sweet than mortal melody;
 If I have loved "to urge the flying ball"
 Against your Racquet Court's re-echoing wall;
 If, for the honour of the Johnian red,
 I've gladly spurned the matutinal bed,
 And though at rowing, woe is me! no dab,
 I've rowed my best, and seldom caught a crab;
 If classic Camus flow to me more dear
 Than yellow Tiber, or Ilissus clear;
 If fairer seem to me that fragrant stream,
 Than Cupid's kiss, or Poet's pictured dream;
 If I have loved to linger o'er the page
 Of Roman Bard, and Academian sage:
 If all your grave pursuits, your pastimes gay,
 Have been my care by night, my joy by day;
 Still let me roam, unworthy tho' I be,
 By Cam's slow stream, beneath the old elm tree;
 Still let me lie in Alma Mater's arms,
 Far from the wild world's troubles and alarms:
 Hear me, nor in stern wrath my prayer repel! oh
 Let, let me live to be a Johnian Fellow!

CYLINDON.



OUR LIBRARY STAIRCASE.

(By the Author of "*Our College Friends.*")

....—"And yet on earth these men were not happy, not all happy in the outward circumstances of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison bars, and the damp weeping walls of dungeons. I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and in bodily discomfort, and sickness which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much; and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death:—and the world talks of them while they sleep."—LONGFELLOW'S "*Hyperion.*"

§. I.

NOT only in the May-term is there beauty in the gardens of St. John's, which Mat Prior planted in Cathedral form. We can be happy therein, even when the last days of November are upon us; when the trees of lighter foliage are stript to their branches, and the grand avenues of limes and horse-chestnuts have ceased to "wear their leafy honours thick upon them." But not when the wind is howling bitterly, and the sky is overcast with drifts of rain, and chilly damps more penetrating than the rain; for all these combine to warn us that the Autumn has bidden farewell, and make us draw closer to the fireside at evening, after closing the study window. At such times the Fireside is the pleasantest of bowers. When the twilight fades, the curtains are drawn, and the moderator lamp is lighted (a luxurious application of "the midnight oil," proverbially associated with students,—who are Slaves of the Lamp, in other sense than Aladdin's familiars), with the hearth swept cosily, our toes in slippers, the kettle singing on the bars, although no cat is purring on the hearth-rug; why, it is no bad substitute for the sweet Summer-time.

Resting quietly thus, at close of day, and gazing into that

strange world of Phantasms, the red heart of the fire, I love to think about certain books that have become my favourites; books to which I always return gladly, and without an effort, certain of winning fresh enjoyment from the remembered passages, and, in addition, of finding new light cast by the spirit of the moment, on what had hitherto comparatively failed to yield satisfaction. Some of these volumes are of venerable age; rich old crusted port from Apollo's own wine-cellar, of choicest vintages, when the sun had three-fold potency: the cobwebs of the intermediate centuries have not spoiled the flavour of the draught. Others are of recent browst, and not bad tippie, if you choose the proper time to tap. We sip from both these stores, as we rest quietly by the College fireside.

Sometimes the thought of the world of books that is above us—hundreds of volumes which have remained unopened for many years together—leaves a sense of pain with one who remembers how little profit has come from the labours of so many brains. Here, in E staircase, 2nd Court, have accumulated dusty folios of venerable age, tall copies that delight the eyes of bibliomaniacs, fat little twelvemos, respectable quartos, serviceable octavos, nondescript-sized gatherings of sundries, in which similarity of form alone has been admitted as a plea for companionship in binding at some ancient date—so that pious meditations, heretical comments, obscene verses, parliamentary speeches, court sermons, and partizan diatribes, find themselves huddled together in a leathern case, which bears some undecipherable Roman numeral and the generic title of "Pamphlets." Into this uncatalogued and perplexing wilderness we occasionally venture on a voyage of discovery; sometimes thinking it an Augean stable, and sometimes a Golconda, according to the amount of profit that attends each exploration.

When at our Fireside thoughts flit from the writings to the authors, there is much suggested for reflection; and many faces come and go, in that changeful dream-land above the smouldering ashes, in the caverns of intensest heat, over which airy flame-vapours of violet hue are hovering. There also, in the lives as in the fire—when the smoke and blaze were over, and before the disembodied phosphorescent light for ever quitted the dust and cinders that were cast to earth,—bright phantoms played amid the heat. These we love to watch. For, in all cases, the life of the author, if he be worth anything, is of at least equal value to us with his book, and the two are commentaries on each other. Of the early-

comers we know little from the annalist; but we likewise misknow as little, and that is a great gain. On the contrary, of the men whose names and writings are avowedly popular at present, we seem to know too much. Scarcely any good is learnt from the hackney Paul Prys, who retail whatever rumour either malice or folly sets afloat,—who spice the choice morsels for a column of “*Town and Table Talk*,” or “*Lounger’s News*,” to suit the market in the Provinces, and furnish distant quidnuncs with the scandal of the London Clubs, Studios, and Green-rooms: surely this is not the material whence we choose to draw knowledge of the literary and artistic workers of our day. Such crude and contradictory mis-statements would but mislead enquirers, and all this trampled mire must be swept aside before solid footing can be discerned. Better the scanty records of the past, than the lying fullness of report that is in vogue at present.

Yet even to writers, books, and things of recent date, mystery has already attached itself inextricably, despite the gossipers. After-generations will be puzzled in attempts to discern how far true was many a man whose fragmentary work comes down to them; and may rightly deem that he must first have thought the truth before he could have written the truth, and perhaps wrought out that truth by a life, as well, or better, than he did by words. People, incompetent to judge, make merry over the presumed insincerity of literary workmen; but we disbelieve the statements of such scorers, who cannot value an author’s struggles. We disbelieve, even when we acquit them of deliberate intention to deceive; but they have become unable to understand the truth themselves, and when this is the case, the simplest matter of fact is by any such witnesses garbled into a falsehood.

It is natural that loving the early writers, Spenser, Shakspeare and the other Elizabethans, we should desire more ample accounts of how their lives passed, than what we possess in the meagre and contradictory notices given by those who lived more near to them in time than ourselves. It almost seems inconceivable that their own people should have been so blind to their merit, and not have known, whilst labouring to send down any records to posterity, who were the men and which were the details most valuable and desirable. But we have long ceased to wonder at this ignorance. To know the true man is a rare faculty: is indeed one of the rarest of faculties. Therefore, it is not strange that the greatest thinkers are not quickly recognised,

unless they come as mechanicians, chemists, or other practical producers of material wealth ; and even of these, the enthusiastic and unselfish labourer, who is farthest in advance of his age, is less likely to be welcomed with plaudits and affection than the meaner tribe of jobbers who but little surpass the crowd of consumers. Poets, painters, and musicians, especially, must lay account to be treated harshly, neglectfully ; they have generally looked for such treatment, and been seldom disappointed. They have had high spiritual compensation, doubtless, but they paid the price. When any one sought to evade the law, the result was so much the more humiliating. Always sad is the picture of one who vainly tries to harmonise two irreconcilable modes of existence. This is equally true of the man who clothes his ideas with words, colours, or pure statuesque form, as a writer, painter, or sculptor ; or if, instead, he bids them go forth still more immaterialised, as the wordless music of a composer : music which comprehends the higher secrets, that no words can reach. It is of such a one, of Beethoven for example, that William Bell Scott affirms :

“ Wild

Fancies of heart are his realities,
And over them, as o'er firm ground, he flies
Towards absorption in the unknown skies
Of spirit land.

“ Alas ! within the maze

Of the actual world, hills, cattle, ships and town,
Knowledge accumulative, mace and gown,
Wealth, science, law, he like a blind man strays.
Yet be thou proud, poor child ! be not cast down,
Men hear thee like the voice of the dead risen,
And feel they are immortal, souls in prison.”

Not only have we ceased to consider it wonderful, the neglect experienced by great men, but, also, we doubt whether it be even pitiable. Rightly considered, in many cases, this so-called neglect was the best thing the society of their own day could offer them. As a surfeiting of sweets destroys the digestive powers, so a surfeiting of praise might have injured the poets : a little wholesome bitter tones the system, and improves the appetite for solid food ; only, somehow, a few of them received too liberally of the bitters. One need not have a quart of vinegar deluging the salad, or swallow a hogshead of lime-juice along with one's salt fish on Life's banyan-days. The author of “ Festus,” in his less-known

satire entitled "the Age," has pleasingly expressed the fact of the poet's genius being nurtured by neglect. He says:

"As the poor shell-fish of the Indian sea,
Sick—seven years sick—of its fine melody,
The pearl (which after shall enrich the breast
Of some fair Princess regal in the West),
Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful main,
Its worth proportional to its parent's pain,
Until in roseate lustre perfect grown,
Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;—
So must the Poet, master of his art,
Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a smart;
Death only, may be, gives him equal right,
And nations glory in his royal light."

We learn to be more merciful in our judgment of those who failed to appreciate the buried poets of old-time, when we observe what passes around us. If our fathers stoned the prophets, and we build up their monuments, none the less are our contemporaries ready and willing to stone or starve a fresh generation, and leave as a legacy to descendants the raising of the inevitable cenotaphs. Croly has lately passed from us; but he was little appreciated during his life time, except by George Gilfillan, who always fought stoutly in his praise. Walter Savage Landor, a veteran of noble build, is still amongst us, but possessing little of apparent fame proportionate to what must come to him half a century hence, or later; when he will be spoken of as one of the most richly-gifted and independent writers of this age.

How little do people know of the true poetry of Robert Browning, Henry Taylor, R. H. Horne, George Macdonald, Walter Smith ("Orwell"),* Edmund Reade, Stanyan Bigg or Thomas Aird; whilst the Gerald Masseys, M. F. Tupper, and Charles Mackays of the day run through their brief career of mob popularity.

Not to multiply references to living men of genuine powers, whose immediate influence is restricted, whilst the rhetorical flourishes of ephemeral creatures are received with acclamations by the multitude; sufficient proof is afforded of the ease with which men who scorn to beg for such senseless homage can glide into a region of obscure labour, and in a few years have so drawn themselves aside from the clique-

* Vide "*The Bishop's Walk and The Bishop's Times.*" Macmillan, 1861.

notoriety of their day, as to be almost forgotten, long before age has overtaken them. Witness for this, one of the most impassioned of all modern dramatic poets, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, author of the *Bride's Tragedy*, *Death's Jest-Book*, &c., who died so recently as 1849, and who had been, even then for a score of years absent from the field of his early triumph. Masterly as is the brief memoir of Beddoes, by "K." prefixed to the collected works published by Pickering in 1850, it is painfully scanty in details. A few familiar letters admirably reveal the poet in his frank communications with such friends as Proctor ("Barry Cornwall"); and sometimes refer to literary occupation. But only at rare intervals were his movements shewn, or, as it appears, sought to be discovered. Here was one of the most marvellously gifted poets of our own day (we say this emphatically, believing its truth, not by a waste of superlatives), portions of whose dramatic writings have scarcely been equalled since the time of Ford, Webster, and their comrades; he enters into his work from love of it, and cares so little for winning an increase of fame, that he allows his manuscripts to be destroyed, or lost, and scarcely takes any precautions to preserve the least token of what he had been. Even his medical labours, his German political life, as well as his purely literary studies, were each and all used merely as the day's work; and whether men would afterwards praise or blame, or utterly forget him, seemed to give no moment's anxiety to Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Nevertheless, a few have gratefully cherished the scanty remains of his writings that have been given to the world: as also of another neglected but genuine poet, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, whose works have been re-published, extensively circulated, and pilfered from, in America; nevertheless, in his native England no collected edition has ever been published, though his reputation was great in Cambridge, and such men as Macaulay, Sydney Walker, Buller, Moultrie, and Charles Knight were his intimate associates. Of Beddoes and Praed we may speak hereafter; they, with Walter Savage Landor* and Robert Browning, are our chief favourites when we yield ourselves to the strains of the sweet singers by the fireside on holiday evenings at St. John's.

* *The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor*; comprising Heroic Idyls, &c. New Edition, enlarged. Nichol, 1859.

§ II.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AND MILTON.

"Be patient! from the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the Poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are."—W. S. LANDOR'S *Examination of Shakspeare*.

Whenever we take down from the shelves the volume of Walter Savage Landor's *Hellenics*, our freedom departs for the rest of the evening. The most intimate friend and profound mathematician may clamour unregardedly for admittance: we surrender ourselves to Landor, and our Oak is inexorably sported against all intruders.

More than half a century ago Walter Savage Landor had already gained a high position in literature. Since 1802 he has continued to write with the same impulsive vigour and independence of opinion, neither seeking nor obtaining what is called popularity, although he has influenced many thoughtful minds, and given us, in his *Imaginary Conversations*, an inexhaustible family of friends, and in his *Hellenics* a volume of genuine poetry that cannot fail to be esteemed hereafter as of high excellence. No other living poet gives us such a magnificent revival of the Grecian spirit. He has already the dignity of a classic. We find in many of the poems a glowing warmth of colouring, a devotion to beauty, a tender playfulness of phrase and imagery. There is purity of feeling amid all the sportiveness. In these lovely shrines nothing of gross sensuality is permitted to intrude; but everywhere is the elegance of richly developed art, everywhere the luxuriance of natural beauty. Some are Idyllic in their sweetness, their dainty toying with Arcadian enjoyment and affection. Others have more severity of tone, a calm and saddened grandeur, such as few modern authors have equalled. Each group of figures, distinct in outline, bears the token of a master-hand. Theirs is the repose of Grecian Sculpture, as in its best development of the Phidian era, with perfect symmetry of strength and gracefulness. The studied affectations of voluptuous elegance are not here, nor is the seductive sentiment which commends itself most readily to effeminate minds. Instead, we have the higher

fascination of such forms as those that were illuminated by the sunshine on the Athenian Parthenon; the never-equalled sculpture, fragments of which are preserved to us in the British Museum, and known to the world as the Elgin Marbles:—The Theseus, the Ilissus, the Fates, Iris, and the Horses of Night. Marvellous are these statues in the fidelity to nature, and their austere sublimity, solemnised by the abiding calm of the marble, yet withheld from stony impassiveness by some mysterious glow of life and motion; which conveys to the mind a sense of arrested and slumbering vitality, rather than of workmanship from the hands of mortal man. And, in their own degree, the same attraction resides in these Hellenic poems by Walter Savage Landor. They appeal to the best feelings of our nature, they have their foundations of excellence in the highest and grandest of our sympathies.

We are led by him into an antique world of nature and of art, that can never become uninteresting; for in it we behold everything which is dear to our heart and our intellect. It is the same humanity which is around us in this nineteenth century, but it is transfigured by the distance. Overspread by the clear blue sky of the South; with warmer air breathed around the marble temples of Greece, and the rude huts of Sicilian Swains, we are brought into fellowship with things innocent and fair. The trivial and the commonplace are for a while dismissed, as we listen to this poet, who, with wisdom and melody, leads us again to a land that appears more lovely, and to days that seem more simple than our own. He leads us with him when we read the opening lines of *Invocation*:—

“Come back, ye wandering Muses, come back home!

Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:

Come, let us walk upon the silent sands

Of Simois, where deep footmarks shew long strides;

Thence we may mount perhaps to higher ground,

Where Aphrodite from Athene won

The golden apple, and from Here too,

And happy Ares shouted far below.

Or would you rather choose the grassy vale

Where flows Anapos thro’ anemones,

Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend

To shew their rival beauty in the stream?

Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn

Temper a graver with a lighter song.”

The completeness of the volume, its general uniformity

of grandeur and beauty, fit it to be esteemed the most conclusive evidence of Walter Savage Landor's powers. In everything that he has written have been lines of suggestive thought, melodious cadences, and poetic fancies. But hitherto he had seldom revealed himself without irrelevant matter. He has long been acknowledged in his eminence as a student of the past, and for the variety and persistency of his investigations. His sympathies are keen and numerous, although he is a staunch hater, and occasionally unjust, to those whose principles are opposed to his own. His antagonism is the natural result of his earnestness. What he does is done heartily, whether blessing or banning, building or overthrowing. Against tyranny he has spoken by words and deeds, a life-long protest, and some of his withering sarcasms are not likely to be forgotten. In a few of these outpourings of indignation, he has occasionally injured his own reputation by the intemperate ferocity of attack. He has laid aside his own dignity, and the result has been in every way painful. No one who is acquainted with the value of his writings, and the genuine worth of the man himself, can read, without interest, the passage in the Appendix to the *Hellenics*, containing a Farewell to England, and a rebuke of those who insulted and calumniated the aged poet, as he departed for what is probably the last time, into exile. It commences thus :—

"A heartier age will come; the wise will know

*If in my writings there be ought of worth,**

Said ardent Milton, whose internal light

Dispelled the darkness of despondency,

Before he with imperishable gold

Damaskt the hilt of our Protector's blade.

Wonder not if that seer, the highest to heaven

Of all below, could have thus well divined.

I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,

Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie

With summer sweets, with albums gaily dressed,

Where poodle sniffs at flower between the leaves.

A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,

And find not overmuch to pare away.

The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,

In some dark room laid up when others rot."

A calm reliance on the inevitable approval of the after-

* "Veniet cordatior ætas :

Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet."

MILTON, *Poemata*.

time speaks in the lines that follow, as in many passages of his prose works:—

...“Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish
 Hath been my courtship of the passing voice,
 Nor panted for its echo. Time has been
 When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!
 An age roll'd on before a keener sight
 Could separate and see them far apart....
 We upon earth
 Have not our places and our distances
 Assigned for many years.”

The poem begins and ends with reference to Milton. All who have deeply studied Walter Savage Landor—and in his best utterances few of our miscellaneous writers better deserve attentive perusal—must be aware of the reverence paid by him to that lofty intellect. Indeed, the internal resemblance which subsists between Milton and Landor, is even more remarkable than any external similarity of style. Thorough fellowship with Landor need not be expected from persons who have distaste for Milton, in the political and social relations to his time, according to his peculiarity of temperament; howsoever such modern critics may affect to comply with traditional acclamations in homage to him as a poet. Many features of likeness exist in these two ardent worshippers of Liberty. We might trace a parallel, and find scarcely anything in the one, as a man, which is not also in the other. Their many virtues, their few faults, are almost identical. Transport them to one another's era and position, and each would have acted as the other has done. In both are seen the same over-ruling pride, that to superficial observers appears to be conceit; the same indignant scorn and hatred for oppression, fraud, and treachery of all kinds; the same high ideal of labour with untiring devotion, and readiness for self-sacrifice in a great cause; the same intolerance and merciless denunciation of whosoever shrank timidly from opposing falsehood. In their austerity and superhuman grandeur they are removed above the petty trafficking world, somewhat too high for common sympathies. To the crowd they appear cold and hard, exacting, scornful; but there is a pure stream of affection gushing from those ice-crowned mountains, there is a fire of patriotism ever burning within, there are luxuriant vineyards over-crusting the hardened flood of lava which had rolled down destructively of old, so that flowers and fruit are blooming on the very margin of the sea which reflects the calm bright

stars of evening. Both men require to be known more fully than is found possible by hasty readers; both demand our reverence for their massiveness of thought and their constancy to early principles. We see on their brows the mark of storm; it tells what they have suffered—what they have surmounted. They have had to yield many a cherished fancy, have denied themselves a thousand private luxuries, before they could arrive at even this much of success—little though it be compared to what they sought. Such men, the few gigantic ones, repel ordinary affection. Dante, *Æschylus*, and Milton, in their several fields of action, as also Michael Angelo, David Scott, and Walter Savage Landor (less different in degree than the world deems), held the same depth of nature and the same aspirations. They stand like the Egyptian pyramids, above the long dreary levels of human stagnance. They point upward to the immensity, they look downward on the storm, with serenity but with abiding sadness. To them Summer scarcely lends her bloom, but Winter has no power to destroy. We see their massive solidity, their repelling gloom, and perhaps we weakly shudder. If we keep aloof, in terror or in scorn, what can we learn from them? There are secret vaults within, to which no common eye can penetrate; there mysteries and mazes which can never be unravelled. If we refuse our homage, let us not ignorantly ridicule. Pause, if you will, in the purple twilight, and muse with awe on what you see. Better it is for us to marvel at them, and seek to rise in comprehension of their greatness—although they still preserve so many secrets; better than if we passed on flippantly in our gay skiff or in the caravan of worldings, with words of mockery and senseless laughter. Not without untold agony and heroic effort these sublime ruins soared above the plain. Surely there have been sorrows enough, and pain of body, long harassing labours and frustrated hopes, before one man, before one building, before one work of art approached completion. The more vast and self-reliant it is, the more incomprehensible it must ever seem to idle gazers, and the more fascinating and instructive it must ever be to those who reverently think upon its place in the eternal scheme of usefulness and beauty.

By those who know the grandeur which Landor has intermittingly revealed in his prose works, and which in less diluted simplicity he has shewn in these poems on Greek subjects, the *Hellenics*, we will not be charged with exaggeration of praise. Lifelong he has been unequal, we

confess; as all great men have been unequal. He has yielded too freely to the temptation of speaking for the moment; paying away the strength which was due to worthier requirement. Consequently, he has allowed all allusions to temporary politics to intrude, and overlap almost all his writings, whatever was their ostensible subject. He has lost patience and lost temper, and has marred the symmetry of works that ought to have been artistically constructed, free from incongruities and personalities. This fault scarcely appears in the *Hellenics*. They are kept untainted. The dust and clamour of the flying hour mar not their beauty. As we read them, again and again, we feel lifted into a serener heaven of contemplation. Not the fashion of the day is stamped on them; not alone the Past, but rather the Future seems to claim them as its own. We feel certain that many a reader in after years will share our enjoyment of their wholesome beauty and their unaffected strength; and that, however busy may become the people with the great work of civilization and christianity before them, an after-generation of heroic thinkers,—each solitary, it may be, and yearning for a fuller draught of freedom and mental light—will gratefully look back on Walter Savage Landor, his life and writings, and thank him for the aid which he has given to the great cause. We know well that under all which he has done has been a purpose not less magnificent, and hopes not less disinterested and sacred, than those of the maligned and disappointed Milton.

J. W. E.





THE LADY MARGARET FOUR, NOV. 1863.

BRIGHT October was come, cold, misty-morning'd October,
Cheering the toil-worn earth with its yearly promise of rest-time,
Changing the verdure of aspen and lime to the red tints of
autumn ;

Clusters of golden leaflets droop from the shivering birch-boughs,
Pendulous, heavy with dew, most beautiful now as the coming
Winter bids them descend, and carpet the earth with their rich
brown

And gold. Beautiful bright October (except when it rain'd, then
'Twas cold, horrid, drizzly, dreary, fraught with consumption)
Welcoming votaries up to the shrine of the goddess Mathesis,
Some in the verdure of freshness, some junior, senior sophs some,
Hastening joyfully, all, to the scene of their pleasant but hard work
Past or as yet but expected. Came up too the lazier fellows,
Spending great part of their terms in the pleasures of boating and
cricket—

Spending, but not quite wasting their time ; albeit the immortal
"Muses hard-grain'd of the cube and the square" are seldom in
season,

And the others, the Classic I mean, for them have few charms, still
Somewhat they gain in the genial mirth and chaff of companions,
Somewhat of good for themselves, for each other of generous
feeling,

Somewhat of energy, hardihood, pluck, in their boating and cricket

Term was begun in good earnest. The tortuous bank of the river
"Ditch," as our Oxford friends sometimes provokingly call it,
Echoed with pattering steps, and noise of hard-working "Coaches"
Panting and shouting by turns to crews of Freshmen amusing ;
"Back straight, 'Two.'" "Now 'Three,' do a little more work at
beginning."

"Into your chest well, 'Five,' and don't screw out of the boat so,"
Shouting and panting by turns, urged on by zeal patriotic,
And a sprinkling may be of pride, as with dignity new-fledg'd.

But when the day was done, and the calm still twilight descended,
 Then Lady Margaret call'd together her sons to a meeting,
 Margaret, honor'd of all, silv'ry-headed, the Pearl of Boat-clubs;
 Margaret, Pride of St. John's, belov'd of the "Ancient Loganus,"
 Held a meeting again in the rooms of the Classic Cylindron.
 Silence gain'd at length, with a smile uprose the First Captain,
 Metaphor only—"uprose"—for indeed he had never been seated,
 Stood and proposed with a smile in language Thucydidean,
 (His own words I would give, but do not remember minutely)
 That our club should send in a Four to the on-coming races.
 Cheering succeeded, and chaff derisive, and laughter informal,
 Cheers and laughter and chaff, "Please don't, Sir," by Clericus
 bellow'd;

For well knew every man in the club that the Four were in training,
 Full well knew the places and forms of those muscular Christians;
 Often, with Dan'l in stern, had seen them start from the boat-house,
 Often had run on the bank to watch them time, swing, and finish,
 Often had waited to see them return with Dan'l for Coxswain:
 Dan'l—addicted at times to trying the cold water system,
 Not on himself, but on others unwilling in river so muddy—
 No "lone lorn Dan'l" he, most weighty, most cheery of "Coaches."

Help me, O muse, awhile in the arduous task of description,
 Spare me, O friends, if perchance, though strong my wish to do justice
 To all, a theme so grand o'er-top the force of my language.

Beebee was 'bow,' as last year, the lively cigar-loving Beebee;
 Voted "no end of a swell," in cruelly dry mathematics,
 Language (ancient of course) and mythical lore of great Rome, in
 "Musical chaff of Old Athens," in Pindar and Poets excelling,
 Good classic he, and successful, the Beau of Bell scholars;
 Beebee was 'bow,' as last year, the lively cigar-loving Beebee.
 Hawkins succeeded as 'Two,' for two quite big enough truly,
 Hawkins, the grave, demure, large-limb'd and active First Captain,
 Worthy all praise and all thanks for his energy, zeal untiring:
 Limner of witty Cartoons, sent up to friend Punch, *and inserted*.
 'Three' was the Pride of our Club, was Marsden the shapely, the
 straight-back'd,

Playfully christen'd "The Little" because of his giant proportions;
 Marsden, the brave, unboasting, surpass'd by none as a worker,
 Rara avis in terris of the genus hard-reading, hard-rowing,
 No mean disciple of Selwyn the Great, a good oar, a good classic.
 Watney was stroke, the lithe, dark-eyed; of oars the most lucky,
 Lucky, deservedly too, for "who help themselves, them the Gods
 help:"

Winner of pewters unnumber'd, of medals (in anticipation),
 Never 'tis said has been bump'd in a race! Ah! would that I had
 not!

This was the crew. They were steer'd by the cool-headed bird
the Coturnix,
Steady and skilful in taking a corner—but not as the bird flies.

Think it no strange thing, that we look'd with hope to their
winning,
Proud of their long sweeping stroke, their swing and their strength
unequall'd,
Still at the meeting 'twas hinted by some that "Third" was
the better
Boat, and Emmanuel "not to be sneez'd at."—"Wait tho' till
Monday,
They have only just tried their out-rigger, but when they get
steady—!"

Bid me not now recount the hopes and fears of the next week;
How they went splendidly one day, did the course under "Eight
something;"
But on the next, without reason apparent, were nearly "Nine
twenty."

How with gladness of heart we saw them spurt in from the willows,
And cheer'd and shouted with joy, but next moment with faces
Lengthen'd, and spirits deprest, we heard Dan'l sigh, as he
mutter'd

"Worse than yesterday." So, when the prizes of life are contested,
Hope, disappointment, fear, joy, are strangely inter-commingled.
Happy who shrink not, through dread of defeat, but with patience
and courage
Strive and battle and win, in the God-given strength of their
manhood.

Rose on the Monday eventful, old Sol, in his splendour of
Autumn,
Softly rose-tinting the barèd limbs of the lime and the sturdy
Old oak conquer'd at last; rose-tinting the weeping willows,
Drooping their amber leaves to the bank of the swollen river.
Need I relate how in spite of a manly and spirited effort,
Victim fell Trinity Hall to our longer stroke and our harder;
Capital race it was round Grassy and up to Plough corner,
Where in a *rattling* spurt, our Four won the first of its honours.
Tuesday brought little of Glory; for "Third" having spurted out
Pembroke,
Nothing was left us to do, but, reserving our strength for the
morrow,
Calmly row over the course, with Emmanuel three places forward.

Throng'd were the willow-fringed banks on the day of the
final struggle,
Long 'ere the three rival crews fared forth on their arduous errand,

Thirsting for honour and fame, for self, for club, and for college.
 Hardly a *race* was expected by many who thought themselves
 judges,

“‘Third’ was pre-eminent, certain to win, and Emmanuel second :”
 Our four had such mite of a chance, they might as well not start.
 Well! they *did* start, and went up the first reach with motion
 unsteady,

But at the corner improv’d and flew like an arrow to Grassy.
 Shudder’d our hearts as we watch’d their Cox’n the skilful Coturnix,
 Lest he should steer them too close and our chance be lost in a
 moment :

Needlessly shudder’d our hearts, for indeed he steer’d to perfection.
 Now they sweep round Ditton corner, ‘mid shouts of “well row’d”
 and “well steer’d, Sir.”

But as they enter the Reach, our hope so lately renescent
 Suddenly dies away as we see them perceptibly losing.
 Dies to be newly rekindled ; for as they near the willows,
 Starting again into life more vigorous, joyous, elastic
 Than ever, quick’ning their stroke but not lopping its length or
 its power,

Sinews strain’d to the utmost, and hearts beating high with
 excitement,

Forward they leap in a last “dying spurt” and—hark! their
 gun goes :

Eagerly all eyes turn to the other boats ; are they still rowing?
 Has a gun miss’d fire? Oh! the fearful suspense of that waiting
 Till come the sharp “crack,” “crack,” with hardly a second between
 them ;

“Third” is third, O mirabile dictu, and we are the Victors—
 What follow’d who shall describe? such cheering enthusiastic
 Never before has startled our old Father Cam from his slumber ;
 Never such waving of hats, such rapture almost universal.

Brimful of nobly-earned *κῦδος*, our four paddle back to the
 boathouse,

Greeted at every point, as they pass, with “Well row’d, Lady
 Margaret.”

“Well row’d indeed” let us sing ; and as we tell of past triumphs,
 Let us with brightening prospect, look forward to others as
 well-won :

Let us remember our Motto, remember its *real* meaning,
 And when the races are over next May, we will, *if we can*, shout
 “Cheers for the Lady Margaret first boat, Head of the river!”

D.



A LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,

I am an old Subscriber to *The Eagle*, and have in my time contributed more than one article to its pages. In common with all well-wishers to the noble bird, I should extremely regret, that from lack of support it should, after six years successful flight, now droop its pinions, and I should therefore wish, with your permission, to address a few words in your pages to your numerous readers, for of them there is no lack. I have lately read with great interest the exciting tale you have just published "The Ghost Story," and as I laid down the last number, after its perusal, I dreamed and I thought that I was addressing your readers in such terms as these :

"You have heard of the Ghost which troubled Miss Hester —, is there not a ghost which continually haunts and troubles you? Do you not at times see the ghost of a noble bird, once the proud and perhaps pampered pet of this College, now reduced to a state of literary destitution and semi-starvation? Does not this attenuated spectre, with drooping beak and dim eye, at times address you in these words :

"'I was once the King of Birds, the minister of Jove himself. For six years I have dwelt in this College. Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics encouraged me to my first flight. They fed me on the choicest morsels of literature; they gave me solid prose for meat, and poesy sweet as nectar for drink.

"'Now I pine melancholy, neglected : and unless speedy contribution be made for me I shall die of inanition. In vain do I look around for the Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics who formerly befriended me. People seem to be afraid of me: the young and rising generation, to whom I look as my chief supporters, avoid me, and leave me entirely dependant on the contributions of a few Editors, without

whose kind support I should long ago have departed this life.'

"This I can assure you, O Reader, is not an overdrawn picture of the sufferings of *The Eagle*. The bird is too well known for me to enter into a description of its praises; all I would say in conclusion is this, if you would keep *The Eagle* alive, if you would bring back Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics to this College, and appease the Ghost which mars your rest; go to your rooms, take pen and paper, and write an Article for *The Eagle*."

And then I awoke, and determined to send these thoughts to you, hoping thereby to procure you many articles even to overflowing.

PHILÆTOS.

"ON THE WELL OF A JAUNTING CAR."

TWO English ladies once paid a visit to Ireland, and on landing called for a Jaunting Car; but having never seen, or sat on, a Jaunting Car before, they asked of the driver where they were to sit. Says Paddy "Ladies of quality sit 'on the well' (the place where the luggage is usually put), and pay half-a-crown; ordinary people sit here (pointing to the proper seat), and *only* pay a shilling." This anecdote was related to me during a recent tour in Ireland by two Irish ladies, who actually saw the poor unfortunates driving through Kingstown in the above position. I hope therefore, that the fact of it having been related to me by two eye-witnesses, may serve as some apology for bringing my verses on the subject before our readers.

Two ladies once wished a short time to beguile,
 And traversed the Irish sea o'er!
 Then came to the land of the Emerald Isle
 Determined each spot to explore.
 But sad to relate, both the Mother and Daughter,
 Though the sea was remarkably still:
 Yet nevertheless while crossing the water
 Were both of them dreadfully ill.

They stayed in the cabin the whole of the day;
Sighed much as they reeled to and fro,
Till the vessel had reached Dublin's beautiful bay:
When both of them came from below.
Though sure, let me tell you, they looked very pale,
And seemed to be trembling all o'er,
Yet both of them ceased their most heart-rending wail,
When the vessel was moored to the shore.

They got all their luggage conveyed to the land;
Then out of the vessel they came;
And seeing a car and a car-man at hand,
They immediately called to the same.
These ladies had never before in their life
Seen or sat on "a jaunting car,"
But the driver put quickly an end to their strife,
When he their perplexity saw.

"Oh, if you both ladies of quality be?
Why then you must sit 'on the well,'
And pay half-a-crown, though the general fee,
Is a bob I am sorry to tell."
—You know that for ladies of high Pedigree
"On the well" could not be the right place;
So as the car drove through the town, you might see
Many smiles on each impudent face.

How very indignant was each lady's look
At the folks so disgracefully rude!
And, as you'd suppose, with fierce anger they shook,
And were both in a sorrowful mood.
So at last they bade old Macdoulán turn back,
Disgusted with all in the town;
Then Paddy in glee to his whip gave a crack,
And for driving he charged them a crown.

This my tale is as true as ever you've heard;
For some ladies who'd witnessed the scene,
Once declared unto me that a sight more absurd
In their life they never had seen.
Now ladies, dear ladies, and gentlemen too,
Your heads pray don't carry too high!
For you see from this that your pride you will rue,
And misfortune is sure to be nigh.

SEMPER N°.

OUR CHRONICLE.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1863.

AT the commencement of the Fourth Volume of *The Eagle*, we have the pleasure of announcing a large increase in the number of Subscribers, and of returning our thanks to some new Contributors in addition to our old supporters. We trust that the flight so happily begun may be as happily sustained, and, to quote from another page of our present Number, that "the pride and ample pinion which the Johnian Eagle bear," may not be suffered to fall and droop from the negligence of the noble bird's friends and guardians.

The entry at S. John's College has been unusually large this year, the names of 91 Freshmen appearing on the boards.

The office of Lord High Steward of the University became vacant at the beginning of the present term by the death of Lord Lyndhurst. The vacancy was filled by the unanimous election of the Right Hon. the Earl Powis, LL.D., of S. John's College. Earl Powis graduated in 1840, when he obtained a first class in the Classical Tripos.

The College living of Marton-cum-Grafton, in the County of York and Diocese of Ripon, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Foster, M.A., who has held it since 1809. The Master and Seniors have presented to it the Rev. J. R. Lunn, B.D., Fellow and Lady Sadler's Lecturer of this College.

On Friday, November 27, Mr. H. Fawcett, M.A., Fellow of Trinity Hall, was elected to the Professorship of Political Economy. Mr. Joseph B. Mayor and Mr. L. H. Courtney, Fellows of S. John's College, were also candidates. Mr. Mayor polled 80 votes, and lost the election by only 10 votes.

On Monday, November 2, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of this College:

Henry Ludlow, M.A., 8th Wrangler, 1857.

William Philip Hiern, B.A., 9th Wrangler, 1861.
 John George Laing, B.A., 2nd Wrangler, 1862, and 2nd
 Smith's Prizeman.
 Alfred Freer Torry, B.A., 4th Wrangler, 1862.
 John Sephton, B.A., 5th Wrangler, 1862.
 Philip Thomas Main, B.A., Bell's University Scholar,
 1859, 6th Wrangler (equal), 1862.
 Charles Edward Graves, B.A., Porson Prizeman (equal),
 1861, 2nd Classic, 1862.

The Naden's Divinity Studentship has been awarded to
 C. Taylor, B.A.

The following gentlemen obtained a First Class in the
 College Examination in June last:

Third Year.

Ewbank	Archbold	Clare
Stuckey	Baron	Creaser
Smallpeice	Newton	

Second Year.

Wood, A.	Griffiths	Huntly
Marshall	Cope	Shackleton
Blanch	Isherwood	Wiseman
Russell, C. D.	Smith, R. P.	Watson }
Beebee	Roach	Wilson }
Coutts	Vawdrey	Cust
Levett	Kempthorne }	Masefield
Sutton	Yeld }	

First Year.

Pryke	Rowsell	Marsden, M. H.
Pulliblack	Covington	George
Stevens, A. J.	Brayshaw	Bloxam }
Marrack	Cotterill	Doig }
Jamblin }	Burrow	De Wet
Warren }	Miller	Barker
Haslam, J. B. }	Hart, H. G.	Constable
Hill, E. }	Govind	Hewitt }
Dewick	Davis, A.	Luck }
Genge	Carleton	Mullinger }
Massie	Payton }	
Hathornthwaite	Rowband }	

Reading Prizes.

1 Cooper	2 Brown, J. T. } Gurney }
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Prizes for Greek Testament and Reformation History.

1 Pearson, J. B.	2 Archbold } Moss }
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English Essay Prizes.

<i>Third Year.</i>	<i>Second Year.</i>	<i>First Year.</i>
Pearson, J. B.	Yeld, C.	Payton } Mullinger } <i>Æq.</i>

The following gentlemen were elected Scholars June 12 :

<i>Third Year.</i>	<i>Second Year.</i>	<i>First Year.</i>
Newton, H.	Griffiths	Warren, C.
Terry	Levett	Smith, W. F.
Archbold	Wiseman	
Clare	Russell, C. D.	
Creeser	Coutts	
Pearson, J. B.		

The Wood and Hare Exhibitions were given as follows :

£40, Ewbank and Wood, A.

£30, Stuckey, Moss, Blanch, Pryke, and Pulliblack.

£20, Marshall, Russell, C. D., Beebee, Stevens, A. J.,
Marrack, Jamblin, Hill, E., and Dewick.

£15, Smallpeice, Baron, and Cust.

£10, Reece, Robinson, Quayle, Isherwood, Cope, Roach,
Kempthorne, Shackleton, Yeld, Huntly, Watson, Smith, R.P.,
Coutts, Hathornthwaite, Covington, Massie, Marsden, M. H.

£8 17s. 3d. Brayshaw.

Proper Sizars—Yeld, Shackleton, Stevens, and Marrack.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are :

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.

Treasurer, G. W. Hill

Secretary, S. W. Cope

First Captain, W. W. Hawkins

Second Captain, W. Mills

Third Captain, H. Watney

Fourth Captain, A. Cust

Fifth Captain, W. Boycott

Sixth Captain, W. J. Stobart

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, November 14. Twelve boats entered. After five bumping races, the time race was rowed between the following crews:

1 R. P. Smith	1 J. B. Haslam
2 W. Covington	2 F. S. Poole
3 J. N. Isherwood	3 M. H. Marsden
H. Rowsell, <i>Stroke</i>	F. Young, <i>Stroke</i>
W. J. Stobart, <i>Cox.</i>	R. S. Stephen, <i>Cox.</i>
1 P. H. Kempthorne	
2 E. B. P'Anson	
3 S. W. Cope	
E. C. Roe, <i>Stroke</i>	
W. Mills, <i>Cox.</i>	

Mr. Mills won by about half a second.

The University Four-Oar Races commenced on Monday, November 9. Seven boats entered. The result of each day's racing will be found on another page. To the delight of the College, the Lady Margaret Crew, by a splendid spurt from Ditton corner, came in the winner of the time-race by about three seconds.

The winning Crew consisted of

- 1 M. H. L. Beebee
- 2 W. W. Hawkins, *Capt.*
- 3 M. H. Marsden
- H. Watney, *Stroke*
- M. H. Quayle, *Cox.*

It may not be uninteresting to record the winners of the University Fours since their institution in 1849:

1849 First Trinity	1857 Magdalen
1850 Lady Margaret	1858 Third Trinity
1851 Third Trinity	1859 Third Trinity
1852 First Trinity	1860 First Trinity
1853 Lady Margaret	1861 First Trinity and Trinity
1854 Third Trinity	Hall (dead heat)
1855 Trinity Hall	1862 Third Trinity
1856 Lady Margaret	1863 Lady Margaret

The Colquhoun Sculls were rowed for on Monday, November 16, and following days.

The Officers of the St. John's Cricket Club for the present year are :

President, W. D. Bushell, B.A.

Treasurer, R. B. Masfield

Secretary, C. Warren

First Captain, T. Knowles

Second Captain, W. J. E. Percy.

We have been requested to insert the following :—

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

At a meeting of this Club held in the President's rooms, March 24th, a general opinion was expressed that it would further the interests of Cricket in the College and be very convenient to Cricketers, if the ground at the back of the College were put into playing order. Various methods were suggested of raising the money necessary for the purpose, but it was finally resolved that a voluntary subscription be opened; in a short time a sum amounting to nearly £20 was collected and about as much more was promised. Since then the Master and Fellows have taken the matter up, and have kindly consented to give £100 to the work if so much was required. A tender was sent in by Daniel Hayward, in which he engaged to level a piece 60 yards by 40 for a match ground, and another 80 yards by 15 for practice; this was accepted and the work is progressing most satisfactorily.

On Thursday, November 26th, a meeting of the subscribers to the Johnian Cricket ground was held in the President's rooms, to consider what should be done with the money that had been collected. Mr. Calvert having opened the meeting, proposed :

"That the money that has been already collected for levelling the Cricket Ground be devoted to a Pavilion Fund, and that those gentlemen who have promised a subscription for the former purpose, be requested to allow the Committee to apply it to the aforesaid Pavilion Fund."

The motion was seconded by Mr. Clare, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Clare then proposed: "That an account of this meeting be inserted in *The Eagle*, together with an intimation, that all subscribers to the Cricket Ground Fund who have paid their subscription may, if they object to the above resolution, have their money returned on application to the Treasurer."

This motion was seconded by Mr. Knowles and carried unanimously.

The President then dissolved the Meeting.

We have to announce that a new Boat Club has been established in the College since the issue of our last number, under the name of the Second St. John's; the officers of which for the present term are:

Captain, T. H. Baynes

Secretary & Treasurer, C. D. Russell

The Cambridge University Rifle Corps is, we are happy to say, in a most flourishing state. The number of recruits this term is much larger than usual. In our own company Mr. O. L. Clare has been elected ensign in the place of Mr. W. Marsden.

The Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup has been won by Lieutenant Colonel Baker, Corporal Doe and Captain Ross of Trinity were second and third.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.—MICHAELMAS TERM, 1863.

UNIVERSITY FOUR OARS.

Monday, November 9.

1 Trinity Hall	}	5 Pembroke	
2 Lady Margaret	}	6 1st Trinity	}
3 Magdalene	}	7 3d Trinity	}
4 Emmanuel	}		

Tuesday, November 10.

1 Emmanuel		4 Lady Margaret
2 Pembroke	}	
3 3rd Trinity	}	

Wednesday, November 11.

1 Third Trinity | 2 Emmanuel | 3 Lady Margaret

Won by Lady Margaret by about three seconds, Emmanuel being second.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

Monday, November 16th, 1863.

1 Fanshaw, Corpus }	10 Fawcett, Christ's }
2 Bolden, Christ's }	11 Richardson, Trin. H. }
3 Mills, Lady Margaret }	12 Baynes, 2nd St. John's }
4 Brickwood, Downing }	13 Dyke, Trinity Hall }
5 Chambers, 3rd Trinity }	14 Selwyn, 3rd Trinity }
6 Langdon, Lady Margaret }	15 Morris, 2nd Trinity }
7 Edgell, Queens' }	
8 Gibson, 1st Trinity }	
9 Baker, 3rd Trinity }	

Tuesday, November 17.

1 Selwyn }	5 Langdon }
2 Mills }	6 Dyke }
3 Chambers }	7 Edgell }
4 Bolden }	8 Baker }
	9 Richardson }

Wednesday, November 18.

1 Chambers }	4 Baker }
2 Richardson }	5 Bolden }
3 Selwyn }	6 Dyke }

Thursday, November 19.

1 Dyke }	3 Bolden }
2 Chambers }	4 Selwyn }

Friday, November 20.

1 Bolden }	3 Chambers }
2 Selwyn }	

Won by Chambers. Selwyn second.





AN ASCENT OF THE GRIVOLA.

AS the traveller rolls sleepily along the dusty road that—now between white vineyard walls and yellow fields of maize, now beside barren cliffs or under shady walnuts—leads from the old Roman city of Aosta to the Baths of Cormayeur, a valley, opening from the south, reveals a pyramidal peak, with two gleaming sides of snow divided by a keel-like curving arête, and supported by black frowning walls of precipitous rock. This is the Grivola, the highest summit but one in the Graian Alps; which those who had reached the peaks of the Pennine range and looked towards that unknown land of crag and glacier which barred from their view the plains of Italy, had invested with a kind of mysterious interest and had regarded as another Matterhorn. As at present no complete account has been given of the attempts to ascend this mountain, I may be excused for a brief orographical and historical digression.

The Graian Alps are divided by the most competent authorities into three districts; the eastern of which, beginning at the Col de la Croix de Nivolet, contains the peak of the Grivola. It does not however stand on the backbone (so to speak) of the range, but terminates a spur which runs northward, like an advanced work of a citadel, and divides the Val Savaranche from the Val de Cogne. In form it is a four-sided pyramid with the edges nearly towards the four points of the compass. The N.E. and N.W. faces are steep slopes of snow, the S.E. and S.W. still steeper walls of rock. The northern arête is that singular curved line of snow mentioned above.*

The first person to introduce the Grivola to English readers was the Rev. S. W. King, who on September 17th, 1855, ascended to a ridge on the side of the mountain called Les Poussets, and published a most tempting account of the

* On the main range to the west of the Grivola is the highest summit of the Graians the Grand Paradis (13,300'), and to the east the ridge of the Rossa Viva (11,956'), the Tour du Grand St. Pierre (12,064'), and the Punta di Lavina (10,824').

excursion.* On September 21st, 1858, M. Chamonin, the curé of Cogne, attempted the ascent of the actual peak without success.† On July 7th, my friend Mr. F. F. Tuckett attacked the southern arête from the Val Savaranche, and passed the night there at a height of 12,028'. The next morning he continued the attempt, but after reaching a height of about 12,600', found further progress impossible; so he retraced his steps for some distance and then descended to Cogne.‡ Warned by his failure, Messrs. Bruce and Ormsby, on Aug. 23rd, scaled the cliffs of the S.W. face, and arrived on the crest of the Grivola within a short distance of the summit.¶ There they halted, thinking that there was no true top to the mountain; but one of their guides A. Dayné climbed on, and was thus the first man to set foot on the highest point of this virgin peak. On Aug. 28th, M. Chamonin again attempted the Grivola from the side of Cogne without success; but on Sept. 5th, 1861, together with M. Jeantet, his companion on each of the former excursions, he assailed the S.E. face of the mountain and arrived at the summit; whither he was followed on June 27th, 1862, by Mr. Tuckett.

On Aug. 12th, 1862, Mr. W. Mathews,§ an old Johnian, accompanied by the writer of this paper, and the brothers Michel and Jean Baptiste Croz, two of the best guides of Chamouni, descended from Mont Emilius to the sequestered village of Cogne. There we found our friend Mr. E. Walton, a most accomplished artist, awaiting us, and were hospitably received by the veteran mountaineer, M. Chamonin, the curé of the village, who offered us the best accommodation his house could give, and exerted himself to entertain us. Not many spots in the Alps can vie with Cogne in beauty; situated on green meadows at the junction of a lateral comb with the main valley, it commands a magnificent view of the glaciers descending from the Grand Paradis and the Rossa Viva, while far away down the valley the mass of Mont Blanc may be seen gleaming in the mid-day sun or glowing with the rosy tints of evening.

* Italian Vallies of the Alps, p. 330.

† A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa, p. 399.

‡ Peaks, Passes and Glaciers, (Second Series), Vol. II. p. 292.

¶ Ibid, p. 318.

§ Who already, in company with Mr. Jacomb, Aug. 19, 1861, had nearly reached the summit by the S.W. face, failing only through his guide being unable to retrace the road he had followed with Messrs. Bruce and Ormsby.

The morning of Aug. 13th was spent in strolling about Cogne and its vicinity, examining the heaps of iron ore for which its mines are famous, and making preparations for our attack on the Grivola. At 3.0 P.M. we quitted the village, accompanied by a young fellow whom Mathews had hired as porter to carry his theodolite. After retracing the path down the valley for a short distance towards the village of Cretaz, we turned up a track on the left, and before long entered the pleasant shade of the fir woods. These were at length quitted for an upland glen, bare indeed of trees, but not without interest; for on all sides the sculptured rocks bear traces of the action of glaciers, long since melted away. Whether it be the effect of the monotonous contours of the rounded bosses of rock, crusted indeed with variegated lichens, but without a tree, and almost without a herb on their smooth slopes, I cannot say, but these scenes, especially in the fading light of evening, produce a sense of solemnity, almost of awe, like that felt in wandering through some ancient ruin or druidic circle.

Passing over these, we came at 5.42 to the *châlet* of Poussets dessus, which we found tenanted by three civil *bergers*. As usual the furniture of their abode was of the simplest character, consisting of a large bed at one end, a bench or two, a fire in one corner with a huge caldron, and a quantity of cheese in various stages. After watching the rose tints of sunset, treacherously beautiful, gradually fade away from the cliffs of Mont Emilius, we betook ourselves within for the night. While we supped the cheese making process was carried on, and we gained a certain amount of insight into the manufacture of cheese and *séracs* (a kind of cheese made from the whey left in the pot after the best curd is extracted), until we began to think of going to rest; and I was casting about my eyes to discover the softest spot on the floor for a sleeping place, when to my horror the *bergers* insisted on our occupying their bed. My friend is pachydermatous and submitted to his fate with a good grace, but I shuddered at the prospect; vainly however did I resist, vainly did I announce that I had quite a *penchant* for sleeping anywhere but in a bed; they would not hear of my lying down in any other place, and I was obliged to yield and stretch myself by Mathews' side, with feelings closely resembling those of a peccant schoolboy, when invited to an interview with the head master. Jean Croz had already occupied the inner place and was snoring away. Where Michel and the others slept, or at what hour his pipe went out and the cheese-making ceased, I cannot say;

for, in spite of the wonted inmates of these Arcadian retreats, I slept.

Holes in the roof three or four feet above your face, though useful for ventilation in the earlier part of the night, become objectionable towards morning, and I was aroused from my light slumbers by the cold at an early hour. Presently Michel went out and returned growling something about '*brouillard*,' and in reply to my question informed me that starting was impossible at present. However, in a while some change for the better took place, and after a light breakfast we started at 3.45 A.M. with the best wishes of our hosts. We began at once to ascend the rough slopes of grass and rock behind the chalet, and in about an hour saw the ridge of the Poussets above us, from which we were to get our first view of the summit of the Grivola. Four chamois retreated before us as we advanced, and at 4.50 we stepped on the rocky crest and looked across the white snowfield of the glacier du Strajo to the grand peak for which we were bound. This is a vast mass of dark green chlorite schist thrust up between two beds of rusty-red mica slate, one of which runs for some distance along the left side of the glacier, the other gradually curves round towards us, and after forming the subordinate peaks of La Blanche and La Rossa, encloses the head of the glacier and terminates in the ridge on which we were standing.

We now see our day's work; the glacier is smooth and easy, but the dark crags beyond, seamed with long couloirs, look rather formidable; however for the present we turn away from them to the more distant view. To the right of the Grivola, Mont Blanc and the Pennine chain raise their familiar forms; but behind us a flat sea of clouds veils everything below 10,000 feet, and from it a few mountain peaks rise like rocky islands. A brightening glow in the east tells us that we have not arrived too soon; a golden gleam illuminates the summit of the Grivola, and creeps slowly downward; a flash of light darts across the fleecy ocean beneath us, and the sun rises slowly up, pouring a flood of dazzling radiance over the dead expanse of white mist below.

At 5.0 we again proceeded, and followed the ridge in the direction of La Rossa over piles of loose rock, until we came to a spot which offered an easy descent to the glacier; this we reached at 5.37, and after crossing it without difficulty, halted at the foot of the mountain at 6.20 for breakfast.

After spending 35' in an employment, which exercise had made both agreeable and profitable, we addressed ourselves to

the real work of the day. Some two thousand feet of steep rock* had to be climbed before we could stand on the summit of the mountain. A few steps up a rapid snow slope brought us to the foot of one of the rock couloirs, and up this we scrambled. For the next two hours there was plenty to do, but little to describe: now we clambered on all fours up a steep smooth slab, now climbed with hands and feet up a gully or cliff, not disdaining once or twice a haul in front or a shove behind; now and then for a change finding a few yards up which we could walk upright as on a rude staircase, until at 8.35 we reached the E. arête and glanced down one of the smooth slopes of snow visible from the Val d'Aoste. This view, however, lasted but for a few minutes, and we again turned our faces to the rocks. I saw that we were approaching the top, but was beginning to feel somewhat tired of such severe and monotonous work; and was consoling myself with the thought that about another quarter of an hour would bring it to an end; when suddenly the clatter of the iron-shod poles, carried by Mathews and one of the guides, who were a few yards ahead of me, ceased. I supposed they had halted to rest, or to wait for me, and accordingly hauled myself up the great block which hid them from me, when to my surprise I looked down into the Val Savaranche. I glanced round; right and left of me was a stone man; we were on the top. This is an arête about 25 or 30 feet long and 3 or 4 wide; slightly crescent shaped, with the concavity towards the Val Savaranche, consisting of large loose blocks, and rocks split and shattered in every direction. These are a greyish green chlorite slate with large veins of quartz. At each end was a stone man about eight feet high; in a niche in the southern was a mercurial minimum thermometer, placed there by Tuckett, and a small plaster Madonna, deposited by the worthy curé; to the northern one, was attached a small metal crucifix, nailed there by the same hand, and a fragment of a broken alpen-stock.

We soon fitted ourselves into comfortable crannies; and as the clouds began to rise, the theodolite was set up,†

* Observations taken with an aneroid barometer give the difference between this station and the summit of the mountain as 1,869'.

† The result of the observations made by Mr. Mathews on this occasion, and from Mt. Emilius, renders it highly probable that the true height of the Grivola is 13,028'. The height given by the Sardinian engineers is 13,005'; that obtained by Mr. Tuckett's merc. bar. and by my aneroid is 13,137'.

and while Mathews was at work with it, I employed myself in sketching the main chain of the Graians, of which, as may be supposed, we had a glorious view. The Pointe de Tersiva and the Punta di Lavina were soon blotted out by clouds, but the Tour S. Pierre, the Rossa Viva, the Grand Paradis, and its three subordinate summits, were as nearly as possible clear. Dense sheets of vapour concealed much of the Tarentaise, but we had over them a glimpse of the Viso, and the grand towerlike masses of my old friends the Pelvoux, the E'crins, and the other mountains of Dauphiné. Nearer to us were the Grande Motte, the Grande Casse, the Sassiére, and our late conquest, the Pourri; the whole of the Pennine chain was visible, and also one of the lower western summits of the Oberland, above the depression of the Great St. Bernard. I perhaps should apologize for this description, to many a mere list of names, but as our College now possesses so strong a band of Alpine climbers, I record them, in the hope that they may be useful to some who may follow my example.

Though the thermometer stood at about 34° (fht.) we did not feel cold, but our viands, supplemented by a cold duck and dish of huge pears, provided by that best of landlords, Jean Tairraz, of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc Aosta, disappeared with alarming rapidity, and we were none of us inclined to hasten away from so magnificent a scene. However, at 11.50, after affixing to the alpen-stock on the stone man "a banner with a strange device" in the shape of an empty bottle, we reluctantly began the descent. This was perhaps more trying to the nerves than the ascent; for it requires some practice to contemplate unmoved a glacier one or two thousand feet below, with a few yards of steep rock leading down invitingly straight from your feet to the edge of an apparent precipice. However, by great care we got down without trouble, except that once or twice stones from those behind would come rattling down in disagreeable proximity to those in front. Most haste is generally worst speed in descending rocks. At 1.25 P.M. we arrived at our breakfast place at the foot of the peak, where we halted for half an hour to finish a bottle of wine which had been left behind. Twenty-five minutes' walking took us across the glacier, and after halting for a short time to doff our gaiters we reached the arête of the Poussets at 2.45, where we found our artist friend hard at work upon a sketch of the Grivola. We waited till he had finished, and then descended quickly to the chalets in 25'. Here we imbibed copious draughts of milk, and paid our hosts, who positively refused to accept

more than six francs for the party. There is great diversity in the race of chalet folk, some are grasping and hard to satisfy, others are very moderate in their expectations and can hardly be induced to accept more than they consider to be their due. We walked quickly from the chalets until we drew near the fields, when quitting the path, we ran headlong down the steep pastures, the little porter, though burdened with the theodolite, keeping well up, and reached Cogne in an hour and ten minutes.

So ended our excursion, one of the most interesting that I have ever accomplished; but while I write, the familiar form of the mountain, painted by the master hand of my friend, hangs on my walls, and brings back all the pleasant memories of the days that I have spent in its neighbourhood; brings back too thoughts more enduring than the mere recollections of healthy exercise and harmless pleasure, for the everlasting hills have a voice very meet to be heard in hours of toil and anxiety, and most true are the poet's words—

Men in these crags a fastness find
To fight corruption of the mind.

B.





A LEGEND OF BARNWELL ABBEY.

*Ombre mostrommi, enominolle a dito,
Ch' amor di nostra vita dispartille.*—DANTE.

'Twas in the good old times of yore,
When Saxon monarchs held the sway;
Ere William stept on Hastings' shore,
And with his Norman rifling corps,
Stole Harold's crown and life away.

Ere Barons, Counts, or Knights were known,
But noble swells were Franklin'd, Thane'd,
In fact when on the English throne
King Edward the Confessor reigned.

In Cambridge dwelt a mighty Thane
Who owned estates so vast and fine,
Of vassals he'd the longest train
Upon the Eastern Counties line.

His steward had a daughter fair,
Words fail to paint that blooming maid,
Her clear blue eyes, her golden hair,—
Could you have seen those tresses rare,
You'd say some sportive sunbeam there
Had round her forehead played.

My "pretty bairn" her father cried,
When first he held her on his knee;
"A 'pretty bairn' indeed," replied
Each neighbour with admiring e'e.

And ever from that hour her fame
For beauty and for goodness grew,
And "pretty bairnie" was the name
By which the folk our maiden knew.

* * * * *

The Thane upon his dais sat,
His napkin tucked beneath his chin ;
A haunch of venison full fat
Two serving men brought in, and that
He tucked beneath his skin.

A boar's head, one himself had slain,
Of all its flesh was deftly shorn ;
For being a stalwart brawny Thane,
He had a natural taste for brawn.

"What, ho"! quoth he, "let wine be brought,
Methéglin of the very best :"
'Twas done, and at one draught a quart
Went the same quarter as the rest.

"Come varlets, tell what may be done,
My after dinner hours to while?"
"My lord," quoth they, "your jester's fun"—
"Pooh! stuff!" he cried, "such fools I shun,
I can't digest their jests, not one
Has ever won from me a smile."

"I feel just here a sort of void!"
(A tap upon his thorax followed)
Each to himself repeated, "void!"
And after all he's been and swallowed!!"
He saw their meaning, looked annoyed,
And in a voice of thunder holla'd:
"Ye saucy knaves, quick answer for your life,
What is 't I want?" "my lord," said they, "a wife."

"A wife, that's not a bad idea,
I've thought the same myself of late.
Go bring my favorite palfrey here,
And bring me too my riding gear,
I'll start and look about me straight.
Mayhap that in my large estate
I'll chance to find a fitting mate."

His vassals soon did his behest,
Across the palfrey's back he strode;
And with a posy at his breast,
Our dandy Thane a courting rode.

He too had seen the rustic maid,
Her charms he in his mem'ry bore,
And now the words his vassals said,
Inflamed his bosom more and more.

"My wife," cried he, "this bairn shall be,
 I care not for her low estate,—
 A dame of ancient pedigree
 Would more a plague than comfort be—
 So zounds ! I'll wed her straight."

Thus holding with himself discourse,
 The Thane rode on with heart elate ;
 He held his course, until his horse
 Stopped at the "pretty bairnie's" gate.

* * * *

The steward sat at his door at ease
 Sipping his ale and humming a lay,
 When what doth he see thro' a vista of trees,
 But his master the Thane out riding that way.

"Quick hie thee, my daughter"! he lustily cried,
 "Put on thy goodliest garment of all,
 "For the Thane my master is out for a ride
 "And I fancy he's going to give us a call."

But the "pretty bairnie" just smoothed her hair
 Away from her forehead with childish grace,
 And turned her, to look up the roadway where
 The Thane on his palfrey was riding apace.

"Good morrow," quoth he with a courteous mien,
 "I ask your leaves to make my bow
 "To yonder little bonnie quean ;
 "Hey baillie ! she's passing fair I vow.

"I've mounted me on my favorite steed
 "E'er my dinner was fairly in my inside,
 "And hither I've come at the top of my speed,
 "To ask thee, fair maiden, to be my bride.

"High on the hill my castle stands,
 "I'll build a sweet bower within it for thee,
 "Full are my coffers and broad my lands,
 "Vassals shall serve thee on bended knee,
 "And as far as the prospect around us expands
 "All, all shall be thine if thou'lt marry with me."

She replied, as warm blushes her cheeks overspread,
 "I care not for wealth, sir, I told you so one day ;
 Nought could ever induce me your honor to wed,
 For altho' you're a Thane, sir, your nose is so red—
 You're as ugly as sin on a Sunday.

"Even were you good looking and not such a fright
I couldn't accept you, pray don't take it ill,
For when we were children my troth I did plight
To handsome young Egbert who lives at the mill."

The Thane he swore a fearful oath,
A guttural Saxon oath he swore,
To have revenge upon them both;
And chafing sore
He mounted on his steed once more
And turned and left the cottage door.

* * * * *
At eventide young Egbert walked,
To the trysting tree to meet his fair,
Four ruffian forms behind him stalked,
Four upraised knives in the moonbeams glare.

Little he recked of the danger nigh
Till he felt from his body the life-blood flow,
Then with a wild unearthly cry
He turned and faced his ruthless foe;
And e'er he sank on the ground to die
Four times he dealt a mighty blow,
Four cowardly knaves were laid full low.

Young Egbert fell on the ground, and then
One of his murderers raised his head;
"All right," quoth he, "you may rise my men,
I don't think the miller will hit us again,
For I'm summat afeared he's dead."

The ruffians turn four bloodshot eyes,
(Their four others were bunged up as close as wax)
To where poor Egbert all gory lies,
Then hoist up the body upon their backs
And make, as they say in America, tracks.

To a well by the way side they carried the corse,
And down it the villains determined to chuck it.
They did so without the least tinge of remorse,
And Egbert the second time kicked the bucket.

* * * * *
This well had been the trysting place,
For many a day, of the loving pair;
And the "bairnie" was watching with anxious face
Expecting her lover to meet her there.
With an anxious look up the road she gazed
But the form of her lover fell not on her view,
"What can have delayed him," she muttered amazed,
And an icy chillness upon her grew.

She heard a solemn and heavy tramp,
 A raven uttered a dismal croak,
 She trembled, her forehead with fear grew damp,
 And she ran to hide her behind an oak.

She saw it all,—her lover's form
 On the deep well's brink she saw them place,
 The blood trickled over it ruddy and warm,
 And the moon shone full on his pale, pale face.

A heavy splash on her senses fell,
 One wild despairing shriek she gave;
 A bound, a leap, and the dank cold well
 Was two fond lovers' mutual grave.

* * * * *
 Those ruffians came to the Thane and told
 How they'd murdered the youth, and seen the maid
 Drown herself too, then they asked for the gold
 Which was to have been for their guerdon paid.

He bade them tarry and told them all,
 Their payment should be both prompt and fair.
 —In less than an hour, from the castle wall
 Their corpses swung in the midnight air.

Six quarts of methéglin he drank that night,
 Six servitors carried him up to bed,
 Six times he awoke in a terrible fright,
 Six phantoms were grinning around his head.

* * * * *
 The eastern sky is tinged with red
 As the morning over the castle breaks,
 And rosy hues fall on his bed,
 Whereat the Thane remorseful quakes.

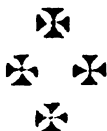
For as ruddy streaks through the casement pour,
 He recalls with horror the blood he's shed;
 Each ray of sunlight seems like gore
 That calls for vengeance on his head.

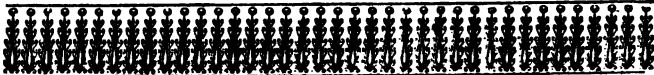
"Oh fetch a confessor, for Marie's sake
 "Let a holy priest to my bedside hie,
 "I would that he shrive me, before I take
 "My leave of the world, for I sicken, I die!"

One hideous groan and the spirit has flown
 From yon portly lump of lifeless clay;
 Dead as a herring and cold as a stone
 The Thane on his deathbed lay.

An Austin friar beside him stands,
And smiles as his eyes run over a scroll ;
Bequeathing the whole of the Thane's broad lands
To that worthy order, to pray for his soul.
There's a clause which directs that an abbey be built
On the spot where the murdered lovers fell,
And in memory then of its founder's guilt,
They called it the Abbey of Bairnie's Well.
And ' Bairnie's Well ' abbey full soon became
Barnwell, as we of the present day spell ;
So, but for the " Eagle," you see, the name
Would have lost its tail and its tale as well.

H.A.J.L.





THE PRINCIPLES OF PSALMSINGING.

DR. Isaac Watts complained that in his day the Art of Psalm-singing was beginning to degenerate. 'A hymn of four verses,' he says 'sung with the modern drawl now takes the time that one of six verses did before.' This was at the beginning of the eighteenth century. From that time Psalm-singing sank lower and lower till at the end of the last or beginning of this century it reached the profoundest depths of slovenliness. After grovelling at the bottom of this abyss for a quarter of a century or a little more, it at last raised its wings, and now after an interval of twenty-five or thirty years it is soaring aloft at a terribly giddy height. But haply its pinions may be like those which Dædalus fastened upon his too venturesome son: a little time and the art may be plunged again into the depths, hopelessly crushed and mangled. In such an age as this—enthusiastic beyond measure—it will scarcely be matter of surprise that when once a start was made, the art should rise quickly to the very summit of voluptuous luxuriance; its luxuriance is so exuberant that it has become perfectly rank. Blind prejudice has played a much greater part in thus raising the art than any reason could have done; and although there can be no question that immense improvement has lately taken place, few persons appear really to have thought out the subject, to have got at the *why* and *wherefore* of the matter. It is this deficiency that I now humbly endeavour to supply: to put forward the Sense and Reason of the matter, which in the end must invariably prove stronger than any amount of prejudice or enthusiasm.

There is a very common fault in all singing which cannot be sufficiently reprobated—the too little attention that is paid to rendering the words clearly and distinctly. However fine the voice may be, however great the execution of the singer, without attention to this one point there will always

appear to be something wanting. Perhaps no one ever charmed an audience more than Clara Novello: yet her power and quality of voice have not seldom been surpassed, and others have excelled her in what is called execution; but it was her manner of rendering the words of a song, so that they sounded clear and distinct over the entire music-hall, which won for her not only popularity but genuine admiration. Now inattention to this point becomes a most serious fault in Psalm and Hymn singing and indeed in all Church music of any kind. The *words* of the psalm not the *tune* demand the greatest attention, and if these are not rendered distinctly, the object in singing the psalm is entirely lost: the music is written for the words, not the words for the music. In all churches a great part of the congregation consists of the poorer class who do not possess the convenience of a hymn-book, some not that of a prayer-book. If then the words are not clearly pronounced, they can take no pleasure in the psalm beyond that of listening to the music in a stupid vacant way, wondering what it all means; keeping this constantly in our minds, it is not very difficult to decide what should be the pace at which the music ought to be sung, and what should be the exact character of the music itself.

Dr. Watts, we have seen, complained of the affected drawl which in his time was coming into fashion. This mawkish drawling is a very great error. It necessitates the dragging out of the words to a most unnatural length, thus rendering them unintelligible, or nearly so, to the listener: nor is this all. No person living could sing one line in the drawling manner without wanting a fresh supply of breath. What then must be the general effect to one trying to catch the words? He hears them pronounced as he never heard them before, and in the middle of a word comes a gasping sigh for breath, which at once obliterates any meaning he may have attached to the words before. This is without the least exaggeration a true statement of the manner in which the psalms are sung in many country churches, the performance tending rather to provoke laughter than to raise devotional feelings in the minds of the congregation. But the drawl which was modern in the days of Isaac Watts is now rapidly becoming a thing of the past, a more unaffected style of singing having taken its place. Many, however, disgusted with the slow droning style have flown off to the other extreme, and it is wonderful how in this case the extremes meet. The sense is quite as much lost and the listener perhaps more bewildered. When the words come out hurrying

over one another and tripping up each other's heels, as when they are drawled and droned. This very fast singing must be deemed more intolerable than the other, for while that has all the appearance of earnestness, this style carries with it a careless manner, as if the great object in singing the psalm were to reach the end as soon as possible.

It will be seen how both these styles militate against the great principle of rendering the words clearly and distinctly, and it does not require any great amount of thought to see that the only proper manner of singing a psalm is to follow the mean between these two styles. Let the psalm be sung at the pace at which the words can be pronounced clearly, distinctly, and sharply, neither dragging them out to an unnatural length, nor hurrying on to the next word before the first is properly pronounced. If this plan were carried out in our churches I am convinced that greater satisfaction would be given to the whole congregation, and an important point which is now left to the individual caprice of the organist or incumbent of the parish would be generally and universally settled.

Next, in considering what should be the exact character of the music of psalm-tunes, we must keep as much before our eyes the great principle of rendering the words clearly, as in determining the pace at which it should be sung. Out of the drawling manner proceeded all the flimsy flourishes and tawdry finery for which the tunes of the eighteenth century are so justly notorious. The voice could not hold one note for the length of time which was required by the drawl; it resorted to all manner of expedients to assist it—auxiliary notes, passing notes, appoggiaturas and bravuras—and so completely were many good old tunes enveloped by these abominations that almost all trace of their original melody was lost. Here is an instance of Tallis' Canon dressed up in all this finery. (See plate, No. 1.)

This version of that splendid old tune was heard by the writer in a country church a few years ago, and the effect on those who knew the solemn stateliness of the original can be better imagined than described. But with the majority these tunes are not now popular; if however the reason for their objecting to them were to be asked, few would be found who could give a reasonable answer. I have often fancied that it is this inability to give a reason, in this and also in other matters, which so often produces contempt and dislike between the High and Low Church parties. Most, I might say all, of the High Church party prefer syllabic tunes, or

tunes nearly syllabic ; but when asked by a Low Churchman, why they should be better than all others, generally give as a reason that they are *correct* and *orthodox*, or some such cant word. No wonder that this produces contempt and dislike in the mind of the Low Churchman—he has humbly asked the reason why, but gets only a hint of his inferiority. We will now see if a good and substantial reason cannot be given why syllabic tunes should be preferred to all others. It is very difficult for the ear to catch the meaning of a word as it is ~~represented by the sound of the syllable, and~~

~~the syllable so sung~~ the syllable so sung stands a great chance of being drawled. This great abomination—dividing the semibreve—proceeded from the drawling manner ; triple-time tunes before being purely syllabic, that is, their bars consisting of one semibreve and one minim. Bedford is a tune which has suffered much from the drawlers and almost as much from the opposite side, for they have caused it to be generally sung in common time. The melody as originally written stands thus, and thus it ought to be sung. (See plate, No. 2).

There are one or two more which have thus suffered, and

among them is St. Mary, which is now usually sung in common time, thus utterly destroying the original character of the tune.

We have come then to this conclusion about Psalm-singing: that all tunes should be sung at that pace at which the words can be pronounced clearly and sharply, and that syllabic tunes are much to be preferred to all others. We have tried to put the matter in a reasonable light, laying aside all enthusiasm and prejudice, and we have arrived at the same conclusion as our ancestors did more than ten generations ago. But the subject ought not to be dismissed without a notice of some Tune-books which have lately made their appearance. These are three in number: the last in date being one edited by Sterndale Bennett and Otto Goldschmit; the next, that which has received the largest share of popular favour, having the musical portion edited by Dr. W. H. Monk; and the last by the Rev. W. H. Havergal. The first-mentioned of these is never likely to be extensively used in our churches, as the tunes have more the character of Chorales than Psalm-tunes. "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," has had singular success, an unheard of number of copies being sold in a very short time; but, in our opinion, the setting of most of the tunes is flimsy and light, and the harmony has a cloying and palling effect. The very convenient form and arrangement of the book has obtained for it greater popularity than "Old Church Psalmody," by Mr. Havergal; but in point of sterling worth "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," does not come near it. There is a character of solidity about the harmony of the tunes in "Old Church Psalmody," which is highly refreshing after the prettiness and elegance of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." There is all the difference between these two volumes that there is between Handel's "Messiah," and Spohr's "Last Judgment;" in point of style and real worth they cannot be compared. A fair trial will, we are sure, convince any one of the truth of this criticism, and as space cannot be given for more words on this subject we strongly recommend one.

I have been induced to send these remarks to the Editors of *The Eagle* in the hope that they may be serviceable in some degree to those readers who are intending soon to undertake the care of a parish, and have not the time, perhaps not the will, to give these matters close consideration. These thoughts occurred to me whilst I had the management of a small country church choir, so that they may be said to be based upon experience, and not to be the mere fancies of a dreamy theorist.

T. K.



LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

III. FROM MONGHYR TO DARJEELING.

TO be gazetted to a Hill Station is the luck of but few officials in India, and they are most justly objects of envy who are thus distinguished as the favourites of fortune. The idea of the free mountain air, after that burning feverish atmosphere of the plains; the possibility of once more seeing and handling frost and snow, and feeling oneself to be in a more genial climate; the thought of the glorious scenery and still more glorious tropical vegetation, after that endless tract of level as far as the eye can reach; the delight of healthy active out-door exercise, inducing supple limbs and sturdy frame, after that daily morning ride before the sun is up, or that evening drive after sunset; perhaps too the anticipation of the pleasures of society, the life and gaiety of a fashionable season, after a solitary sojourn in a subdivision, or that dull plodding station, queened by a single member of the gentler sex; these and possibly other considerations crowd upon the mind, and cause the fortunate individual selected to bless the horoscope of his nativity. In such a position I found myself on the 5th of October last, when I was appointed to act as Assistant to the Superintendent of Darjeeling—the sanitarium of Bengal. My first thoughts concerned my good luck, and, on the whole, I do not think that my self-congratulation was lessened to any great extent by the overwhelming solicitude of those contemporaries in the service who most considerably volunteered to relieve me of the post. But my second thoughts were as to how I should get there, a question always attended with some anxiety in India; and, having now accomplished the journey, I imagine a brief account thereof may not be uninteresting to some of *Aquila's* readers, comprising as it does the three phases of modern travel—the Rail, the Road, and the River.

We left Monghyr on Friday morning, October 23rd, and after a four hours' ride on the East Indian Railway reached Sahebgarh, between which place and Caragolah Ghaut the government ferry plies. There is not much worthy of remark on this portion of the line. Running south for six miles on the Monghyr branch, we join the main line at Jumalpoore, the great half-way junction between Calcutta and Benares. The town has been created under the auspices of the Company, and as yet is occupied exclusively by railway officials. It is now beginning to wear an important aspect, a great portion of the foundries and engineering shops having been transferred hither from Howrah, and if the original intention is fully carried out, it may in the course of a few years be one of the most thriving commercial and manufacturing towns in India. Unfortunately however the site was not well selected; the town is built just at the foot of a range of hills, always a pestilential position in India, and consequently it is beginning to manifest signs calculated to cause apprehension in a sanitary point of view.

Leaving Jumalpoore we pass through the tunnel, no great work of engineering skill, but remarkable as being the first bored in India, and for the unspeakable wonder with which it is still regarded by the natives, many of them coming miles from beyond the river to inspect it, and then being hailed before the magistrates for trespass.

The line being still in an unfinished state, it would hardly be fair to compare it at present with a first-class railway in England. An immense capital has been lavished on it, and as the interest is guaranteed by Government, a large portion has been wasted through mismanagement. It is said that the Company are now in want of additional funds, and the remark would seem to be borne out by the little progress that has been made during the last twelvemonths. Thus we enter a waiting-room, which has long been papered and painted in a style superior to that of any private residence out here, but we observe that it is still unfurnished, without even a mat on the floor, and perhaps given up to the guard as a domicile. In some places the stations are not yet roofed—the four walls standing as monuments of the Company that began to build and was not able to finish. But there may be some excuse for deficiencies, which capital alone can supply—though there is no doubt the capital was originally ample, had it been husbanded with proper care. It is impossible however to restrain one's indignation at the

negligent manner in which the line is worked, *e.g. vide* the correspondence column of the "Englishman." Imagine, good reader, being asked for your ticket by a dirty ill-looking fellow in a slouched hat, without any badge whatever to shew he is in the Company's service. Your first impulse is to knock him down or hand him up as a sharper that wants to bamboozle you out of your ticket, but as you have probably heard of similar irregularities on the line, you simply summon the guard. He appears, equally destitute of uniform or badge, and smiles at your fears. It seems there is no one in uniform, so you may as well give your ticket to the first man who asks you for it. And now suppose you want your portmanteau moved into the other train, you are no little astonished to find there is not a single porter supplied by the Company. There are certainly a number of lazy fellows in yellow turbans on the platform, dignified by the name of policemen, but catch them touching a box with one of their fingers—Am I a dog that I should do this thing? They would lose caste, I suppose; it is a pity the Company does not employ those who have already lost it. You may have been led to suppose that the rail is the great leveller, but, however, you'll have to carry your own portmanteau. I wonder if any of my readers remember policeman Smith at the Leeds Wellington Station, a jovial, fat, good-tempered fellow, with a strong back and a willing hand. I always think of him on such occasions, and try to picture how he would shake his sides if he were set down at an E. I. R. Station. There is another point in which the railway was to be a great leveller, and that was in the introduction and spread of the English language. In this idea the tickets were all printed in English, and the consequence was that young Bengal in the booking-office was enabled to make a fortune out of his countrymen, by taking the fare for some hundreds of miles and issuing a ticket to the next station. The unfortunate traveller, unconscious of the fraud practised upon him, is not only made to pay the fare a second time, on arriving at his destination, but probably prosecuted and fined as well. Latterly, however, the magistrates comprehending the state of the case, have refused to prostitute justice to the whim of the Company, and thus obliged them to issue tickets in the vernacular. This may serve as an example of the mischief which would ensue from the introduction at present of the use of English in the law-courts, so strenuously advocated by many. The object

of the plan would seem to be, that, by relieving Indian judges of the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the vernacular, the appointment might be given away to young barristers fresh from their dinners in England, and a great blow thus struck at the root of the Indian Civil Service. But it must be obvious, that so long as the bulk of the people remain ignorant of English, if such a plan were introduced, an enormous power would be placed in the hands of the interpreters or go-betweens,—unscrupulous native Omlah, who would never hesitate to pervert the evidence to serve their own ends. For my own part, I confidently trust and believe that the English language may one day be spoken almost universally from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin—and there is no doubt that both railways and courts of law will contribute wonderfully to such a result—but let us contemplate the present condition of Wales in our most sanguine moments, and hesitate to precipitate measures, which will only pervert justice and render our rule unpopular.

But here we are at Sahebgurge. So let us gather our traps together and make the best of our way to the steamer. There she lies moored to the bank, some four hundred yards off. And a precious ugly-looking craft she is, crowded with odds and ends, boxes, furniture, men, and horses. However we make our way forward and then find breathing room. In a few minutes we start and are soon stemming the rapid current of the Ganges. Wind and stream both dead against us, we make but slow progress, at times indeed with difficulty maintaining our ground, or rather our position I should say, for as regards the ground the difficulty was rather the other way, the number of hidden shoals and sand-banks surrounding our course requiring considerable experience and caution in the men at the helm. Caragolah Ghaut is situate about twenty miles above Sahebgurge on the opposite bank of the river. These are the only places in the neighbourhood where the steamer can approach the bank, though a small boat may cross in an hour or two from Colgong or Peerpointer. Thus our course lay directly up the river, and we looked forward to a voyage of six or seven hours. Naturally this tedious state of affairs soon grows wearisome, we look around us and endeavour to realize our situation, we begin to examine the boat and the appurtenances thereof. She is a small river steamer, probably, judging from her build and antiquity, one of the first the British imported. The “saloon” passengers are

confined to an area of about four yards square, surmounted with an awning, but with no further protection against the weather. There is no cabin, so Europeans must remain on the deck like the natives, and pay as many rupees as the latter pay arras for the privilege of sitting apart and enjoying the first of the breeze. Oh! the uncomfortableness of a short steamer trip. We settle down to a novel, but it is impossible to concentrate our ideas and we throw it aside; we try to get up an orthodox enthusiasm suitable to the occasion, as we float on holy Gunga's sacred bosom, but it is all in vain. Gunga is too matter-of-fact, with the grunt of the engine in our ears and a column of black smoke stretching away behind us. We consult the skipper as to the prospect of our being in before night-fall—an important little man, with a strong smell of brandy and an everlasting cigar—one feels a reluctance to dignify such a man with the title of captain. He volunteers to point out alligators on the chuss, but unfortunately alligators won't come at his bidding. He relates his experience of a few nor'-westers, and a real nor'-wester on the Ganges is no trifle, but the cigar is out at last, and his tale and our patience likewise, and he toddles off for a fresh supply and perhaps another glass of grog.

Our attention is thus left free to wander elsewhere, and ere long we find ourselves mechanically listening to the sonorous twang of the Lascar besides us, as he takes the sounding, determined to impress on the whole crew that “Dobam mila reay.” I am not aware of the equivalent nautical phraseology, but the meaning of it is that at two fathoms' depth he could not find the bottom. So we still feel safe, and as Caragolah Ghaut is now pointed out to us, we begin to speculate on our chance of securing a room at the Dak Bungalow.

What a stumbling-block and offence to English ideas is that word ‘*dak*’; while they are hauling us in and making the boat fast to the bank, let us consider the word and trace its various meanings. Most people are aware that travelling in India is generally performed “by *dak*,” that is, when not by rail or steamer. Yet many have a confused idea what this most comprehensive term implies. They know that letters were despatched by *dak* long before railroads were thought of in India. Did passengers also ride on the mail-cart? But next day comes a letter from cousin Kate, telling how she was going to Mofussilpore “by *dak*,” when the bearers put down her palkee and bolted, the rascals!

and this upsets all their previously arranged ideas. They begin to wonder if the letters are really transmitted in palkees. And while in this dilemma, lo! there's a postal advertisement in the "Englishman" Kate has sent to the effect that the heavy portion of the mails will be despatched "by barghy dak," and thus they irresistibly come to the conclusion that passengers must be classed with books and newspapers—"booked by barghy dak," we might say.

In truth the word 'dak' has now a very wide signification. Originally of course it meant no more than the English "post" or "mail." The letters were, and in many places still are transmitted by dak-runners—couriers who, with the mail-bag slung on a stick over their shoulders, trot along at five or six miles an hour. The books and parcels are made up into larger packages, and one or more being attached to each end of a bamboo are carried by the bearer barghy-wise. But how was travelling managed in those days? roads being but few and far between, and the means of conveyance at a minimum. There was nothing for it but the indigenous palkee, and then you want bearers. And so, since generally a postal line was already established on every route of travelling and travellers in those days were always servants of the Government, the postal authorities were requested to provide the requisite bearers at the different stages along the road. And so the bearers were called dak-bearers and the passenger was said to travel "by dak." And then afterwards, when roads were made and gharries or cars came into use, the old phraseology extended its meaning to suit the progress of the age, and you had your choice of journeying by gharry-dak or palkee-dak.

It is almost a wonder that the word has not identified itself with travelling by rail, but when used in connection therewith, in speaking of the dak-gharry, or mail train, it has its original and legitimate signification. Thus, putting the locomotive power of steam out of our consideration, those only strictly travel by dak who ride on the mail-cart; but the term having being applied to those means of conveyance furnished by the postal authorities, has been since extended to others, howsoever supplied.

But we have not done yet, there is the "Dak Bungalow," the post-office of course you will say. Not a bit of it, the post-office is the Dak-ghur, and may be miles off the Bungalow. But just in the same way as a paternal Government laid 'daks' for its servants and the public generally, it felt itself bound to provide staying bungalows and proper

accommodation along the several lines of route. Now let us make our way there and see what sort of a place it is. It is built on the bank of the river, and has consequently suffered from the annual inundations. Part of it has been washed away, only one room and a half remain at the present day. A new Dāk Bungalow is in course of erection, but not yet in a condition to receive visitors. The whole room was already occupied when we reached the ruined building, and there was some pretension to occupy the half as well (I call it the half because part of the roof was gone.) The Judge of — was said to be on his way to Calcutta, and expected to arrive in time for the steamer's return at dawn. However the Dak Bungalow rule is the good old one of "first come, first served," and so we felt secure in our possession. Each room generally contains bed, table, and chair, and a bath room attached with the requisite furniture. There are probably two servants, cook or butler or bearer, or whatever they like to call themselves. Each adult pays a rupee per diem to Government for the occupation of the house, and anyone who has been twenty-four hours in the same Bungalow is liable to be turned out by a fresh comer. The servants provide eatables, which however generally prove uneatable; they consist of fowls, rice, eggs, milk, chupatties, tea and sugar; but parties setting out on a long journey do well to provide themselves with a hamper of prog beforehand, potted meats and soups, &c., in tins, which can be warmed up at any stage on the road.

After a bath and a cup of tea we retire, but not to rest, for what with the buzzing of the mosquitoes inside and the arrival and departure of daks from without, in vain we court the drowsy god. Up at dawn with the first streak of light in the horizon, unrefreshed but supported by excitement and anticipating better things at Purneah, we issue forth to see if our dak is ready.

A Transit Company, unlimited at the time I speak of, conveys passengers and goods on the Ganges and Darjeeling road, and Government having now ceased to lay daks on this line, everyone is left to its tender mercies. They provide either cars or palkees, the former however, only as far as Punkobarry, usually called "the foot of the hills." We preferred the old, time-honoured palanquin, as safer, steadier and more comfortable, and paid down R. 450 for our three daks to Darjeeling, for self, wife, servant, and child.

A dak consists of eight bearers, a mussalchee, and one or two barghy-burdars who will travel a stage of ten or fifteen miles at an average speed of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, when another

set will be in readiness to relieve them. And give them only time for their rice and tobacco, these same men will perform two or even three of such stages in a day. Indeed I have always found the bearers a very good race of fellows, and I think they are often unjustly abused. They will generally get you out of a dilemma, pay them only fairly and give them time, while their power of endurance is perfectly amazing. Ladies may travel all over India alone with them in perfect safety; they are always respectful, and if not punctual, it is generally owing to some misdirection. Our first anxiety is to see our traps start before us, they have been packed for the journey in a formidable array of *pettarahs*, a small square tin box having a pyramidal lid with the apex cut off, and a framework of wood to protect the exterior. One of these is slung to either end of a bamboo, which the barghy bearer suspends over his shoulder like the picture of *Aquarius*. Our things thus sent before, we snatch a hasty breakfast of eggs and tea, put away our wrappers and small articles in the palkees, settle our account at the *Dak Bungalow* and off we start. Four bearers take up our palkee, the whole four-and-twenty join in a cheer, "Long live Mother Kaler? Long live the Company Bahadoor," (though whether they refer to the deceased John, or the present Transit Company, I have not yet been able to ascertain), the wish would hardly benefit the former now he is dead and buried, while no one would second it with respect to the latter. Away we go, the fresh morning air deliciously cool and balmy; we pull up our rug and feel as jolly as possible. On we trot, only stopping every two or three hundred yards for the bearers to change. By and bye the sun's rays begin to beat powerfully and unpleasantly into the palkee, we are obliged to close one side and now our case bids fair to be desperate. We are nearly stifled with the heat, and suffocated with the dust raised by the extra bearers as they run along by our side. The first stage is passed and the old set of bearers dismissed with the usual tip of four arras each palkee and a few pice for the barghy-wallahs. We are now approaching the second stage and anxiously thrust our heads out of the palkee, if perchance we may see any signs of our *pettarahs*. We are set down "*patulæ sub tegmine fagi*" and learn to our dismay that only two sets of bearers, instead of three, are in waiting for us and no barghy-burdars at all! This relay is supplied from *Purneah*, and we cast wistful glances up the road, but there is not another soul to be seen. We hold a consultation. I endeavour to persuade my old bearers to take

me on another stage, promising to see them righted by the agent at Purneah, but they expressed doubts as to my power. "Am I not a hákim? Can the hákim speak falsely?" "We can't believe you are a hákim—for if you were, how would you be left here without bearers?" Standing utterly aghast at this unexpected reply, I mentally curse the day when Government relinquished the daks to a Company so badly managed. Is it not enough to be kept waiting an hour or two under a burning mid-day sun, but must I be insulted as well? Must I be told that I am nobody, or the Company would not have dared to keep me waiting? Surely an action will lie for be-izzatee or loss of dignity? Feeling considerably smaller and meditating revenge, I cast about how I may recover my injured position. It is a police chowkey and I pounce upon the constable. I explain to him who I am, and that I am now going to the magistrates at Purneah, I take his number and make over my traps to him, strictly enjoining him to send them on before nightfall. The bearers, apparently satisfied by this act of authority, agree to take me on after their meal, when lo! a shout in the distance, and the truants appear at last.

How delicious that bath at Nat's, and the tiffin, and bottled Bass, and the quiet evening drive, after all the hurry and bustle of the two or three days previous! Nat himself was not at home, having gone to the south of the district after a tiger, but at that time he was chumming with another good fellow, whose kindness and hospitality I shall never forget. It was a large airy house, situated in the centre of an immense compound or enclosure, with the peculiarity of Indian compounds in being unvaried by a single hillock or tree. Indeed, the whole of the station at Purneah is exceedingly low and flat; in the rains it lies below the level of the swollen river, and is only kept water-tight by being encircled with five miles of burd. Last year the burd burst and part of the station was completely washed away. Purneah is generally considered the Eden of Bengal, but those who have lived there have always a word to speak in its behalf. The water is undoubtedly impure, which may account for the enormous consumption of beer at Purneah, but the place is pleasantly situated and not without its charms.

We remained the night there, and next morning, after laying in a store of the staff of life sufficient for the next three or four days, started on our way towards Kishengurge. We fared well this day as far as bearers were concerned, double the requisite number being ready for us at the second

stage; three sets having come as usual from Kishengurge and three others having been sent forward in haste from Purneah in consequence, as I presume, of a tender billet-doux I had favoured the agent with the previous night. Towards evening as the shades of darkness gathered round, the mussalchees lit their torches, running by the palkee's side and pouring oil on them from time to time, the barghy-wallahs drew in to the lights, and our procession must have presented somewhat of an infernal aspect. I can only speak to the smell myself, which is any thing but savoury, and, ex-postulate as I would, the rogues would invariably sneak round to the windward.

The Dak Bungalow at Kishengurge is certainly the best on the road, and thanks to the deputy magistrate, who is in charge of this sub-division, we found plenty of the necessaries of life awaiting us. Refreshed by a night's rest, we proceeded on our journey; and now, as the sun lights up the rosy dawn, are those clouds to our left, or—yes! they must be the hills, the snowy range of the Himalayas! the same form of fleecy sheen I saw one glorious evening at sun-set from Monghyr.

The road between Caragolah and Titalya is a vast burd, with fruitful plains of paddy on either hand. The road itself is simply kutchra, that is, composed of loose earth thrown on the top somewhat resembling a ploughed field. In places there are signs of its having been the intention of the Department of Public Works at one time to "metal" it, that is, make a solid foundation of bricks or kunkur, but they have evidently long since abandoned such virtuous resolutions.

Here and there the road is intersected by deep nullahs, the most formidable of which is the river Mahanuddy between Purneah and Kishengurge. The palanquin, its incumbent and all, is placed on a raft constructed of two "jongas," or canoes, made of hollowed trees, with a rough platform connecting them, and is thus punted across.

If the road ever should be rendered fit for any other vehicle except bullock carts to travel on, (and oh, how we congratulated ourselves on being in palkees on human springs of flesh and blood!) when the trees on either side shall have seen a few more summers, it might become really an extremely pleasant drive. Yet it seems strange in this age of progress why Government should expend so much money over the road, when a light tramway might be made at less cost and pay infinitely better. Possibly, as was the case some years ago in England, Sir Chas. Trevelyan will have cleansed the

Augean stable, and brought the Trunk Roads into capital order just when the railways are ready to supersede them.

At the last stage we were not so fortunate as on the previous day, only two sets of bearers waiting for us. As there positively was not one scrap of shade here, I hastily sent the other two palkees on, and then composed myself for an argument with the bearers. Where was the Sirdar? He had gone into the villages to levy more men. What were those bearers waiting for over yonder? Their dak was laid the other way and expected every minute. Would the old set go on another stage? Couldn't do it, two sets were engaged for daks the other way, and the third must return to the last stage to be in relay there.

There was no help for it then, I put my cause into their hands and calmly awaited the Sirdar's return, trying to be as patient as possible under the circumstances. I had just given up the attempt however as hopeless, when the bearers returned, having arranged it amongst themselves somehow. I think they had become rather sceptic on the subject of those other daks, and preferred a bird in the hand to two in the bush. At 8 P.M. I reached Titalya, and straightway bent my steps to the agent. Having explained the matter, I expressed a hope that my dak would be ready at six next morning as arranged, and that I should experience no further delay on the road. "Oh! arn't you going on to Punkobaree to-night," replied the amiable Welshman. "To-night!" exclaimed I in astonishment, "attempt the Terai at night! no thank you, I think my dak was laid for to-morrow morning." "Well! so it is, but if you don't go till then you'll spoil all our daks!" Now this *was* cool, considering that my dak had been laid for ten days before at least, and after all the previous excitement of the day, I could not be expected to think otherwise; so I told him so, and uttering various threats against the Company, which must have sounded perfectly awful in his ears, I returned to the Dak Bungalow. My threats however were not without effect, for he managed to find bearers who took us all the way through to Punkobaree next day, and well too.

The distance from Titalya to Punkobaree is but thirty miles, but a Dak Bungalow has been erected half-way at Siligoorie, to enable the busy traveller to avoid passing through the Terai at night. The Terai is the long narrow strip of jungle running along the foot of the Himalayas from Bhootan to Cashmere. Receiving the watershed of the hills, it is excessively fertile, and abounds with game of

all sorts. The malaria however is undoubtedly malignant, and few escape jungle-fever who attempt to pass through it by night. It was here that Lady Canning is supposed to have caught that fatal disease, which deprived this country of so favourite and queen-like a countess. We did not make a long stay at Siligoorie, but crossing the Mahanuddy again pushed on through the jungle of the Terai.

Before us lie the hills in solemn grandeur, rising almost perpendicular from the plains. We are so close under them now that the snow is lost to view, and we only see the darkening shade of the primæval forest, or the rusty clearance of the tea plantation. On either hand is dense foliage—tangled brake, eight or ten feet high—the lairs of tiger, wolf, and bear. Soon we reach clear brawling pebbly streams, which forcibly recall the “grappling” scenes of yore in the north of Yorkshire. We long to jump out of our palanquin and try under that stone, but alas! there are no trout in India. And now we are visibly ascending; the bearers, who have brought with them long bamboos for the purpose, sling them under the pole before and behind, the palkee thus being borne by eight men. And now cooler breezes begin to welcome us to heights fairer than the abode of the gods; and the roaring and laughter of the mountain brook makes music in our ears—music unheard in Cambridgeshire, while we feed our never-tiring eyesight on the exuberant and many-coloured foliage, which cheers and adorns our path upwards. And thus winding up the spurs, with many a glorious peep behind, and ever some new delight to excite our admiration, we reach Punkobaree, 1600 feet above the sea, and 1800 feet above the plains we have just left: the terminus for bullock-carts, and styled “the foot of the Hills.”

Once arrived at the Dak-Bungalow, the romantic is soon lost in the material, and admiration gives place to baser feelings. At the first glance one can imagine nothing more cheerless or disconsolate. Certainly it is the first boarded floor we have seen for some time, but then the planking is all rotten and out of repair. There is not a perfect chair in the room, either an arm, or a leg, or a back being wanting. And when we summon the butler, and ask what he has for dinner, our dismay is complete. Of course the invariable answer. “Sub cheez hai”—everything and anything you like to order—is ready on his tongue. But when we descend to details, we find it is more difficult to suite our palate.

“Have you any meat, beef or mutton?” we ask.

"Nay, Khudaward," whines out mine host, clasping his hands together in an imploring attitude.

"Any bread?"

"How can bread be found in the midst of the jungle?"

"Well, any milk or butter?"

"Your slave had three cows once, but fate went against him (great is Allah!) and they are all dead."

"Any beer?" we ask in our despair.

"There were six dozen, but it's all been consumed."—
Fancy the pettiest inn-keeper at home having once got in six dozen of beer!

"What have you then?" we roar in desperation.

"Your slave kisses his master's feet, and will serve up a fowl and chupatties. Will your highness have it boiled, or roast, or cutlets, or fricassee?"

Alas! Fowl and chupatties! Just what the "sub cheez" has been reduced to at every Dak-Bungalow along the road. And how to have it cooked! We have tried every way and never yet been able to masticate sufficient to appease the pangs of hunger. For consider! that bird, which is destined to play so conspicuous a part in your evening meal an hour hence, is still strutting about yonder among his fellows in the yard. Out of the water into the frying pan, may be a good rule for fish, but flesh is hardly adapted for so rapid a method of cuisine.

Having bathed and dressed, we issue forth to look about us pending the arrival of our unfortunate bird. In the square in front of the Bungalow are bivouacked some companies of Sikhs, going up to form the escort to the Bhootan Mission. We find the Jemadar in waiting to pay his respects. There is the Daroghah of Police too, who has been sent down to look after or cater for these fellows, as may be necessary. He has heard of the arrival of his new Hakim and comes forward with a profound salaam to signify his desire to do everything in his power for our comfort.

But what is this? Come, Daroghah, all your diplomatic skill is wanted now. Half-a-dozen Sikhs, ignorant of the principles of Political Economy, will not quietly consent to pay the enhanced price of rice, and are loudly threatening to chastise the insolent shop-keeper, who dare attempt to impose on them. "Two prices in the same 'raj'! we never heard of such a thing." Poor fellows! they thought the Viceroy fixed the same rate for the whole of British India! However all praise to the Daroghah, who succeeded in pacifying them for the nonce, and I could hear him expounding to them as

they walked off, the item of transportation in the cost of production.

At ten the next morning I was well-nigh desperate. I had been waiting two hours for my bearers, and they were still said to be eating their rice. Neither the Transit Company's agent nor the Daroghah, were of any avail. Forgetting all magisterial dignity, I seized a stick, and going to their hut, had to turn the men out by some show of force. Once on the road, everything gave way to a feeling of reverence and awe, at the grandeur of the scene. The distance from Punkobaree to Kursiong is only six miles, but the road is almost precipitously steep, corkscrewing up the spurs of the hill. At every turn the view is magnificent, the palkee now diving into the recess of some glorious gorge with its mountain torrent, roaring and rushing over the boulders; now emerging on some crest, whence the eye gazes down on the far-reaching panorama of the plains, watered by the meandering streams of the Balasun and Mahanuddy; while on every side rises the multifiform and many-coloured foliage of the Himalayan flora: see! English ferns and flowers, missed for many a long month; aye! and a thousand others, now for the first time presented to the eye. The graceful Tree-fern, the brilliant Orchids; these and other curiosities, read of but never before seen in nature's garden, delight the eye, and relieve the tedium of the way. Here and there, perched on some eminence, or situated in the centre of some new clearance, where the primæval forest has yielded to the axe of the Anglo-Saxon, rises the neat white-washed bungalow of the resident tea-planter. The strangeness and picturesque beauty of the scene is only heightened by the various groups of men and women we meet along the road. Here a batch of coolies, wild, dirty, uncombed, semi-savage Bhooteas, with the Mongolian mien, bent nearly double with the weight of some ponderous package, fastened to the back by means of a bamboo frame. Here a drove of haggard bullocks or ponies, coming down for a fresh load of rice and flour. And now a group of Biparries, with a bargey of hen-coops slung over their shoulders, or a net-full of earthen vessels; all testifying to the wants of Darjeeling, and the trade carried on between that station and the plain.

Arrived at Kursiong, the scenery is even grander than below. We are now on the ridge or backbone of a hill, running north-east from the plains, and four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. On one side are extensive views of the plains, on the other the valley

of the Balasan, with the spur of Hope Town rising abruptly to the north, and the mountains of Nepal looming in the distance beyond. We lose however in the neighbourhood the magnificent forests, which is the great feature in the scenery below. In every direction the hills are being cleared for the cultivation of tea, and the dusky foliage is superseded for the time by the dull monotonous red clay. The temperature is now very considerably lower; we unpack warmer clothing and are glad and rejoice at the sight of a fire. We pass the night at the Dak Bungalow, congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a variation from fowl and chupatties on the morrow.

The chief requisite of Darjeeling being an easy and rapid communication with the foot of the hills, and the former road being nothing more than a bridle-path, and so steep in places as to render the carriage of large articles impossible, the Government is constructing a new cart road with an almost imperceptible elevation. The new road is now complete from Kursiong to Darjeeling, and according by this route we proceeded on our journey. It is a fine, broad level road, winding round the side of the hill, and has been made at a great expense. No mean work of engineering skill, its course here has been blasted through the solid rock, while in yon ravine a massive but rural bridge of solid masonry protects it from the inroads of the water-shed. Everywhere one passes through lovely wooded scenery, dipping into glens variegated with the richest foliage, and emerging on eminences, commanding extensive views of the surrounding forests. There is only wanting the appearance of the "Telegraph" or "Highflyer," spinning along the road, to make the traveller believe he is passing through the most enchanting scenes of Wales.

The distance into Darjeeling from Kursiong is about twenty miles by this road. About half-way lives one of the Engineers on the road, a man of unbounded hospitality, and whose larder is certainly the most English I have met with in India. About four miles from Darjeeling the traveller arrives at "the saddle," a narrow ridge at one end of the valley lying between the Senchal and Darjeeling hills. A steep road turns off to the right up to Senchal Barracks, which are two miles higher up, eight thousand six hundred feet above the sea. We cross the saddle and ascend the hill on the opposite side, now leaving the cart road and following up the old bridle-path. Soon we reach Julla Pahar, where stand the Barracks of the Convalescent Depot,

and having now attained the crest of the hill, we see below us, in a bend of the hill, facing southwest, the pretty station of Darjeeling. And having conducted the reader thus far, here we will leave him for the present, confident that he cannot be in a better place, or amidst more lovely scenes. Were we to pursue our subject, we fear lest we should render *The Eagle* as unpopular as an Indian debate. We therefore pause and furl our sails, promising that should the present voyage have been successful, we will continue our description in some future number, and introduce the reader to the history and topography of British Sikhism, and its chief station and sanitarium of Bengal.

H. B.





THE LADY MARGARET SIXTH BOAT.

LENT, 1864.

"Eripite, o Socii, pariterque insurgite remis!"

Virgil's *Æn.* III. 560.

"Pocis opem nervis corpusque fidele senectæ:

Esto, age; sed grandes patinæ, tucetaque crassa

Annuere his Camum vetuere, ratemque morantur."

Cf. Persius, *Sat.* II. 41.

It was the hour of twilight gray when solemn shades descend,
And the labours of the oarsman and the 'oox'en' have an end:
When Lady Margaret left her Hall, and to the river side,
Like one who fears, in silence and in trepidation hied;
And when she came to Cam's slow stream, the slowly-flowing stream,
She paused, and looked around her, as if wand'ring in a dream:
But soon she whistled long and loud, as one whisteth to a dog,
And an eight-oared barge came silently and swiftly through the fog.
O but they were ancient mariners of the true Corinthian mould,
With muscles hard as iron, and right vigorous though old!
For each had been in former days a Master of St. John's,
Each was a noble specimen of the ancient race of Dons.
Then Margaret sat within her boat upon the river weedy,
Ἐροίμοι ἰστέ πάντες; ἐπέσσει' ἄνδρες ἦδη.
Swift went the barge past Trinity, past Trinity Hall, and Clare,
Past King's, and Queens', and Newnham, and thy meadows Granta
fair.

They pass'd the spot where students bathe in May and fierce July,
And bless'd the memory of him who built the shed hard by;
And as they rowed a spectre form they saw from off the shore
Take a header, and then disappear; that form was Henry Hoare!
All night they rowed, till morning gray dawned on their dreary course,
And they saw in all its beauty Father Cam's primæval source.
The River-god was drinking his matutinal dram
From the ever-flowing fountains which feed the god-like Cam;
And speedily he hastened from his bed, as he is wont,
When he saw fair Margareta drawing near the sacred font:

"Now hail thee! hail thee Margaret!" he cried in glad surprise,
 "By'r Logan but thy presence is a comfort for sore eyes.
 But to what am I indebted for this early morning call?
 What brings thee to old Camus from thine own beloved Hall?"
 Then sighed fair Margareta: "A boon, a boon I ask!"
 And the god in rapture answered: "Let me know what is the task,
 And I'll do it if I'm able; for you know, my precious pearl,
 Old Camus nought refuseth to his own beloved girl."
 Then the maiden blushing answered, "Father Cam a perfect Eight
 Many years have I endeavoured to train up and educate:
 Yet in vain are all my efforts: oh! forgive the tears I shed,
 For the red flag floats no longer proudly at the river's head!
 Then help me, Father Camus, for to thee the Johnians pray,
 Oh! teach me how to choose an Eight and to coach them the right
 way."

Thus she spake in tears: he answered "That I rather think I will!
 But first of meat and liquor it behoves to take our fill."
 Then when with meat and liquor the two were satisfied,
 The Cam rose from the table, and to the river hied.
 Him followed Margareta, and they sat upon the bank,
 Fringed with lilies, fringed with willows, fringed with osiers long
 and dank.

Then old Camus kindly smiling, thus his speech in few began:
 "I will tell thee, Margareta, how thine eight-oar'd boat to man.
 The yew tree bough, that graves o'ershades, is a sturdy bow and true,
 We'll have a bow more sturdy, more sepulchral than the yew:
 When your crew next Tuesday morning in their eight-oar'd boat
 you muster,

You'll find, dear Lady Margaret, your bow a regular 'buster':*
 Then Modius Le Drymeasure, of courage tried and true,
 Of unlimited capacity, shall preside at 'number Two,'
 'Number Two' he leads to Victory upon the tented field,
 At 'Number Two' shall Modius his oar in triumph wield:
 He runneth at the double at the clashing bayonets' brunt;
 He roweth at the double, left his pivot, right in front:
 His upright back, his straight strong arms, his shoulders firm and free,
 Seem to partake but little of the C. U. R. V. E.

Then the boat to steady, should there be a rough and stormy wind
 on,

We'll place for ballast that sheer hulk, the nautical Cyllindon:
 Next, to cure the crew of 'rowing' fast, methinks there should be
 seen

At 'number Four' the visage stern of a bonnie Junior Dean:

* "Buster" hoc est qui remigando rumpitur; alii legunt
 "Busta," quod nomen proprium esse volunt, virum gravem ac stren-
 num significans. Judicet lector.

Then, uniting all the virtues of the Isis and the Cam,
The great Camford shall row faster than the fastest telegram :
Yet our Five, tho' fast he roweth, shall equal not in pace
The rowing of the sylph-like energetic Mr. Grace :
Then a man of iron muscles, and of philosophic mind,
Ευμναστική shall shew us with *Ιατρική* combined :
Last of all a Stroke imported from across the Ocean blue
Shall lead to death or victory his never-failing crew :
But lest such stalwart heroes super-human powers display,
To moderate their ardour we will choose a man of clay,
Who shall steer them, who shall cheer them ; but excessive zeal
repress,
And give them frequent 'easies' when he sees them in distress.
Not by rowing, not by tugging shall that wondrous ship be sped,
Long beards and long moustaches shall adorn each ancient head ;
New-invented laws of motion shall supply the place of rowing,
By capillary attraction will we keep the vessel going."

Thus he spake, and Margareta having whistled for her crew,
Thanked him kindly for his lecture, and bade the God adieu.
Soon she returned to Granta, and tho' wintry was the weather,
She followed Cam's suggestions, and got her crew together :
Wild and wintry was the weather ; wildly shrieked the dismal wind ;
But those ancient men rowed swiftly, and left the blast behind :
Blue and red were nose and fingers, dark as winter was the flow
Of ice a rolling rapidly 'neath a canopy of snow.
Black as Styx, more foul than Thamesis, colder far than College
dinners,
The turbid river swiftly bore those dauntless would-be-winners.
O stranger would'st thou know their fate, if victors they came back ?
Go, read it in the annals of the Cambridge Almanack !
There you'll read their deeds of daring ; how 'mid hail and sleet
and snow,
Those bearded ancient mariners unflinchingly did row :
How to teach the young idea they consented to be bumped,
Rowed from 'First house' to the Willows, yet were not the least
bit pumped.
Grew of rowing so enamoured, that when forced their boat to quit
They scorned on chair of horse-hair, or on sofa soft to sit :
How at last they rowed to Logan's, crowned with laurels round
their brows,
With the snow-white flag of Victory flaunting proudly at their bows !

SOCTUS NAVALIS.



LADY MARGARET.

"Accipe Fundatrix grati pia nota nepotis,
Æqua tuis meritis sors inimica negat.
O si! quas cupio, vires mihi fata dedissent,
Clarior elogijs Fœmina nulla foret.
At tua progenies vivet, nascentur alumni,
Hi tibi plaudentes carmina digna ferent."
THEO. BAKER.

THE name at the head of this article is perhaps suggestive to many of our readers of the river, rather than of the court or cloister, of the fifteenth century, and some may expect to find accounts or notices of the glorious achievements at Grassy or Henley, from the time of our great New Zealand Bishop, down to the day when the gallant four of last term finished their successful labours.

A history of the College boating would, doubtless, be joyfully received by all subscribers to *The Eagle*, and at the same time is a subject worthy of the pen of any aquatic contributor. Such however is not our present purpose. We wish to give a sketch of the life of her from whom the boat club derives its name, and the College its existence. To any student our subject is one of importance, as Lady Margaret was almost in every respect the first lady of her time,—the wealthiest and most accomplished, and at the same time the most devout and most ascetic,—the mother of kings,—the patroness of our earliest printers, being herself an authoress,—the most charitable benefactress of sound learning and religious education; but to us, the Master, Fellows, Scholars and Students of the college, who are the recipients of her last bequest and largest bounty, the life of Lady Margaret ought to be replete with interest, furnishing us material for the most important thoughts,—whether the college at present is in a state of which she would approve, whether we individually and collectively are living in such a manner,

that with clear consciences we can say we are being "brought up in lernyng, vertue, and connyng."*

Although the mother of Henry the Seventh played no unimportant part in the history of the latter half of the fifteenth century, yet the recorded incidents of her life are few, and those generally only incidentally mentioned in the chronicles of the period. These materials, however, have been carefully collected by Miss Halsted, in her *Life of Margaret Beaufort*, which obtained the honorary premium awarded by the directors of the Gresham commemoration, 1839, and it is to this work that the author of the following pages is indebted for most of his references. Besides this life of Lady Margaret, there is a brief memoir of her in Ballard's *Celebrated British Ladies*, and a still shorter in Hartley Coleridge's *Life of Bishop Fisher*.† Much valuable information has also been found in Dr. Hymers' edition of her Funeral Sermon, preached by Bishop Fisher.

It will be as well to commence with an account of this noble lady's descent, not only as a matter of curiosity, but for the purpose of explaining how all our kings derive their blood royal through her.

John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," the fourth son of king Edward the Third, was thrice married. His first wife was Blanch, heiress of Henry Duke of Lancaster, from whom he obtained the duchy. They had three children, two daughters, and a son afterwards king Henry the Fourth. His second wife was Dona Constantia, daughter and co-heiress of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon, by whom he had one daughter, who afterwards was married to the Prince of Asturias, eldest son of the king of Spain. Whilst Dona Constantia was still alive, the Duke had three sons and one daughter by a lady who was at the time governess to his daughters. This was Katharine the daughter of Sir Payne de Roet, a native of Hainault, and the widow of Sir Otes Swynford of Ketelthorpe in Lincolnshire. She had been in the service of the Duchess Blanch, and when she became a widow she again entered the household of John of Gaunt, and had the sole charge of his daughters.

After the death of Dona Constantia, the Duke married Katherine Swynford, and obtained the legitimation of her children, firstly in a bull granted by the pope, and then in a charter given by Richard the Second in 1397, and ratified

* Lady Margaret's Will.

† Worthies of Yorkshire.

and confirmed by Parliament. This act of legitimation said, that they were "to be raised, promoted, elected, assume, and be admitted to all honours, dignities, pre-eminencies, estates, degrees and offices, public and private whatsoever, as well perpetual as temporal, and fœdal and noble, &c."* It was afterwards confirmed by Henry the Fourth, and it seems that he added to the enrolment of the grant on the patent Rolls, the words "*Excepta dignitate regali*," as these words occur on it as an interlineation, and in different ink to the rest of the deed. This addition, however, could not affect the original grant, as it had become an Act of Parliament, and the three words given above do not occur in the Rolls of Parliament.†

Thus it appears, that the descendants of John of Gaunt and Katherine Swynford possessed all the rights of succession to the English throne, after the failure of issue of Henry the Fourth, that that monarch himself had.

The children thus made legitimate were surnamed Beaufort,‡ from the place of their birth, Beaufort Castle in Anjou. The eldest, Sir John de Beaufort, was created Earl of Somerset; the second, Henry, was the celebrated cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, whose death-bed is represented by Shakspeare (the second part of Henry the Sixth, Act III. Scene 3) in such an awful manner. He was the richest man of his day and had perhaps amassed more wealth than any Englishman before him. It is in allusion to this, that Shakspeare makes him say:

"If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain."

The third brother was Thomas, made Duke of Exeter. The sister, Joan, married Sir Ralph Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, and thus became grandmother of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third.

John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, married Margaret Holland, by whom he had six children, four sons and two daughters. His eldest son Henry succeeded to the title and estates, but dying in his minority, they devolved upon the

* Vide *Excerpta Historica*, pp. 152—155.

† *Excerpta Historica*.

‡ From this circumstance they bore a portcullis of the cognizance of the family, which portcullis is an important feature in the insignia of our college.

second son John. This John greatly distinguished himself in the wars with France, and for his conduct especially at the siege of Harfleur, was advanced to the rank of Duke of Somerset, and various other dignities. He married Margaret, the widow of Sir Oliver St. John, only daughter and heiress of John, Lord Beauchamp of Powyke. The issue of this marriage was one daughter, Margaret, the subject of this Memoir, "so that," as Fuller says, "fair-port and fair-field met in this lady who was fair-body and fair-soul, being the exactest pattern of the best devotion those days afforded, taxed for no personal faults but the errors of the age she lived in."

Margaret Beaufort was born in the year 1441, at Bletsoe, a small village about six miles north-west of Bedford, on the road to Higham Ferrers, the principal residence of her mother, to whom the manor belonged. The house where she was born has been long ago pulled down, and the site was at the beginning of this century occupied by a farm house.*

The Duke of Somerset died in 1444, within four years of his marriage, and was buried in Wimbourne church, leaving to his infant daughter the whole of his vast possessions, and making her the greatest heiress in England.

We know nothing about the education of the little Margaret, but her training was at least as good as that of any lady of her age. She could read and write,—no mean accomplishments in the fifteenth century,—was a proficient in French, and though she often lamented that she had not made herself mistress of Latin in her youth, "she was not" as Coleridge remarks, "so ignorant of that language, but that she could use it in the service of charity. When she was at Cambridge, superintending the foundation of Christ's College, a student detected in some irregularity, was driven past her window to the academic whipping post, on which she cried out *Lente, Lente*, as a Scotch lady would have rendered it *Canny, Canny, noo*."† She was besides a most accomplished needle-woman, and there is still preserved in the St. John's family of Bletsoe‡, a carpet with the arms and

* Lyson's *Magna Britannica, Bedfordshire*, pp. 58, 59.

† Bishop Fisher also says in his Sermon, that she well understood the Latin Service Books.

‡ The family is descended from the mother of Lady Margaret and her first husband.

matches of the family, worked by her.* It is related by Fuller, that James the First, whenever he was in the neighbourhood of Bletsoe, asked to see the specimens of embroidery by his ancestress which were kept in the family mansion.† The art of medicine was an important part of a lady's education in the fifteenth century, and this was not neglected in the case of Lady Margaret. The medicinal skill she thus acquired, she made good use of in after life by daily administering to the wounds and alleviating the sicknesses of the poor.

The custody of the lands of minors, used to be a profitable branch of the royal prerogative, their wardships being either sold or given by the Crown.‡ The guardianship of the only daughter of the Duke of Somerset, or rather the care of her property, would be coveted doubtless by numerous courtiers, and was conferred by Henry the Sixth on his favourite, Michael de la Pole, Earl and afterwards Duke of Suffolk.||

While Lady Margaret was still a child, she was diligently sought in marriage by her guardian for his son and heir, and by king Henry for his half brother Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

The way she selected her husband from these two suitors is so remarkable, that the account must be given in full in Bishop Fisher's own words:§ "She which as then was not fully nine years old, doubtfull in her mynde what she were best to do, asked counsaile of an old Gentlewoman whom she moche loved and trusted, which dyde advyse her to commend her self to St. Nicholas the Patron and helper of all true maydens, and to beseche him to put in her mynde what she were best to do. This counsaile she follow'd, and made her Prayer so, full often; but specyally that nyghte when she sholde the morrowe after make answeere of her mynde determynately. A mervaylous thyng! that same nyght, as I have herde her tell many a tyme, as she lay in Prayer, calling upon St. Nycholas, whether slepyng or

* Nicholl's Royal Wills, p. 366.

† Fuller's *Cambridge*, p. 94.

‡ Excerpta Historica, p. 3.

|| *Ibid*, where a copy of this grant may be seen.

§ Hymer's Edition of *Bishop Fisher's Sermon*, p. 111. The story given in the text is alluded by Lord Bacon in his life of Henry the Seventh, who also confirms the early age at which her betrothal took place. The age seems less improbable, when we know that she was a mother at fourteen.

wakeynge she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the mornynge, one appered unto her arrayed like a Byshop, and naming unto her Edmonde, bad take hyme unto her Husbande. Andes by this meane she did enclyne her mynde unto Edmonde the Kyng's Broder, and Erle of Rychemonde."

Although her choice rested on Richmond, it is probable that Suffolk attempted to exercise his right,* and compel her to marry his son, for he was soon after this impeached, and this was one of the principal accusations against him, he having the intention of putting her forward as a claimant to the throne, in case Henry died without issue.† He was however released, through the influence of the Queen, after a short imprisonment; but within a few weeks he was, at the instigation of the Commons, banished to Calais for five years. He however never reached the place of his banishment, but was cruelly murdered at sea.

Richmond was thus left without a rival, and four years after (1455) was married to the young heiress. We must therefore before proceeding any further in her history, give some account of the parentage of her future husband.

The father of Edmund Tudor was Owen Ap Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, of limited means, but unlimited pedigree, King Arthur being somewhere in the middle of it. He, going up to Court, managed to secure the affections of the widow of Henry the Fifth, thus causing a considerable amount of scandal and consternation among the English Aristocracy, who, like Mr. Daniel Pryce, thought a good deal—

"Of the Court Ball, at which by a lucky mishap,
Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katharine's lap;
And how Mr. Tudor successfully woo'd her,
Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
And so made him Father-in-law to the King."

* He not only had the custody of her lands, but possessed the sole right of providing her with a husband.

† In the impeachment of Suffolk, as given in Fenn's *Original Letters*, Vol. iii. p. 62-78, it is said that he had actually married Margaret to his son. This however is highly improbable, as the lady was hardly nine years old, and no mention of the fact is made by any historian of the period; besides, if this marriage did take place, it would make Henry the Seventh illegitimate, as John, Duke of Suffolk, (the person in question) did not die till 1491, and there is no allusion, or charge of the kind made by any writer in that age or in more modern times.

Queen Katherine was married to Owen Tudor in 1428, and they had four children, Edmund, of Hadham in Hertfordshire, the place of his birth; Jasper, Owen, and Katharine. Henry the Sixth had great affection for his maternal brothers, and bestowed on Edmund the Castle and County of Richmond, at the same time creating him Earl of Richmond, with precedence above all other Earls, and Jasper was in the same year, 1452, made Earl of Pembroke.

Edmund, Earl of Richmond, married Margaret Beaufort, in 1455, and on the 26th of July in the following year, a son was born to them at Pembroke Castle, the seat of their brother.

Everything seemed to go well with the young wife, but her happiness was of short duration. Her joy at the birth of a son was still fresh, when it was changed to mourning for her husband. Edmund of Hadham died in the beginning of November of the year that made him a father. He was buried* in the church of the Grey Friars, Caermarthen, but his remains were afterwards removed to the cathedral of St. David's, and there the inscription on his monument may still be seen.

When it is remembered that we are entering on the most troubled period of English History, the wars of the Roses, when so many aspirants to the throne were using their best endeavours, by fair and foul means, by force of arms and by intrigue, to obtain the crown; it will be admitted that the young widow had no easy work to do, to bring up in safety her son, who, failing the issue of Henry the Sixth, was the head of the Lancastrian party, and consequently an object of suspicion to the house of York. Moreover the White Rose was in the ascendant, and Henry had little power to protect his brother's son; and besides the natural protector of Lady Margaret, her Uncle Edmund, Duke of Somerset, had just been slain in the battle of St. Alban's, while Jasper Tudor, uncle to the young Henry, as the child had been called, (doubtless after the King) was a bitter enemy of the Duke of York, who was then Protector of the Realm. Lady Margaret had therefore chiefly to trust to her own prudence, and she wisely kept aloof from the troubles of her country, and settled down in the castle where her child was born, where she would be surrounded by the dependants of her brother-in-law.

* Sandford's Genealogy, p. 283.

She remained a widow three or four years, and then contracted a matrimonial alliance with her relative Sir Henry Stafford, third son of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham. So little is known of this son of the Duke, that Brooke in his Catalogue of Kings, Dukes, &c., denies his existence, and remarks that "they that are desirous to find this Henrie Stafford, and his marriage with Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry the Seventh, must go into Purgatory for it; for in heaven nor upon the earth it is not to be found."

The date of the marriage is tolerably well fixed to the year 1459, as in the assignment of some lands to Lady Margaret in that year, she is called the wife of Henry Stafford*; and in the will of the Duke of Buckingham, dated the following year, he leaves "to my son Henry four hundred marks, to him and to my daughter Margaret, Countess of Richmond, his wife."†

The battles of Mortimer's Cross and Towton, in 1461, put an end for a time to the struggles for the throne. Edward, Duke of York, was proclaimed King. Henry fled to Scotland, and most of his supporters were executed. The Earl of Pembroke however, managed to escape to the Continent, where he wandered about for several years. The young Earl of Richmond was attainted by Edward, and his possessions were bestowed upon the Duke of Clarence. The Lady Margaret and her husband were however treated more leniently, their lands being secured to them by Act of Parliament;‡ it does not appear why the mother and son were treated differently, but it was probably through the interest of the Stafford family that the property of the former was spared.

Pembroke was of course attainted and also deprived of his Earldom, which was conferred on Sir William Herbert. Richmond was placed under the surveillance of the new Earl, and lived for several years with the Herbert family, in Pembroke Castle. Although he was carefully brought up by Lady Herbert with her own children, his position was more that of a prisoner than anything else, and he afterwards declared that from the time he was five years old, he had been always a fugitive or a captive.¶ The same restraint

* Vincent's *Corrections of Brooke*, p. 87.

† Sir Harris Nicolas' *Testamenta Vetusta*, p. 297.

‡ *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, V. 471 and 523.

¶ *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, by Denys Godefray, Bk. V. Chap. xviii.

does not seem to have been exercised on Lady Margaret as on her son, but she probably resided with him, and took part in his education.

There is nothing to relate of lives of our Foundress and her son, till the year 1470, when by the exertions of Warwick and Queen Margaret, Henry the Sixth was restored to his Kingdom. Jasper Tudor had returned to England with the King-maker, and visiting his old Castle, found there his nephew, "kept in manner like a captve; but well and honorably educated, and in all kind of civilitie brought up by the Lady Herbert."* He took him up to London, and presented him to the King, who then uttered the prophecy of his future greatness, which Shakespeare has made so well known.

"If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me."†

It was not long before Edward again ascended the throne, and Jasper Tudor, thinking the country unsafe for him and his nephew, after retiring for a short time to Wales, embarked with the intention of going to France. In this, however, he was not successful. Being unfortunate enough to encounter a storm in his passage, he was driven out of his course, and was obliged to land in Brittany,‡ and he and Richmond were detained by the Duke of Brittany, and were kept as captives for several years.

We are however digressing, and must return to her who was now almost hopelessly separated from her only child. Naturally of a retiring disposition, her bereavement made her more than ever avoid the trouble and bustle of court life, and she probably resided in seclusion, in some of her quiet country castles. Collyweston, in Northamptonshire, was very possibly the place chosen, at least for a time, as she

* Hall's *Chronicle*, Edward IV., fol. xxiv.

† *King Henry VI.*, Part III. Act iv. Scene vi.

‡ Buck's *Richard III.* Bk. I., p. 16-19, and Hollinshead's *Chronicles*.

built a mansion there,* or completed one begun by Lord Cromwell, lord treasurer to Henry the Sixth.

We must pass on to the year 1481, when Lady Margaret had to endure another affliction, by the death of her husband, Sir Henry Stafford. Although they had been married twenty-two years, we know little of the life of either during this period, but it is evident that they were much attached to each other, from the fact that he made her his sole executrix.

In his will,† bearing date 2 October, 1481, he bequeathed his body to be buried in the college of Plessie, in Essex, and after leaving some small legacies, amongst them “a trappur and four new horse harness of blue velvet” to his son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, he concludes,—“and the residue of all my goods, catalogues, and debts, wheresoever they be, after my debts that I owe paid, my funeral expenses done, and this my testament fulfilled; I give and bequeath to mine entirely beloved wife Margaret, Countess of Richmond, she thereof to dispose her own free will for evermore.”

Within a year after the death of her second husband, lady Margaret was again married. Her third husband, Sir Thomas Stanley, was one of the most distinguished men of his time; he had been a strenuous supporter of the house of York, and then held an important office in the King's household. Doubtless it was for the sake of her son that lady Margaret threw off her weeds so soon after the decease of Stafford. He had been in banishment for twelve years, and his mother thought that, by contracting an alliance with so powerful a supporter of the reigning faction, she would best promote his welfare. The result proved her wisdom, as it was in no small degree owing to the assistance of the Stanleys that Richmond became king.

Sir Thomas Stanley was a widower at the time of his marriage with the Countess of Richmond; his first wife was Eleanor, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had a large family. Three of his sons it may be worth while to mention; George, Lord Strange, who played no unimportant part in the history of his country, and will be alluded to again in this memoir; Edward, the hero of Flodden, who is immortalized in those oft quoted lines of Sir Walter Scott; and James, who was afterwards bishop of Ely.‡

* Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. i. p. 23, 24, and vol. vi., p. 28.

† Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i., p. 167, and Miss Halsted's *Margaret Beaufort*, App. C. p. 255.

‡ Collins' *Peerage*, pp. 62, 66.

This marriage must be considered as rather a singular alliance, the husband having given his allegiance so uniformly and consistently to Edward the Fourth, the wife being connected by all the ties of blood and feeling to the Lancastrian party. The feeling on the subject is perhaps correctly represented by Shakespeare in the following dialogue between Stanley and Edward's Queen :—

Stan.—God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Elis.—The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan.—I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.*

Edward the Fourth died in April, 1483, and Stanley transferred his allegiance to Edward the Fifth, and had little sympathy with the pretensions of Gloucester. The latter however, when he came to the throne, thought it expedient to conciliate Stanley, and created him Lord Steward of his household, and commanded the attendance of him and his wife at his coronation. The former was appointed to carry the staff of Constable before the king, and the latter had the honour of bearing the train of the Queen.†

Richard afterwards made Lord Stanley Constable of England for life, and conferred upon him the order of the Garter,‡ but notwithstanding these honours, and lady Margaret's re-introduction to the Court, she was wholly unable to serve her son. Richard instead of recalling him from banishment, sent an ambassador to the Duke of Brittany for the purpose of ensuring his safe custody.||

The misfortunes of Richmond were however nearly at an end, and we must shew what share his mother took in the transactions which elevated him to the crown.

The Duke of Buckingham, who had been the principal coadjutor of Richard in his steps to the throne, had become

* *Richard III.* Act i. Scene 3.

† Buck's *Richard III.*, Bk. i. p. 26.

‡ Miss Halsted's *Margaret Beaufort*, p. 117.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 118.

suddenly estranged from that monarch, and not long after the coronation, left London for his castle of Brecknock, in Wales, where Bishop Morton, of Ely, was confined, having been committed to the custody of Buckingham, by Richard, on account of his objection to the disinheritance of Edward's children.

Bishop Morton and Buckingham had not been long together before they began plotting against Richard. The old Chroniclers relate the progress of the scheme, by giving long conversations between the two, from which it appears that the Duke at first thought that he was the heir of the house of Lancaster, and he is made to say to the Bishop* that "I thereupon concluded to make my first foundation, and erect my new buildyng. But whether God so ordained, or by fortune it so chaunced while I was in a mase, either to conclude sodainely on this title, and to set it open amongst the common people, or to kepe it secret for a while, see the chaunce: as I rode between Worcester and Bridgenorth, I encountered with the Lady Margaret, Countesse of Richmond, now wife to Lorde Stanley, which is the verye daughter and sole heyre, to Lorde John, Duke of Sommerset my grandfather's eldest brother. Which was as cleane out of my minde as though I had never seen her, so that she and her sonne the Erle of Richmond be both bulwarcke and portcolice betwene mee, and the gate, to enter into the majestie royall and getting of the Crowne."

After this meeting the Duke saw it was useless to assert any claim to the throne, and consequently the result of the compact between him and the bishop was the formation of a conspiracy in favour of Richmond. The first thing that was done was to communicate with the Countess of Richmond, and for this purpose the bishop wrote a letter to Reginald Bray,†—a trustworthy and faithful servant of hers, who was then with his mistress and Lord Stanley in Lancashire, (probably at Knowsley),—requesting him to repair to Brecknock. When Bray came, the two conspirators made known to him their scheme, one of the chief points of which was, that Richmond was to marry the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth.

Lady Margaret received Bray's communication with great favour, and forthwith dispatched her physician Lewys, a

* Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 817.

† Bray had been Receiver-general to Lady Margaret's second husband, and after his death was retained in her service.

Welshman, to Queen Elizabeth, who was then in the sanctuary at Westminster, with a proposal that Richmond should espouse her daughter. The Queen Dowager welcomed this proposal with eagerness, and Lady Margaret consequently sent Christopher Urswicke, a priest in her service, to her son in Brittany, apprizing him of the efforts that were being made in his favour. She also appointed Bray chief agent in the conspiracy, and he managed to obtain promises of assistance from several gentlemen of substance.

Richard was however on the alert, and in the parliament which he assembled, the Earl of Richmond, the Earl of Pembroke, the Duke of Buckingham, the Bishop of Ely, and the rest of the conspirators were attainted of high treason.* Lady Margaret was not included in the list, on account of the services of her husband, but she was deprived of all her castles, manors, and lands, which were conferred on Lord Stanley for life, with the reversion, at his death, to the Crown.†

In the mean time Richmond himself had not been idle, but had obtained the support and countenance of several European monarchs, and having obtained his liberty from the Duke of Brittany,‡ and also some ships and arms, he set sail for England; but owing to a storm at sea, his enterprise failed; he narrowly escaped with life, and was cast almost alone on the coast of Normandy. The forces which were collected to assist him in England, shared a similar fate, and their leader, the Duke of Buckingham, was delivered up to the King, and soon after beheaded.

The fates seemed to be against Richmond, and his success now appeared hopeless; but as several of his supporters had fled from England to him, and as the King of France favoured him, he determined to prosecute his schemes. His mother was still making considerable exertions for him, and contrived to collect and send to him a considerable sum of money. These communications between mother and son did not altogether escape the watchful eye of Richard, who began now also to suspect Stanley, and commanded him to remove from Lady Margaret all her servants, and to keep a strict

* *Parl. Rolls*, pp. 244-246.

† *Ibid.* pp. 250, 251.

‡ For an account of the life of Richmond in Brittany, see *Histoire de Bretagne*, by Sobineau, Vol. i. Bk. xv. p. 751.

watch over her, so that she should not be able to send any messages to her son.*

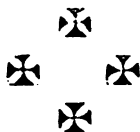
Lord Stanley had taken little or no part in the plot against Richard, but he had little feeling in favour of that monarch, whom he probably regarded rather as a regicide than a king; he was biding his time, thinking that prudence was the best policy for one in his position. He still openly served Richard, and requested leave to collect forces for him, but the latter refused, until Lord Strange, his eldest son, before mentioned, was given up as a hostage for his loyalty.†

This was the position of Richmond's mother and father-in-law, when he made his final stroke for the throne of England. He landed at Milford Haven, in the beginning of August, 1485, and one of his first acts was to send messages to Lady Margaret and Lord Stanley. The latter, who was surrounded by a large body of troops, durst not at once join Richmond, as it would have been the death-warrant of his son. When, however, Richard and Henry met at Bosworth, Stanley declared for the latter; and thereupon, the former ordered that Lord Strange should be executed; but before his command could be obeyed he was slain; his crown was placed on the head of his opponent by Lord Strange's father; and the shout went through the country—"Long live King Henry the Seventh."

* *Polydore Vergil*, and Seacombe's *Memoirs of the house of Stanley*.

† Seacombe's *House of Stanley*.

(To be continued.)





A VALENTINE.

It is the hour when the moon's soft power beams brightly on
the sea,

When day-light turns to evening, and my thoughts return to thee :
Soft is the hour ; no tempests lower : on Earth's reposing breast,
Like an infant in it's cradle, each flower lies lulled to rest.

No sound is heard save Love's own bird in sad sweet notes
complaining,

While the stars, that weep, or seem to weep, their liquid light
are raining.

On such a night, at such an hour, upon a mountain steep,
The pale moon shone upon the young Endymion in his sleep :
At such an hour did Venus spring from Ocean's snow-white foam,
At such an hour I love in mood contemplative to roam.

Then wand'ring sad and sleepless by the ever-flowing tide,
In the dark breast of the silent night I long my woes to hide.

Then thine eyes shine brightly on me 'mid a cloud of raven hair ;
And thy voice steals softly o'er me, soothing sorrows and despair :
And a soft white hand seems gleaming like a star upon the sea,
And beckons me from misery to happiness and thee !

Till I feel calm resignation springing up within my breast,
And I long for wings to fly away and be with thee at rest :
Till I listen with a melting heart to the lonely sea-bird's cry,
And quite forget that ten o'clock the supper hour's gone by !
Then home returning I can smile when I hear my parent scold,
Because I'm "out so late at night, while the supper's growing
cold :"

But scold and frown and grumble, I'll always gladly let her :
I'll bear it all and thrice as much, for you, dear Henrietta :
For what is lobster salad, or bread and cheese and beer,
To a soul that feels the magic of thy presence ever near ?
What are oysters, what welch-rabbits, to a contemplative mind,
That meditates by moon-light on a maiden left behind ?
But enough ! I hear the moaning of the melancholy sea,
So I'll listen to its music while I meditate on thee.

POLYPHLOISBOIO.



OUR CHRONICLE.

LENT TERM, 1864.

THE Rev. Joseph Bickersteth Mayor, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of the college, has been elected to the head Mastership of Kensington Grammar School.

The office of Tutor, which was vacated by Mr. Mayor, has been filled up by the appointment of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson, B.D.

The post of University Librarian, having been rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Joseph Power, M.A., Fellow of Clare College, the Rev. John Eyton Bickersteth Mayor, M.A., Fellow and principal Classical Lecturer of this College, has been unanimously elected Librarian.

In the late examination for Mathematical Honours, Mr. J. J. Stuckey was 5th wrangler, Mr. Ewbank 13th, Mr. Smallpeice 25th, Mr. Baron 38th.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Sandys has been elected First Bell's Scholar.

Mr. J. B. Pearson has been appointed College Lecturer in Moral Sciences. Mr. Pearson was head of the Moral Science Tripos in November last.

The following gentlemen obtained a first-class in the College December Examination.

First Year.

Arranged in order of the Boards.

Mr. Armitage	Souper	Green
Hope	Hoare	Robson
Taylor, J.	Thorpe, C. E.	Cox
Carpmael	Roe	Chabot
Hamond	Oldacres	Isherwood, J. N.
Cane	Cargill	Landon
Sandys	Watson, A. W.	Bray, E.
Humphreys	Poole, T. G. B.	Scaife
Charnley	Tunncliffe	Fiddian
Forbes	Laycock	Fisher
Blunn	Hart, W.	Groome
Gwatkin	Judson	Palmer
Brogden	Fitzgerald	Poole, F. S.
Maples	Scarlin	Thornley
Beaumont	Walker, J. M.	Radcliffe
Neish	Sharrock	Andrews
Chaplin		

Second Year.

Hill, E.	}	Haslam, J. B.
Stevens, A. J.		Massie
Pryke		Hewitt
Marrack		Cotterill
Genge		Marsden, M. H.
Dewick		Burrow
Pulliblack		Brayshaw
Jamblin		Hart, H. G.
Warren		

Third Year.

Marshall	Peachell
Wood	Vawdrey
Russell	Cope
Isherwood	Huntly
Blanch	Roach
Beebee	Smith, R. P. }
Levett	

We are happy to say that the St. John's Company of the C. U. R. V. still maintains its numbers and efficiency, twenty-five recruits having joined it since last October.

Ensign Clare, having resigned his commission Mr. G. F. Dashwood has been elected his successor without opposition.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Monday, March 14, and won by Corporal Richardson, L. Corporal Selby being second.

The Officers' Pewter was won by L. Corporal Selby.

Company Scratch Fours came off on Thursday, March 3; the winning four consisted of

Corporal Richardson
L. Corporal Barnes
Private Baynes
Private Johns

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS

Held on Fenner's Cricket Ground, Feb. 25th.

Two Mile Walking Race.

1st W. Doig

2nd A. D. Clarke

Time, 18 min. 34 sec.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.

1st J. Fitzherbert

2nd J. A. Whitaker

Distance, 99 yards.

Hundred Yards Race.

1st A. J. Wilkinson

2nd T. G. B. Poole

Time, 11½ secs.

Long Jump.

1st A. E. Payton

2nd A. D. Clarke

Distance, 17ft. 4in.

*Our Chronicle.**Quarter-mile Race.*

1st T. G. B. Poole

2nd C. F. Roe

Time, 62 secs.

High Jump.

1st C. Warren

2nd J. Fitzherbert

Height, 4ft. 6in.

Putting the Weight.

1st T. Knowles

2nd J. A. Whitaker

Distance, 29ft. 6in.

Mile Race.

1st A. Langdon

2nd T. G. B. Poole

Time, 5 min. 35 secs.

Hurdle Race.

1st A. Langdon

2nd A. D. Clarke

Stranger's Race.

1st A. Harrison, Trinity Coll.

Sack Race.

1st T. Knowles

2nd A. Forbes

Consolation Race ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile).

1st A. Forbes.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the
Term are:

President, E. W. Bowling.*Treasurer*, G. W. Hill.*Secretary*, S. W. Cope.*First Captain*, W. W. Hawkins.*Second Captain*, W. Mills.*Third Captain*, H. Watney.*Fourth Captain*, F. Young.*Fifth Captain*, R. H. Dockray.

The following were the crews of the College boats in the late races, of which a list will be found on another page.

Third Boat

- 1 H. G. Hart
- 2 J. W. Hodgson
- 3 E. Carpmael
- 4 F. G. Maples
- 5 A. D. Clarke
- 6 E. B. I'Anson
- 7 S. B. Barlow
- F. Andrews, *Stroke*
- A. Forbes, *Cox.*

Fourth Boat

- 1 R. Levett
- 2 A. Marshall
- 3 J. B. Haslam
- 4 C. F. Roe
- 5 C. Warren
- 6 R. H. Morgan
- 7 E. T. Luck
- C. C. Cotterill, *Stroke*
- F. Young, *Cox.*

Fifth Boat

- 1 S. Burgess
- 2 A. G. Cane
- 3 R. Trousdale
- 4 H. J. Wiseman
- 5 C. A. Hope
- 6 W. Covington
- 7 C. Taylor
- H. H. Rowsell, *Stroke*
- R. H. Dockray, *Cox.*

Sixth Boat

- 1 C. E. Graves
- 2 W. D. Bushell
- 3 E. W. Bowling
- 4 T. G. Bonney
- 5 C. Bamford
- 6 F. C. Wace
- 7 W. P. Hiern
- F. Armitage, *Stroke*
- E. K. Clay, *Cox.*

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Tuesday, Feb. 23.

Six boats entered. The time race was won by the following crew.

- 1 A. G. Cane
- 2 C. C. Cotterill
- 3 H. Watney
- F. Andrews, *Stroke*
- A. Forbes, *Cox.*

The Bateman Silver Pair Oars were rowed for on Saturday, March 12. Won by Messrs. Mills and Watney

The University Scratch Fours began on Monday, Feb. 29. Messrs. Andrews and Clay of the L. M. B. C. were in the winning boat.

Mr. W. W. Hawkins is now rowing in the University boat.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.—LENT TERM, 1864.

Thursday, February 18th. Second Division.

20 1st Trinity 4	29 Lady Margaret 4 }
21 Caius 2	30 Trinity Hall 3 }
22 Sidney }	31 3rd Trinity 2 }
23 King's }	32 Emmanuel 3 }
24 Lady Margaret 3	33 Jesus 2 }
25 Catharine 1	34 Clare 2 }
26 Queen's 1 }	35 Caius 3 }
27 Christ's }	36 2nd Trinity 3 }
28 Corpus 2 }	37 3rd Trinity 3 }
	38 1st Trinity 5 }

Third Division.

38 Lady Margaret 5 }	47 Christ's 3 }
39 1st Trinity 6 }	48 Trinity Hall 4 }
40 Magdalene 2	49 Downing
41 Peterhouse 2	50 Sidney 2 }
42 Corpus 3	51 1st Trinity 7 }
43 Catharine 2 }	52 Catharine 3 }
44 Pembroke 2 }	53 Lady Margaret 6 }
45 Queens' 2 }	54 Jesus 4 }
46 Jesus 3 }	55 Emmanuel 4 }
	56 Caius 4 }

Friday, February 19th. Second Division.

20 1st Trinity 4	30 Lady Margaret 4 }
21 Caius 2	31 Emmanuel 3 }
22 King's	32 2nd Trinity 2 }
23 Sidney	33 Clare 2 }
24 Lady Margaret 3 }	34 Jesus 2
25 Catharine 1 }	35 1st Trinity 5 }
26 Christ's 2 }	36 3rd Trinity 3 }
27 Queens' 1 }	37 2nd Trinity 3 }
28 Corpus 2 }	38 Caius 3 }
29 Trinity Hall 3	

Third Division.

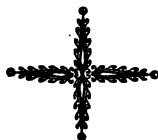
38 1st Trinity 6	48 Christ's 3 }
39 Lady Margaret 5 }	49 Downing }
40 Magdalene 2 }	50 1st Trinity 7 }
41 Peterhouse 2	51 Sidney 2 }
42 Corpus 3 }	52 Catharine 3 }
43 Pembroke 2 }	53 Jesus 4 }
44 Catharine 2 }	54 Lady Margaret 6 }
45 Jesus 3 }	55 Emmanuel 4 }
46 Queens' 2 }	56 Caius 4
47 Trinity Hall 4 }	

Saturday, February 20th. Second Division.

20 1st Trinity 4	30 Emmanuel 3
21 Caius 2	31 Lady Margaret 4 }
22 King's	32 Clare 2 }
23 Lady Margaret 3	33 2nd Trinity 2 }
24 Sidney	34 Jesus 2 }
25 Christ's 2 }	35 3rd Trinity 3 }
26 Catharine }	36 1st Trinity 5
27 Corpus 2 }	37 Caius 3
28 Queens' 1 }	38 2nd Trinity 3 }
29 Trinity Hall 3 }	39 Magdalene 2 }

Third Division.

39 1st Trinity 6 }	48 Queens' 2 }
40 Magdalene 2 }	49 Downing }
41 Lady Margaret 5 }	50 Christ's 3 }
42 Peterhouse 2 }	51 1st Trinity 7 }
43 Pembroke 2 }	52 Sidney 2 }
44 Corpus 3 }	53 Jesus 4 }
45 Jesus 3 }	54 Catharine 3 }
46 Catharine 2 }	55 Emmanuel 4 }
47 Trinity Hall 4 }	56 Lady Margaret 6 }
	57 Caius 4 }





LADY MARGARET.

(Continued from p. 115.)

"My purpose is not vainly to extol or to magnify her above her merites, but to the edifyinge of other by the example of her."—*Funeral Sermon of Lady Margaret.*

UP to the period at which we have arrived, the life of our Foundress was one of considerable danger and difficulty. It must have required all her skill and prudence to steer clear of the shoals and rocks by which she was surrounded, and we ought to be very thankful that she not only possessed sufficient judgment to preserve her life and rank, but that she also was enabled to place herself in the elevated and secure position of the king's mother. The remainder of her life is devoted almost entirely to the service of her God, and the good of her fellow-creatures. Although she took a great interest in the affairs of the court, and in everything that affected her son who was her "derest and only desyred joy yn thys world,"* she seldom took part in any of the state pageants or gaities. Indeed in the accounts of many royal ceremonies, it is distinctly said that the arrangements were made by "the full noble Princess Margaret, Countess of Richmond, Mother of our Sovereign Lord the King," while her name is not to be found in the list of those present, or perhaps she is mentioned as having viewed the solemnity from some hidden window. Her continual retirement from public life must have been very marked, and is suggestive to us of the present conduct of our own Queen.

Bishop Fisher, in the funeral sermon to which we have so often alluded, gives an account of the ordinary daily life of Lady Margaret. She righteously kept all the fasts of the church, and during the whole of Lent had only one meal a day, and only one fish to that meal. On certain days in

* The commencement of a letter from Lady Margaret to her Son.

every week she wore either a shirt or girdle of hair, which as she told her confessor, often wore through her skin. We give the account of her daily devotions in the Bishop's own words:—"First in Prayer every daye at her uprysinge, which comynly was not long after five of the clok, she began certain Devocyons, and so after them with one of her Gentlewomen the Matynes of our Lady, which kept her to then she came into her Closet, where then with her Chaplayne she said also Matyns of the Daye; and after that, dayly herde four or fyve Masses upon her knees, so continuing in her Prayers and Devocyons unto the hour of dyner, which of the etyng day was ten of the Clocke, and upon the fastyng day, Eleven. After dyner full truly she wolde goe her statyons to thre Aulters dayly; dayly her Dyriges and Commendacyons she wolde saye, and her Even Songs before souper, both of the day and of our Lady, besyde many other Prayers and Psalters of Davyde throughtout the yeaere; and at nyghte before she went to bedde she fayled not to resort unto her Chappell, and there a large quarter of an houre to occupye her in Devocyons. No mervayle, though all this long time her knelyng was to her painful, and so painful that many tymes it caused her backe payne and dysease. And yet nevertheless dayly, when she was in helthe she fayled not to say the Crowne of our Lady, which, after the maner of Rome, conteyneth sixty and thre Aves; and at every Ave to make a knelyng. As for Meditacyon, she had divers bokes in Frenshe, wherewith she wolde occupye her self when she was weary of Prayer. Wherefore dyvers she did translate out of Frenshe into English." . "Poore folkes to the nombre of twelve she dayly and nyghtly kepte in her House, gyvyng them lodgyng, mete and drynke and clothyng, vysytyng theme as often as she conveniently myghte; and in their sykeness, vysyntyng them and comfortyng them, and mynstryng unto them with her owne hands: and when it pleased God to call ony of them out of this wretched worlde, she wolde be present to see them departe, and to lerne to deye."

These remarks of the good old Bishop give us very clear information concerning the severity of the discipline this pious Lady subjected herself to, and we consequently must not expect to find many details of her public life in the records of her son's reign. The facts that we have been able to collect, we shall as briefly as possible state.

It will be recollected that Lady Margaret was attainted by Richard the Third, deprived of her servants and kept

under strict surveillance. One of the first acts of Henry the Seventh was to reverse this attainder,* and to restore his Mother to all her honours and possessions, likewise empowering her to sue and be sued as a single woman, a privilege ordinarily only possessed by the Queen Consort. Lord Stanley was elevated to the rank of Earl of Derby, and Jasper Tudor was created Duke of Bedford. The others whom we have mentioned in this memoir as helpers of Henry, were similarly rewarded. Bishop Morton was made Lord Chancellor, and afterwards advanced to the see of Canterbury; Christopher Urswicke, Lady Margaret's Confessor, was made Dean of York, and appointed private chaplain and almoner to the King†; while Reginald Bray was created a knight banneret, and a privy councillor.‡

Henry was not long in fulfilling the engagement he had made to the Yorkists, that he would marry the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth. They were married on the 18th of January, 1486,|| and in the following September, a son was born to them at Winchester. Lady Margaret regulated the preparations for the deliverance of the Queen, and for the christening of the child, and for this purpose drew up an elaborate scheme which was to serve on any similar occasion.

These ordinances of the Countess of Richmond and Derby are extremely interesting, as showing us how important the minutest ceremonials were considered by our countrymen of the fifteenth century, and moreover as they are only to be found in one book with which we are acquainted, and that a rare one, we think we are not over-burdening *The Eagle* if we give them in full.§

Her Highnes Pleasure beinge understoode in what Chamber she will be delivered in, the same must be hanged with riche Clothe of Arras, Sydes, rowffe, Windowes and all, excepte One Windowe, which must be hanged so as she may have Light when it pleaseth her. Then must there be set a Royall Bedde, and the Flore layed all over and over with Carpets, and a Cupboard covered with the same Suyte that the Chamber is hanged withall. Also there must

* Parl. Rolls, VI. 285, a.

† Excerpta Hist., p. 107.

‡ Testamenta Vetusta, p. 446.

|| 1485, according to the old reckoning.

§ They are printed in Leland's Collectanea (Hearne), Vol. IV., p. 179—184, being copied from a manuscript in the Harleian Library, No. 6079.

be ordayned a faier Pallet, and all Things appertayninge therunto, and a riche Sparner hanginge over the same. And that Daye that the Queene (in good Tyme) will take her Chamber, the Chappell where her Highnes will receave and heare Devine Service, must be well and worshipfully arrayed. Also the greate Chamber must be hanged with riche Arrass, with a Clothe and Chaire of Estate, and Quishins thereto belonginge, the Place under and aboute the same beinge well encarpied. Where the Queene (comminge from the Chappell with her Lords and Ladyes of Estate) may, either standinge or sittinge, at her Pleasure, receave Spices and Wyne. And the next Chamber betwixt the greate Chamber and the Queenes Chamber to be well and worshipfully hanged; which done, Two of the greatest Estats shall leade her to her Chamber, where they shall take their Leave of her. Then all the Ladyes and Gentilwomen to goe in with her, and none to come into the greate Chamber but Women; and Women to be made all Manner of Officers, as Butlers, Panterers, Sewers, &c. and all Manner of Officers shall bringe them all needfull Things unto the greate Chamber Dore, and the Women Officers shall receave it there of them.

The Furniture appertayninge to the Queenes Bedde.

First ij Paire of Sheets of Reines, every of them 4 Yardes broade, and 5 Yardes longe, 2 Head Sheets of like Reines, 3 Yardes broade, and 4 Yardes longe, 2 longe and 2 square Pillows of Fustian, stuffed with fine Downe, every of them with 2 Beeres of Reines, a Pane of Skarlet furred with Ermyne, and embroudered with Crimson Velute upon Velute, or riche Clothe of Golde; and a Head Sheete of like Clothe of Golde furred with Ermyne, a Kevertoure of fine Lawne of v Breadthes, and 6 Yardes longe, and an Head Sheete of 4 Breadthes, and 5 Yardes longe; a Mattres stuffed with Wolle, a Fetherbed, with a Bolster of Downe, a Sparver of Crimson Sattin embroudered with Crownes of Golde, the Kinge and Queenes Arms, and other Device, lyned with double Tarteron, garnished with Frengs of Silke, blewe Ruffet, and Golde, with a rounde Bowlle of Golde, or Sylver and gylte, 4 Quishins of Crimson Damaske Clothe of Golde, a rownde Mantell of Crimson Velute plaine furred throwgheout with Ermyne, Backe for the Queene to weare aboute her in her Pallet. The Pallet at the Beddes Feete must be arraied, accordinge as the Bedde is, with Sheets and Panes, &c. excepte the Clothe of Golde of the Panes that longe to the Pallet to be of another Coloure then that of the Bedde. It must be forseene, that suche Estats as shall please the Kinge to appoint to goe to the Christninge, be placed neere to the Place where the Queene is delivered, to the ende, that anon after the Deliveraunce they may geve their readys Attendaunce upon the Childe to the Church.

How the Church shall be arraied againste the Christeninge.

Note, that the whole Church where the Childe shall be christened must be hanged with riche Arras or Clothe of Golde in

the best Manner, and in like Sorte shall the Auter be arayed also, and well carpetted throughout the whole Chauncell under Foote; also there must be longe and large Carpets layde under Foote at the Church Dore, and the Porche must be hanged and seeled with riche Clothe of Golde of Arras Worke. And on the one Side of the Church neere unto the Fonte there must be hanged a Traves, with Carpetts and Quishins to the same, a faire Panne of Coles welle burnt before they come there for Smellinge, and sweete Perfumes to caste therin, Chafrons of Water, with Basons of Silver, and gilte, to washe the Childe, if Neade be; and to every of these Assaye must be made.

Then must the Fonte of Silver that is at Canterbury be sent for, or els a new Fonte made of Purpose, to be kepte in suche Place as shall please the Kinge, to serve to like Use hereafter. Or els his Highnes Pleasure wolde be knowne, whether he will have it done in a Fonte of Stone, as it hathe bene sometimes seene: but whereof soever the Fonte be, it must be covered all over the Bottome with softe Raynes laied in divers Folds. And the Fonte must be set of a greate Heighte, that the People may see the Christeninge withoute preasinge to nighe the Fonte; and the same must be hanged all aboute with Clothe of Golde. Over the Fonte there must be hanged a greate and large Canape of Damaske, Satten, or Reynes, the Bordure beneath Clothe of Golde, or well embroudered; or els a riche See of Golde, with a large and rich Valence, and underneathe the saide Canape there must be reserved a large Space for the Comminge to the Fonte of the Childe, and suche Ladyes and Estats as pleaseth the Kinge shall accompany the same therto. Also there must be ordained viii Peece of Bankelyns of Golde to hange aboute the Fonte. Also there must be provided a little Taper for the Childe to carye in his Hande up to the highe Auter after his Christendome. Note, that the Gossippes must be lodged nighe the Quenes Deliveraunce, that they (accompaignied with the Lordes abovesaide, bothe Spirituall and Temporall, and thother Estats) may be ready to attende upon the yonge Prince or Princesse to the Christeninge.

When the Childe goeth to Church to be christened, a Dutchesse must beare the Childe, and a Dutchesse must beare the Crisure before it upon her Shoulder, on a Kerchewe of smalle Raines; and if it be a Prince, an Erle shall beare the Trayne of the Mantell, which must be of riche Clothe of Golde, with a longe Traine furred throughout with Ermyn; but if it be a Princesse, then a Countesse shall beare the Traine. There must be borne before it to the Church 200 Torches, of which 24 shal be borne aboute the Childe with Esquiers; and when they come to Church they shall all stande aboute the Fonte in Order, and as neare therunto as they may conveniently. Then shall the Sergeante of the Kings or Queenes Pantry be readye at the Church with a faire Towell of Reynes about his Necke, and a Salte Seller in his Hande, with Salte

therein, and that he be ready to take the Assaye of the Salte before it be hallowed, and the Treasurer of Howsholde to goe before him and present the Assaye. Also the Sergeant of the Ewery shal be ready in the Church, with Basonnes covered and uncovered, suche as the Case shall require, for the Byshoppes to washe in, and like Basonnes and Ewers for the Gossippes to washe in. Also the Sergeant of the Spicery and the Butler shall geve their Entendance at the Church with Spice and Wyne, for the Gossippes and other Estats to take when the Prince is christened. When the Prince or Princesse is brought to the utter Porche of the Church, the Bishoppe shal be there ready to receave it, and to doe such Solempnityes as therunto appertaineth. After which Solempnityes done and finished, there must be ready at the Church Dore a Canape, to be borne over the Childe by 4 Men of Worshippe, eyther Knights, or els Esquiers assigned therunto before. The Prince or Princesse being brought into the Church, it shal be forthwith borne into the Traves, where shal be Fire and Water (as aforesaid) ready for the Changinge of the Childe out of the Clothes, and makinge it ready unto Christendome. In the meane time the Gossippes (savage the Lady Godmother) and all suche Estats as shall please the Kinge, shal be neere therunto, shall place themselves within the Canape of the Fonte; so that when the Baptizor (which must be an Archbishoppe or a Bishoppe) with the Officers of the Church, doe come therunto, they may be there readye placed, and there must be assigned certaine worshipfull Knights and Esquiers to spreade and holde at large the saide Canape in good and seemely Order. And in the meane tyme, whilst the Childe is makinge ready, the Fonte must be hallowed by the Abbot of Westmester, or some one in his Steade; whiche done, the Childe shal be brought forthe of the Traves to be christened. As soone as the Christeninge is done, all thaforesaide Torches shal be lighted, and the Childes Taper abovesaide, which the saide Childe shall beare up to the highe Auter in his Hande, and there offer the same, with suche a Somme of Money as shall please the Kinge to appointe; and then shal it be confirmed in the same Place. All which Solempnityes accomplished, the Childe shal be brought downe from the highe Auter into the Traves againe, where it shal abide while the Gossippes and other Estats do take Spice and Wyne. Then shall the Gossippes geve their Giftes, which must be delivered to Erles, Barons, or Banneretts, which shall beare the same before the Childe to the Queenes Chamber Dore, and there shall delyver them to the Ladyes and Gentilwomen every Gifte before other, and the Gifte of greatest Estats hyndermoste. But herin the King's Pleasure must be knowne, whether he will have the Gifts caried prively or openly; and the hindermost Gifte aforesaid must be borne by the greatest Estate there present. But yf yt be a Princesse, the Gifts must in like Manner be borne of Ladyes, which shal beare them to the Queene. The Gifts given to the Erles in

Manner aforesaid, and all Things accomplished in the Church with requisite Solempnitye, the Childe shal be borne Home againe in suche Sorte as it was carried to the Church, savinge that the Torches must be lighted, and a Cloth of Estate borne over it; and the same Waye that it was brought to the Church shall it be carried Home againe. Note, *that the Parliament Chamber must be richely hanged, and seeled with a riche and statelye Bed therin, with Staiers up to the saide Bed, which Staiers must be covered with blewe Worsted, garnished with Rybands, and gilte Nayles; the Bed covered with a goodly Emperiall, the Curteynes and Traves of blewe Tarteron, Carpetts laied with the riche Araye for the Queene to be purified in. The Cupborde and Wyndowes in her Chamber covered with blewe Worsted, Bankers of red Worsted, a Traves of blewe Sarcenett, and another of blewe Tartaron.*

The Childe broughte Home, and the Gifts presented and delivered to the Queene as aforesaide, the Childe must be borne into the Nurcery, where it shal be nourished with a Ladye Governesse of the Nowrce, and the drye Nowrce, and they shall have 3 Chambers, which shal be called the Rockesters, and they shall have thier Othes geven them by the Chamberlaine. It must be seene that there be bothe Yeomen and Gromes to wayte upon the Chamber, Sewers, Panters, and all other Officers for the Monthe, and that Othes be ministred to every of them in most straitest Maner. Furthermore it must be seene that the Nowrces Meate and Drinke be assayed duringe the Tyme that she geveth Suck to the Childe, and that a Physicion do oversee her at every Meale, which shall see that she geveth the Childe seasonnable Meate and Drinke.

As touchinge suche Necessaries as belonge unto the Childe. First, he must have a riche Mantell of Clothe of Golde with a longe Traine, furred throughe out with Ermyn, to bear the Prince or Princesse in to the Christeninge, and for other Necessaries 12 Yards of Skarlette, 24 Yards of fyne Blankette, and 24 Elles of fyne Reynes, a Elle of Bauldkin of Gold lyned with Buckeram, frenge by the Valence with Silke to hange over the Prynce by his Chimney, a Mantell of Skarlett furred with Mynivere, 2 Palletts of Canvas, 2 Mattresses, 2 Payr of Blanketts, 4 Payr of Sheets, 2 Tappets of red Worsted, 2 Quissins covered with Crymson Damaske, a Quissin of Lether, made like a carvinge Quissin for the Nowrce, a greate Potte of Lether for Water, a greate Chafer, and a Bason of Lattyn, 2 greate Basonnes of Pewter for the Lawndery in the Nowrcery, 8 large Carpetts to cover the Flores of the Chambers, &c. also a Traves of red double Tartaron, with a Celle to hange in the Chamber. It must be foreseene, that there be a little Cradell of Tree, of a Yarde and a Quarter longe, and 22 Inches broad, in a Frame faire set forthe by Painters Crafte; the Cradell shall have 4 Pomelles of Silver, and gilte, 2 like Pomells of the same Frame, fyve Buckells of Silver on eyther Side the Cradell without Tongs for the Swathing Band, whose Furniture of Beddinge and

Lynne is above written; 2 Panes of Skarlet, thone furred with Ermyn, and thother with Grey, and bothe bordured with Clothe of Golde, the one Crimson, and the other Blewe; 2 Head Sheets of like Clothe of Golde, furred accordinge to the Panes, a Sparner of lynnyn Clothe for the same Cradell, a Baylle covered with Reynes, 2 Cradell Bandes of Crimson Velute. Also there must be ordained a greate Cradell of Estate, contayninge in Length 5 Foote and an Halfe, and in Breadthe 2 Foote and an Halfe, covered with Crimson Clothe of Golde, having a Case of Tree covered with Buckeram, a fayer riche Sparner of Crimson Clothe of Golde lyned with red double Tartaron, and garnished with Frenches of Silke and Golde to hange over the same Cradell, and the Cradell must have fyve Stulpes of Silver, and gilte, whereof the Cradell shall have 3, sclyz. one at the Heade, and 2 at the Feete, and the Cradell Case shall have other 2 like Pomells at the Head. The middelmost Stulpe that standeth at the Heade of the Cradell shal be graven with the Kings Armes, and all thother Stulpes with other Armes, and the Grownde all aboute the Cradell must be well carpetted. And the Cradell must have 8 Buckells of Silver without Tongs on either Side thereof, a Mattresse, 2 Pillowes, with 4 Beeres of Reynes, a Payer of Fustians, a *Paine* of Skarlette furred with Ermyns, bordured with blewe Velute upon Velute, Clothe of Golde or Tyssue, an Head Sheete of lyke Clothe of Golde, furred with Ermyn, a Bayle covered with Reynes for the same Cradell, a Boole of Silver, and gilte for the abovesayde Sparner, 2 Swadel Bands, thone blewe velute, and thother blewe Clothe of Golde, with all other necessary Furniture therunto appertayning, like as the Prince or Princesse herselfe were lyinge therein.

The Prince for whom these regulations were made came safely into the world, and was duly christened by the name of Arthur, there being only one slip in the programme, viz. that the Earl of Oxford, one of his godfathers, did not make his appearance in time, and the Earl of Derby was substituted for him. It is remarkable that the Countess of Richmond and Derby is not enumerated among the persons present at the ceremony, although she was at Winchester at the time in attendance on the Queen. In fact it appears that about this period she seldom left the Queen; for instance, when the King and Queen left Winchester, we find that she accompanied them to Greenwich and resided with them there.* Again, in the following year, we find her living with the Queen at Kenilworth,† and in the same year when the King made a triumphal procession through London, after his

* Leland's Collectanea, Vol. IV. p. 207.

† *Ibid*, p. 210.

victory over Lambert Simnel at Stoke, the Queen and Lady Margaret viewed the procession from a house in Bishopsgate.* When the Queen was crowned at Westminster, November 25, 1487, Lady Margaret was a spectator of the ceremony, although she took no part in it.† She spent the following Christmas with the King and Queen at Greenwich,‡ and likewise during the feasts of Easter, Saint George. And Whitsuntide, we find that "the high and myghty Princesse, the King's Moder" was with the Queen at Windsor.|| And again the following Christmas we find these two royal ladies together at Shene,§ and the Easter after at Hertford.¶ In fact in these old manuscripts collected by Leland, Lady Margaret's name is never mentioned except in close connection with that of the Queen, and this is more remarkable when it is remembered that the Queen's Mother was still alive.

We have given enough to show the devotion of Lady Margaret to her daughter-in-law, but there is another interesting event we must mention, that is, the birth and christening of a Princess, who was called Margaret after her grandmother. It was from this Princess, who as Queen of Scotland bore an important part in the annals of this Island, that the Stuarts derived their claim to the English throne. She was born at Westminster, November the 29th, 1490, and the ceremonials of the birth and baptism were in accordance with the ordinances of our Foundress which we have given.** The Countess of Richmond and Derby, and the Duchess of Norfolk were godmothers, and the former gave to the princess the handsome present of a "Chest of Silver and gilt, full of Gold."††

It is not our duty and we have no intention of giving a history of the reign of Henry the Seventh, but there is one event connected with the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck, which as it affected the domestic tranquillity of the Stanleys it will be necessary to mention. Chief among the supporters of the supposed representative of the house of York was Sir William Stanley, brother to the Earl of Derby.‡‡ He having been betrayed to Henry by Sir Robert Clifford, was brought to trial, and pleading guilty, was condemned. His

* *Ibid*, p. 218. † *Ibid*, pp. 225, 227.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 234. || *Ibid*, pp. 238, 243. § *Ibid*, p. 245.

¶ *Ibid*, p. 246.

** *Ibid*, pp. 249 and 253—257. †† *Ibid*, p. 254.

‡‡ Vide Bacon's *Henry VII.*, p. 130—137.

execution was delayed for some time, the King apparently shrinking from signing the death warrant of one to whom he was so closely connected. No excuse could however be offered for his conduct, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 16th of February, 1495. In their distress the Earl of Derby and his wife retired to their seat in Lancashire; and, "the Summer following," to give Lord Bacon's own words "the King, to comfort his Mother (whom hee did alwaies tenderly love and revere) to make open Demonstration to the World, that the proceedings against Sir William Stanley (which was imposed upon him by necessitie of State) had not in any degree diminished the affection he bore to Thomas his Brother; went in Progresse to Latham, to make merrie with his Mother, and the Earle."* Henry and his Queen arrived at Knowsley on the 24th of June, 1495, and their reception was such as would at once re-cement the friendship between the King and his powerful subject and relative.†

We must now bring on the scene, one to whom we have often alluded, in this memoir, as the recorder of the virtues of our Foundress. John Fisher was born at Beverley in Yorkshire, where he was educated during his boyhood; he was then sent to Cambridge and entered at Michael House,‡ of which foundation, after proceeding to the degree of M.A., he was chosen Fellow. In the year 1494, he was Senior Proctor of the University, and during his year of office, he was sent up to Court, which was then at Greenwich. It was on this occasion that he was first introduced to Lady Margaret,|| who at once took a great liking to him, and on the promotion of Dr. Richard Fitz-James three years after to the see of Rochester, made Fisher her confessor in his place.

Although as we have seen Lady Margaret was thrice married, she had only one son, "as though," in the words of an old Chronicler,§ "she had done her part sufficiently for to have borne one man-child, and the same to be a king." She was now advancing in years, and her life was being devoted

* Bacon's *Henry VII.*, p. 139.

† Seacombe's *House of Stanley*, p. 43.

‡ Michael House was dissolved by Henry VIII. and made part of Trinity College.

|| In the Proctor's book the expenses of the journey are given in Fisher's own hand, and he adds the remark "Pransus eram apud Dominam Matrem Regis." Vide Lewis's *Life of Bishop Fisher*, Vol. I., p. 5.

§ Hall. *Edward IV.*, fol. 24.

more and more to the service of her God, and to those acts of piety, and works of charity which have made her name memorable. For the purpose therefore of still further carrying out that rigid discipline to which she subjected herself, she obtained permission from her husband to live for the remainder of her days in a state of celibacy, and accordingly took a solemn vow to that effect before Dr. Fitz-James, and afterwards renewed it before Fisher. She was likewise admitted a member of five if not more religious houses,* Westminster, Crowland, Durham, Wynburne, and the Charter-house at London; and Baker supposes that for these reasons her portrait is usually taken and depicted with a veil, and in the habit of a Nun.†

The following is a copy of Lady Margaret's profession of chastity :‡

In the presence of my lorde god Jhu Christe and his blessed mother the gloriose Virgin Sent Marie, and of all the hole companye of heven, and of you also my gostly father. I Margarete Richmonde, with full purpos and good deliberacion for the well of my synfull sowle, wyth all my hert promys frome hensforthe the chastite of my bodye. That is, never to use my bodye, having actuall knowlege of man after the comon usage in matrimonye. The which thing I had before purpassed in my lorde my husband's dayes, then being my gostly father the bissoppe of Rochester, Mr. Richard Fitzjames, and now eftsence I fully conferme itt as far as in me lyeth, beseeching my lord God, that he will this my poor wyll accept, to the remedye of my wretched lyffe and releve of my synfull sowle. And that he will gyve me his grace to performe the same. And also, for my more meryte and quyetnesse of my sowle in dowtful thyngs pertenyng to the same, I avowe to you, my Lorde of Rochester, to whome I am and hath bene, sence the first tyme I see you, admytted, verely determined (as to my cheffe trustye counselloure) to owe myne obeydence in all thyngs concernyng the well and profite of my sowle.

* Baker's *Preface to Funeral Sermon*, Hymer's Edition, p. 16.

† Her portrait which we present to the subscribers of *The Eagle* in this number, will be recognized as a copy of the picture in our hall. It was engraved for Miss Halstead's book, and we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., for the copies of the plate. The signature at the bottom is from one of her letters to her son.

‡ This has been preserved in our College Registers, and is printed in Lewis's *Life of Bishop Fisher*, Vol. II., p. 258.

The Earl of Derby died towards the end of the year 1504, and as the Countess speaks of herself as a widow in this vow, it must be dated after that year. It was probably about the year 1497, that she made her previous profession of chastity to Dr. Fitz-James.

Lady Margaret, as might be expected, took great interest in the training of her grandchildren. We have only mentioned the two eldest, but besides Arthur and Margaret, Henry the Seventh had two more sons, Henry and Edmond, and three more daughters. The youngest son was called Edmond in memory of his grandfather the Earl of Richmond, and his grandmother the Countess of Richmond was god-mother to him, and herself held him at the font.* This Prince however, in whom Lady Margaret would naturally take a deep interest, for he not only was christened after her first husband, but was created Duke of Somerset, her father's title, died in his infancy, and she consequently chose Henry as her special care. This is known by means of an inscription in the parish church of Bletsoe, on a monument to the memory of Sir John St. John,† who it is there stated was educated by this lady, together with her Grandson Prince Henry.‡ We can thus account for Henry's having at so early an age imbibed a taste for letters; and if he was towards the end of his reign the villain that some historians would make him, we ought to have a very high appreciation of her who trained him so well, that it was not for years after, that his natural disposition was able to overcome the virtue and goodness with which in his childhood he had been imbued.

* Sandford's *Genealogical History of the Kings of England*, Bk. 6, Ch. I., p. 447.

† Lyson's *Magna Britannia Bedfordshire*, pp. 58, 59.

‡ This Sir John St. John was eldest son of Sir Oliver St. John, half-brother to Lady Margaret, and son of her mother by her second husband Sir Oliver St. John. It is from this family that the Bolingbrokes are descended, the title being given from their connection with the Lady Margaret of Lancaster. *Vide Camden's Brit.*, Vol. I., p. 337. Miss Halsted's *Margaret Beaufort*, p. 197.



A LESSON OF LIFE.

"And the next dear thing I was fond to love
Is tenderer far to tell :
'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye,
That dazzled me with its spell."
(Coze).

THE violet dark, when morning dews
Upon its petals lie,
Calls to my mind the lovely hues
Of a dark and gentle eye :
The Sun hath ris'n, th' unsheltered flower
Is withered 'neath its ray,
That eye too in life's changeful hour
Shall close and pass away.

The rose in May doth bloom most fair,
Then is its scent most sweet,
When frequent showers refresh the air,
Before the summer's heat.
So fairest is the maiden's spring,
When life is in its May :
Ere older years their sorrows bring,
And drive young joys away.

Joys, said I ! ah ! what joy for me ?
Who, when my piteous prayer,
"O hear me, for I love but thee,
My life, my only care !"
Was uttered—heard this sad reply,
Tho' kindly, firmly given :—
"I cannot love thee, ask not why,
But turn thy thoughts to Heaven.

"For there, and only there, thou'lt find
A succour strong and sure :
To brace thy heart, confirm thy mind :
And teach thee to endure.

My spirit sorely grieves to see
The grief I'd fain allay :
Bear up, brave heart ! think not of me :
Forward on duty's way !"

Thus spoke she : and at first I thought
Her words were stern and cold :
But soon by trial was I taught
How true was all she told.
Yes, each man has a life to live :
Each has a world to brave :
In life with trouble thou must strive ;
Joy comes *beyond* the grave.





LIBERTY, A DIALOGUE.

Smith. Come, it has struck two by the Trinity clock, and is striking two by Johnian time. Shut up that book and let's start.

Jones. I'm ready, where is it to be to-day? Shall we walk down the bank and see the boats?

S. Very well: by the way, before I forget it, drop in at my rooms this evening, and take a hand at whist; Brown of Jesus, and Jones of King's are coming. As soon as you like after chapel.

J. I can't come, worse luck. Sport the door please. I wish I could. I'm gated, eight o'clock gates for cutting two lectures: its rather too bad: I call it an infringement on the liberty of an undergraduate.

S. It's a nuisance certainly.

J. It's worse than a nuisance; it's unjust; it's against all reason; it's——

S. Stop a bit; there must be penalties: who's to decide the amount?

J. Well, but I suppose you'll grant that even an undergraduate has a right to liberty.

S. But who is to decide what that liberty is?

J. Do you mean to say liberty is a mere matter of convention?

S. I don't mean to say any thing. I want to hear what you say. I wish you could tell me what liberty is. Never mind the gates now, but think of liberty in the abstract, and tell me whether you can give me a definition of it, for though I have been turning the matter over in my mind for some time, I cannot define liberty.

J. Definitions are always perilous: but to oblige you I'll try. Liberty then, is the power of doing what one will: no, that won't do for a practical definition. I want to define

an existing thing, not one of your Platonic ideas: now no man, I suppose, ever could, or ever can do, exactly what he wills.

S. Unless his will be superhumanly or infra-humanly moderate.

J. And we are talking of human, not of superhuman or infra-human liberty. True, well I should say liberty, I mean true human liberty, is the power of doing whatever does not injure one's neighbour.

S. Every man then ought to have the power of doing everything that does not injure his neighbour. You will include surely "saying" as well as "doing"?

J. Of course, "the power of doing or saying."

S. What can a man say to injure his neighbours? What expressions of thought would you allow? what suppress? Where would you draw the line?

J. Surely that's not hard to determine. Suppress libels, insults, such utterances in short, as are by our present laws suppressed and punished.

S. Are you aware that an attack on Christianity is at present punishable by law?

J. I forgot. Do you remember any recent instance of the infliction of such a punishment.

S. Yes, you will find in the celebrated *Essay on Liberty*, by Mr. Mill, that "an unfortunate man, said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment for uttering, and writing on a gate, some offensive words concerning Christianity."

J. Well, for my part, I think every man has a right to his opinion.

S. And to the expression of that opinion?

J. The expression is practically inseparable from the right of holding an opinion.

S. And may a man express his opinion in any way, to any degree of publicity?

J. I think so.

S. I fancy you must have heard just now that Italian organ-grinder as we passed by the Round Church; at least I judged so from the expression of your countenance, and it seemed to me you would have been not ill pleased to have seen the poor fellow, organ and all, sent off about his business by a policeman. Was I right?

J. That you were. Those organ-grinders are nuisances.

S. Do you then actually confess that you would willingly curtail that musician's liberty of grinding?

J. I would.

S. And why? Because he injures you?

J. Yes. He's a nuisance. A man has no right to make himself a nuisance to his neighbours.

S. And yet you saw how the little children were dancing in the gutter to the sound of his music; they enjoyed 'Rosalie the Prairie-Flower,' if you did not.

J. May be: but he's thought a nuisance by the majority, therefore I say put him down.

S. But this, his being a nuisance, is a mere question of liking and disliking, a matter of opinion.

J. Granted, but the opinion and likings or dislikings of the majority must be consulted.

S. Are liking and disliking predicated only of that which is pleasant or unpleasant to the senses?

J. How do you mean?

S. Why the organ-grinder offends your ears as we call it much in the same way as the sun dazzles one's eyes; but an obscene picture or filthy phrase visible on a public wall, though seen by the eyes, cannot be said in the same way to offend the eyes, but rather the mind.

J. Well.

S. I presume you would dislike such sights.

J. I hope so, we should at least in England.

S. And would you put them down?

J. Certainly.

S. And punish the perpetrators of such obscenities?

J. That follows of course.

S. Now don't you think there are some, say rather a good many persons, so constituted that their minds would be as shocked and offended by an offensive placard about Christianity, as by the filthy representations we just now mentioned? You may be able to regard such placards with the eye or mind of a philosopher. You may style them, expressions of opinion, results of ethical conviction, and whatever else you please, welcoming them as new comers and combatants, of a somewhat boisterous and unknightly mien, in the wide lists where Truth sits sovereign holding in her hand the reward destined for him whom the *melée* shall prove her most faithful champion, while herald-like the centuries, each in his turn, trumpet forth the great grand proclamation, that "God will show the right," that all the defenders of falsehood will perish, all true men and all true things live for ever. But don't you think the majority, the men who work for their bread, who buy and sell, and eat

and drink and sleep, to whom life is not of the nature of a discussion, the men who cannot always be "verifying their Ready Reckoner," not having either skill or time enough for that purpose, but must rub through the problems of life with their Reckoner as it is, with all the faults that may arise from defects of education, or self-will, or circumstances; don't you think this majority, the majority (if you remember) you just now mentioned, will intensely dislike a statement that their Ready Reckoner is incorrect publicly presented to or rather forced on their notice. Still more, if the statement were not confined to Christianity itself, but ventured to touch on the character of the Founder of that religion, looking at the matter with the most dispassionate coldness, and separating yourself as far as possible from the feelings of a Christian, do you not suppose that assertions which would cause you some indignation if publicly issued concerning any friend of yours, would arouse indignation and more than indignation if obtruded on walls, and gates, and in the public streets, upon the eyes of people who regarded the person thus violently and publicly stigmatized as their friend, their king, and their God?

J. It must be so.

S. Do you not think these assertions would cause dislike, dislike I mean to the majority, and if so——

J. If so, they may be suppressed, you would say, I see where it ends, but I was wrong before.

S. How wrong?

J. Men must not be guided by likings and dislikings. Look at the history of the world and read there what mischief, what absurdities, these false guides have caused. In one country a man cannot eat pork publicly, in another he must not eat beef, in a third he dare not whistle on a Sunday; and all this from following likings and dislikings instead of reason.

S. I hail Reason then—she is to be our future guide. And now suppose her installed in her office, whither will she lead us in the dubious paths that involve the question of the organ-grinder? Will she allow you to suppress him?

J. Certainly, because of the real harm that results from his attempts at melody. To an invalid they are torture, and to every man with a pair of ears they are unpleasant to a degree that causes harm, in creating irritation or distracting thought. I would suppress the organ-grinder as I would suppress a man who fired off blank cartridge in the street, because the sound deafens and bewilders a man, causing to a certain extent real harm.

S. I don't know exactly what you mean by real harm; at present you seem to me to speak merely of physical harm. However what physical or real harm is caused by these pictures and representations, which we agreed, if publicly represented, ought to be suppressed?

J. No physical harm but still great and real harm. No amount of mere disgust or loathing should warrant us in suppressing them or anything else; our true warrant for their suppression is the immorality generated by such public exhibitions.

S. Then the state may suppress whatever has a tendency to generate immorality?

J. Yes.

S. Or in other words, (for the state must of course act upon its own conceptions) may suppress whatever it conceives to have an immoral tendency. You say nothing, for perhaps the vision of an old man in prison, a bowl of hemlock by his side, dying on the charge of corrupting the youth of his native country, makes you pause a little. I won't mention another instance, or weary you by dragging you through the long gallery of honest persecuting faces that history has treasured, for you know as well as I do that there was never a religious persecution set on foot but had this pretext—the suppression of immorality.

J. It has proved certainly a dangerous and misused weapon.

S. It has. And besides it is supposed by some, even in the nineteenth century, that religion and morality are in some way connected together. This supposition is possibly entertained by our present government, they may believe that, as a general rule, there is some connection between morality and Christianity, between immorality and the denunciation of Christianity, and, if such is their belief, they may, on your principle, rightfully suppress and punish an open attack on Christianity, whether made by word of mouth, or on a public wall, or in a printed book; will you admit that right?

J. Certainly not.

S. Then a government has not authority to suppress anything merely because it has immoral tendencies.

J. It has not. Do you think it has?

S. Pardon me—let's go on, for I have a way of expressing myself lengthily and mistily when I give my opinion, and can never satisfy myself or any one else; besides I shall take up every minute of our walk if you once set me going.

May I ask you then whether you still think public obscenities should be suppressed?

J. Yes, of that I am quite certain.

S. And suppressed, not because they *are* immoral?

J. I suppose not.

S. Then for what other reason?

J. I suppose we must come back again to our likings and dislikings, and yet what lesson can history be said to teach us, if it does not teach us to avoid such false 'will o' the wisps'?

S. Can you see away there over Midsummer Common a tall fellow in University-blue just leaping on to old Moses' ferry?

J. Yes, it's Gulielmides.

S. It is, Gulielmides of St. John's. He's over six feet, and weighs I don't know how many stone. This afternoon he'll pull five in the University Boat, and they will row down past the locks to Baitsbite and further, for anything I know. Don't you imagine that by the time he's come back and stripped and dressed again, he'll have a keener appetite than you will after your leisurely promenade along the bank.

J. Probably, but what of that?

S. And if you were set down to his dinner and obliged to consume the three, four, or more beefsteaks, which will rapidly disappear before Gulielmides, an imperious physician standing over you all the while, heedless of your remonstrances and forcing you to continue swallowing till you had swallowed the whole, would you not begin to think lightly of your medical adviser?

J. That I should.

S. For you would quote against him fairly enough the old proverb "what's food for the tinker's death to the tailor," or, in other words, "the dinner that's just enough for Gulielmides is too much for me."

J. I should.

S. If he still persisted, you would say you could not get it down, you loathed it, and your stomach rejected it.

J. I should be more likely to walk past him out of hall; however, what you say expresses the truth.

S. And suppose your doctor said to you "You most unreasonable of my patients, this comes of liking and disliking and listening to the dictates of such foolish fancies. I tell you Gulielmides will eat this dinner and thrive on it, and be four times as strong and hearty as you;" would you

not answer that these likings and dislikings represented the voice of nature bidding you desist from eating? "Find fault if you will," you would reply, "with my constitution, but don't find fault with my likings at least in this instance. Give me the strong frame and constitution of Gulielmides and I will row as far and eat as much and thrive on it as well, but as long as I am what I am, plain Jones of Trinity, and my constitution is what it is, I can't eat as much as he does. Alter my constitution, and then, when you have made a stronger man of me, you won't find me nice about a beef-steak or two; but at present these likings which you find so objectionable are part and parcel of my very being, and must be obeyed, or else I know by experience what will be the consequence. I shall be sleepy in the evening, unable to read a line, and bilious and out of sorts to-morrow. "Experientia docet." Would you say that?

J. A little more briefly perhaps.

S. I walk rebuked and admit the justice of your censure, only mind I forewarned you of my failing. However, when we turn to the Hindoos and laugh at them for not enduring to see a cow killed, or at the Mussulmans for loathing the very notion of a banquet on pork, might they not retort on us in the same way? "Don't find fault with this notion, this disliking of ours, it is the mere result of our religion, alter our religion if you can, find fault with our religion if you will, but as long as we hold that religion, the practices you mention must be as offensive to us as the spectacle of your sacred supper, publicly parodied or contemned, would be to you. At some future time we may view the slaughter of a cow or the eating of pork with impassive faces, but it will be when we have ceased to adore Brahma or revere the name of Mohammed."

J. I think that would be a sensible answer enough, but then,—then we are left again to the mercy of our unreasonable likings and dislikings. Will you answer me a question?

S. With pleasure.

J. Did you ever feel unwell after a grand dinner or supper?

S. I wish I could say no.

J. Were you made unwell by eating what you liked, or what you disliked?

S. With few exceptions, by the former, by what I liked.

J. And it was your liking that induced you to eat.

S. Yes.

J. To eat things unwholesome, hurtful to you?

S. Yes.

J. And I dare say often too prefer these hurtful things to others on the table less or in no ways hurtful?

S. I must admit it.

J. Therefore your liking, you see, your voice of nature often leads you astray it seems; and your imperious physician would have stood you in good stead at these entertainments had he contradicted the voice of nature.

S. I grant it.

J. By analogy will not this apply to nations? Must they not sometimes be forced by stern physicians, imperious Akbars, and imperious Charlemagnes, to contravene their likings?

S. They must.

J. I have no more questions to ask, for I wish to hear now what you say to this.

S. It seems agreed between us that our likings and dislikings sometimes lead us wrong. Did we not also agree that sometimes, as in the case of your dinner, they also lead us right?

J. We did.

S. Are we then always to obey, or always to disobey; or sometimes to obey, sometimes disobey our likings?

J. Sometimes obey, sometimes disobey,—but, pardon my interrupting you, and who's to apply this 'sometimes' to rational questions?

S. I don't know yet. Let us confine ourselves to individual questions. If you, in your own living and diet, sometimes obey and at others disobey your likings and dislikings, tell me, who will be your guide in your obedience or disobedience? for you resisted just now, if you remember, the voice of the imperious physician.

J. I should eat and drink whatever came before me, not troubling myself about it, unless it disagreed with me.

S. How would you know it disagreed with you?

J. By experience.

S. And from such meats and drinks as on repeated experience disagreed with you, you would, I presume, refrain, spite of the recommendation of the most able physician, even if they were the common food of ordinary people, so that if after repeated trials you found it disagreed with you, Hippocrates himself would not be able to persuade you to eat roast beef.

J. No, not even if Galen backed him.

S. For you would declare the physician outstepped his province in saying roast beef did not disagree with you: this question belonged to the sphere of your own experience.

J. Of course.

S. On the other hand if Hippocrates were to reply mildly, with a look of compassion; "my good young friend, I don't dispute your assertion: beef does not agree with you; I can well believe it from your personal appearance; you look wretchedly sallow, your shoulders stoop most painfully, the very whites of your eyes betray your miserable condition, for I should be the last doctor in the world to advise you in your present state to eat beef: but take my advice, walk a mile before breakfast, play at fives or rackets, or row in moderation between twelve and two, instead of peripateticizing on the bank, or along the Trumpington road, take a little quinine three times a day for a week, and never read later than ten, and I promise you in a month's time, you shall be able to eat beef with the best of them,—it would perhaps be worth considering whether we should take such advice as this.

J. Yes, it would.

S. Again before we rejected our physician's injunctions, would it not be necessary to have not only experience but continuous experience?

J. I should have thought a man could soon have told what disagreed with him.

S. Has it never entered into your head to imagine the feelings of the first man who ever took one of those powerful boluses which homœopathists discard, in plain English a blue pill and black draught,—the gradual transition from anguish and distrust and despair of life on the first day to gloomy acquiescence on the second, followed by calm complacency and perfect health on the third and fourth,—how, if he were absolute monarch of the district, the agonized patient would probably impale the wretched druggist on awaking in the morning, give him burial in the evening, and let fall a tear over his costly sepulchre on the following day?

J. Well certainly the poor physician would have received neither mercy nor justice.

S. But a continuous experience of four days would have rendered the ill-fated man independent of the former, and only anxious for the latter.

J. True.

S. And there are some medicines that require a far longer and more continuous experience.

J. There are.

S. We agree then that on the one hand we shall refuse to listen to a physician who says that this or that does not disagree with our constitution if we find the contrary in continued experience: on the other hand, if our physician attempts to alter our constitution for the better, we shall perhaps listen to him, and, if we adopt his prescription, shall follow it out long enough to give him a fair trial.

J. We agree so far.

S. Then, if the physicians of a nation, the political philosophers, find fault with the likings and dislikings of that nation, may not the nation, in some case, retort on the philosophers as you and I just now retorted on the physician?

J. But these national likings and dislikings are, nine cases out of ten, against all reason.

S. Why so are the likings and dislikings of individuals. Some people, as Shylock says, cannot endure a "wollen bag-pipe," some "a cheese," some "a gaping pig." I've heard of a man who could not bear to pass through any entrance, however broad, because he fancied himself too large for the passage. An energetic physician attempted to undeceive him by forcing him through a door, and whether he was undeceived or not I do not know, but I know he died of it. Or, to proceed to less uncommon instances, some people can't endure the presence of a cat, some can't eat sage and onion, some can't drink port wine. There's no reason in all these dislikings, they are unreasonable, and besides, exceedingly inconvenient, and a physician who should remove them would confer on his patient a benefit, but what would you say to the physician who should compel one valetudinarian to eat sage and onion, another to drink port daily, and a third to surround himself with a perpetual company of cats; and this by way of remedy?

J. You are not quite fair here. It is not an object with men that they should be able to eat onions or drink port: it is an object with all mankind that truth should be disseminated. If I saw a man pining to death because he disliked bread, and had no other food, I should advise him or, if I could, force him to eat bread. If I see a nation pining to death in a famine of truth, caused by a national dislike for the free expression of thought, shall not I advise, or if possible, force that nation to feed on the food of truth?

S. True, not however as a remedy of that dislike, but to prevent an evil greater than the offence done to that dislike,

to prevent the death, in the one case of the man, in the other of the nation.

J. Quite so.

S. Do you think you would be successful in forcing a man to eat bread?

J. Probably not.

S. Or in advising him to eat?

J. That would depend on the intensity of his dislike and the clearness with which he foresaw the consequences of his present conduct.

S. At all events you would, I imagine, unless death were imminent, employ first all the means of your art, such as exercise, medicine, change of scene, or what not, to remove the cause of the man's disliking.

J. I suppose so. But will you give me a straightforward answer to a straightforward question?

S. If I can.

J. If the likings and dislikings of nations are sometimes to be neglected and sometimes to be regarded, and the advice of the politician whom you call the nation's physician is also, when opposed to these feelings, sometimes to be adopted and at others rejected, when are the former to prevail and when the latter? Who or what is to be the arbitrator between the two? What's your principle, your theory on the matter?

S. Do you ask me? I have no principle but what the argument may teach us. Tell me when you reject your physician's advice, on what ground do you reject it?

J. I'm tired of that physician. But, supposing I place confidence in him I should never reject his advice unless it were contrary to my own experience.

S. Then if your own experience is the arbitrator between you and your physician, why may not experience, the experience of a nation be the arbitrator between a nation and the politician?

J. Because a nation cannot make experiments on itself as easily as an individual can.

S. You mean then that a politician has advantages over the body politic that a physician has not over his patient?

J. I do.

S. Does not an able physician derive his ability from experience, experience of the constitutions of individuals?

J. He does.

S. And so also an able politician from the experience of the constitutions of nations?

J. Yes.

S. Experience resulting from experiments whether designed or undesigned made by nations?

J. Yes.

S. And if these experiments are hard of execution the source of our politician's knowledge is to some extent dried up, and his knowledge will diminish equally with the knowledge of the nation itself.

J. Perhaps it will.

S. And when you consider that while a physician derives much of his knowledge from personal observation and comparison of different cases, a politician, in his scarcity of experiments, must rely mainly on musty books, containing facts that are sometimes not facts, and always dead dry facts; reading many supplementations and colourings before they can exhibit a living scene, so that from a single page for instance of a monkish chronicle two different historians will present their several readers with two distinct or opposite pictures: you may perhaps hesitate before attributing to the politician a superiority over the physician in the mastery of their respective sciences.

J. Well, perhaps so.

S. Further, if you bear in mind the full force of what you said just now, that it is easier to make experiments on an individual than on a nation; that you can alter the times and seasons of your family with greater impunity than the customs and institutions of a great people, that in the management of all large masses of men, law and order are so necessary, as almost to warrant us in preferring the certainty of bad to the uncertainty of good institutions, that although in attempting to remove the aches and pains of a single patient, you may often employ a medicine which, if it does little good, can at least do no harm; on the other hand, in the constitutions of nations, the change produced by every remedy (and every remedy of necessity produces change) unless so blended with the vital progress of the country as in reality to be no change, but rather the continuation of relative identity by means of positive change, is apart from all other considerations in itself an evil, so that the medicines of politicians are either medicines indeed or else poisons, but scarcely ever neutral: bearing all this in mind perhaps you will be less severe on the old conservative Locrians, whose law-givers could propose no new law but in a hempen neck-tie.

J. I'm not too sure about all this; but I'll grant that the

politician stands to the nation in no superior position than that occupied by the physician with respect to his patient. I grant that, if you like; but I'm not satisfied, we have skimmed round the subject somehow and not come to any definite conclusion. However, I have only one observation to make. According to your system, the suppression of thought, you and I would in all human probability not be Christians at this moment. At all events had you lived at the right time you would have persecuted Christianity, you would, for anything I know, have looked on approvingly at the flames that consumed the grey-haired Polycarp, you would have roared "Cyprian to the lions," you would have—

S. Stop a moment—why so?

J. Why, what would you have done if an enthusiastic neophyte had, like that man in Cornwall we spoke of, rushed out of a Corinthian meeting-house fresh from hearing St. Paul's letter, and, thinking himself authorised by the Apostle in believing that the sacrifices of his heathen friends and neighbours were offered not to Gods but to devils, had gone and written up on the principal entrance of the temple of Zeus—

"Zeus is a Devil."—

what would you have done when the Corinthian mob, headed by the priest of the offended God, came dragging the man before you, if you had been sitting in Gallio's judgment seat?

S. I should have ordered my lictors to take off his clothes and give him a sound scourging.

J. You would?

S. Certainly.

J. Well I must say I admire you for your consistency, but I don't think every one would confess as much.

S. Surely you are mistaken.

J. Mistaken? Do you mean to say that one out of a hundred Christians would admit that had he been in Gallio's place he would have scourged the great Apostle of the Gentiles for writing what he wrote in his letter to the Corinthians?

S. I hope not. I would not for my part.

J. But just now you said you would.

S. Pardon me: let me repeat your words; you talked of an "enthusiastic neophyte writing on a gate."

J. Well, on a gate or in a book, it's all the same.

S. There I differ from you. The two cases seem to me very different. In the one case an opinion is published, in the other obtruded.

J. And would you make a legal distinction between writing on a wall or in a book.

S. Yes certainly, just as prints that would be uncensurable and necessary in a treatise on medicine or anatomy, should be censurable and punishable if exhibited on a public wall. Perhaps I should go further and distinguish, as I have heard is the custom in France, between a pamphlet or book and a newspaper. Everybody reads and must read the newspapers, you need not read more than the title of a book or pamphlet.

J. Well, if I'm candid enough to admit there's something in what you say, will you give me your own idea about true liberty?

S. My dear fellow, I really hardly like to do so. I feel half afraid, lest like old Midas, I shall be overheard by those horse-chestnuts in the Jesus grounds on our right, and they will waft away my definition, and whisper it into the ears of some practical man.

J. Is then your definition so unpractical?

S. Nay, it shall not be my definition. We will fix it on our old friend the Argument, as the price for not deserting him. Answer me then, what is the true food for every man? Is it not that food which both in quantity or quality will develop his constitution?

J. Yes. And in the same way I suppose you'll say true liberty is the power of doing that which develops one's moral and mental nature. But why are you silent?

S. I am wondering whether you will admit that as our article phrases it, there is "a fault and corruption" in the nature of every man.

J. You don't mean I suppose that any part of the whole system, what is called for instance one of the animal passions, is in itself faulty, but that there is a derangement in the system, something unnatural in the nature of man, so that man is not corrupt by nature strictly speaking, but by the fault in his nature, just as a clock does not go wrong by nature but by the fault of its nature.

S. You exactly express my meaning, and provided you set this interpretation on the word 'nature' I adopt your definition. Liberty is the power of development according to nature, what some people call one's higher nature.

J. But this is unpractical indeed, and about as inconvenient and ridiculous an incumbrance as Midas' ears. If now liberty were "the power of doing what one wills" or "the power of doing what the majority wills, or whatever

does not offend the majority," or some definite tangible thing or other, then every plain man and every nation could tell whether they had it: but now if the French complain that the yoke galls them a little, or the Prussians would like their collar somewhat wider, or the English labouring classes are discontented enough to want a present if not a future admission to the franchise, there's one answer for all "you are being developed according to your respective natures," and what's likely to be the reply but a flat denial, and between positive assertion and positive denial what good shall we get?

S. My good friend have you ever read of the case of a miserable creature named Caspar, (I have forgotten his other name) who was penned up throughout his infancy, childhood, and early youth, in one small room scarcely large enough for the most trifling motion, taught neither to talk nor read nor even to walk, or use the ordinary motions of mankind. It is surely conceivable that the poor wretch might limit his desires to his world of six feet every way, and might prefer shambling on all fours to the artificial pain of walking on the extremities of only two of his limbs, and might be so contented with his inarticulate mumblings as to desire no more subtle vehicles of thought. He would on that supposition have "the power of doing what he willed;" but would he be free?

J. No. But what an exceptional case you are taking.

S. Would it be better for Caspar to know that he was not truly free or to have his jailers and feeders, as far as they could, encourage him by counter-shambling and counter-mumbling in the belief that his life of shambling and mumbling was the life of all beings like himself, and there was no higher, no freer life than his.

J. If the poor fellow had a chance of obtaining freedom, he should be told he was not free.

S. I agree with you, and for that reason, because I believe they have the chance of freedom or at least a higher freedom. I would rather have men and nations aim at a higher liberty than they possess, instead of deluding themselves into the belief that they already possess full liberty. You accuse me of taking an exceptional case, but though the case is an exaggerated one in degree, it seems to me in kind to represent the condition of all men. We are all to some extent undeveloped: you and I less developed than the author of the *Essay on Liberty*, more developed than the ploughboy whose whole vocabulary is comprised in some three hundred words; we are all slaves more or less to our

ignorance and the narrowness of our tastes and wishes. When you lay in bed yesterday morning and neglected your eight o'clock lecture, you woke up on the chapel bell's ringing and turned on your side and said to yourself, "No, I won't get up." You were in bed by eleven the night before, so that you had had plenty of sleep, you would have been the fresher for getting up and you would have kept your lecture, but "you did what you willed," you lay in bed, and were punished by a head-ache in the morning and by being gated in the evening. Now according to your practical definition you here used liberty, and the punishment was an infringement on your liberty; according to my unpractical definition the punishment was perfectly consistent with your true liberty.

J. Oh that's all very well for madmen or drunkards, or children or unfortunate people "in statu pupillari," but for full-grown men and nations it would not do.

S. But what if, as there are and always have been in the world barbarous nations that must be treated like children and require a paternal government, so in any particular nation, in England for example, the government or governing classes believe that there is and always has been a large number of men who must not be entrusted with the full liberty and rights of citizens; and what if, with rough and ready justice, they attempt to exclude all such persons by some standard of rejection dependent on land or property, or some similar qualification, is that fair or unfair?

J. Unfair certainly. You make the government or, in other words, the higher middle classes absolute arbitrators in the decision which excludes the lower class. In fact you have hit on the very blot of your definition. Who's to decide, I repeat, between the Prussians and their king, the French and their emperor, between—

S. Suppose you let the French and Prussians alone to settle their difficulties as they probably will. You know that if your physician orders you to eat or drink something which on repeated experience proves unwholesome to you, you refuse to touch it, and if he persists, you change your physician. As this is the common course with a private man, so is it generally in the history of nations, and perhaps the process may receive additional instances from the cases you mention. For either these two nations will find that what they have been considering unwholesome is a medicine, unpalatable indeed and bitter at present, but beneficial in its future consequences, or they will, however inconvenient and

difficult that change may be, eventually change their physicians. For I am not one of those who believe, whatever may be the fate of mortal men, that nations which have the advantage of semi-immortality, can for ever, to the end, be persuaded or forced by any means to follow the prescriptions or pay the fees of physicians who persist in giving them advice that is radically destructive of their constitution.

J. And in England?

S. In England it seems to me that if the brain and heart so claim the physician's attention as really to detract from the care that should be given to the industrious though despised stomach, the stomach will, by evident signs of distress and irritation, attract the physician's notice, and indeed inflict such inconvenience on the whole patient that the universal body will be eager that the stomach should receive additional advantages; but if, before the cravings of the stomach can be satisfied, it has need of toning up of improvement and education, then that useful member must wait a little longer. But I should hesitate if I were you before I used the words fair or unfair about such matters.

J. Why, don't you think these epithets applicable to forms of government?

S. To forms of government—no: to motives of government and methods of carrying into effect forms of government—yes. If a man or class is so biassed by selfishness as knowingly to govern ill for the governed, that government is unfair: but unless you can determine (and sometimes you can) the motives of the governing body, I should prefer to call a mistaken, or unsuitable form of government an error, because I have no absolute principle which will at once enable me to say, "this form of government," despotism for instance, "is wrong," or "that form," a republic, "is right," inasmuch as either may be right, and either wrong, according as it does or does not suit and develop the nation by which it is adopted. And so the exclusion of the poorer classes of Englishmen may be right now, and necessary now, but will, I hope, be both wrong and unnecessary in the England of fifty or a hundred years hence. But until I think worse of the governing classes of England than I do at present, I shall not call this exclusion unfair, nor should I even if I thought it inexpedient.

J. Then will you tell me, in the name of all that is clear, plain, definite and straightforward, and all else that is opposed to the obscurity of the Socratic dialectic, besides your most unpractical definition of Liberty, what other guide have

you to indicate, I won't say what is fair or unfair, but what is right or wrong?

S. Shortly then—experience; and as regards liberty the experience of unlearning.

J. I won't say another word, for we are scarcely fifty yards from the bank and then we shall have to leave off, if we are to look at the boats, but I'll give you till then to explain yourself, and I won't interrupt you.

S. Well then it seems to me that the whole history of government and liberty is a history of unlearning. For, to begin with the first governor and the first subject: when Seth grew up to man's estate, increasing in wisdom and stature, and began day by day to rival Adam in strength of body and mind, begetting sons and daughters and gathering round him a family and connexions and influence of his own, do you suppose the first father watched the first son without a half regretful feeling that he must unlearn something of his old paternal habit of governing? Would you blame Adam or call him unfair if he did not learn his lesson of unlearning as fast as nature would have taught it him, or would you be severe on Seth if he were inclined to unlearn somewhat too quickly? Would you ridicule the misgivings of the first father if, as the loving confidence of infancy gave place to the absolute obedience of childhood, and obedience to respect, and respect to deference, and deference in its turn, circling back again to the feelings of infancy, yielded to loving gratitude for one who now needed rather than afforded help—the old man looked back at each stage of his government as it passed away from him, unable to suppress a sigh for its departure, wondering what was to come next, bewildered by the repetition of change after change, and in each change foreseeing the destruction of all righteous relations and intercourse between himself and his son? I should not blame him for his doubts and hesitations, for all must doubt who go to experience for schooling, and what think you, was it but experience that taught the first father and the first son their complete lesson of repeated changes,—experience, the voice of God speaking to men through the events of their daily and hourly life?

Again, take a small state of antiquity in the very earliest times, and consider how in a community of some half-a-dozen families, surrounded perhaps by wild beasts or human enemies, each citizen must practise the use of arms; how each must guard by day, or take his turn of sentinel by night, and none can be exempt from the proscription that

must recruit their little army; further, how unseemly, not to say inconvenient, pernicious to all religion depending on something else than "evidences," it would be that on their solemn holidays the infant state assembled within its one small temple, should find their worship disturbed by unknown names and rites, by uncouth movements and shapeless foreign images; how necessary for that village congregation the unity of thought which we call a national religion: lastly, where at any time an inadvertent action of a single citizen, even though directly it only affected himself, might bring down danger or destruction on the whole number, how strict must be the laws regulating the indirect influence of man upon man, and where the citizens of a state were an army, an army at any time liable to active service, how necessary must be habits of ready unflinching obedience to the appointed ruler.

And now when the six swelled into sixty thousand families, and the little village became a country with a capital, and the rough-hewn enclosure that sufficed for the worship of a score or two of worshippers had given place to a vast temple fit for a vast nation, can you wonder if the King still claimed as his due the absolute obedience once willingly and naturally rendered to the strong man, the wise counsellor, the valiant warrior, if the priest still hugged the memory of the old uniformity or rather identity of idolatry, if the elders looked with severe eyes on the gradual relaxation of regulations which their forefathers had found necessary for the welfare of their country, and which they themselves still regarded with a respect the more obstinate because now unreasonable? I should not wonder at their hesitation; for who was it that taught the King that he was no longer the one strong wise and valiant man, or the priest that he was no longer the sole trumpet of the breath of God, or the elders that their old order must change, and give place to new; who but the slow-speeched, stammering teacher, Experience? Remember also that it is from the small states, not from the large states of ancient times, that we have derived most of our experience of ancient government, and ask yourself whether our larger states may not unconsciously have adopted fetters that were then suitable, but are now unsuitable; whether we require now the same restraint of individual and accumulation of public power, the same laws either as regards military science, or participation in the national religion, or the indirect influence of citizen on citizen. Then remember on the other

hand that throughout its whole history the English nation has answered this question in the negative, and has steadily for centuries persisted in relaxing restraint after restraint, and unlearning the teachings of antiquity, and ask yourself whether we have gone far enough already, at least for the present, or must yet go further in unlearning: and if the governing classes of England seem to you unreasonably slow, let me remind you, once for all, that they too, like the first father and the first nation, are scholars in the school of experience, a teacher laden with the knowledge and books and parchments and monuments of six thousand years, but still to this day as slow of speech as ever.

But here we are off the common and on the bank, and men begin to look at us as though our conversation were a little out of place.

J. Well, let us leave off now, but mind, I by no means say I agree with your opinion, and indeed, I'm not certain I could exactly say what your opinion is: besides, you have done little more than just touch on one point of liberty—liberty of thought.—And, what with likings and dislikings, and physicians and politicians, I feel as confused as poor old Demea after he had consulted with his three wise lawyers, and am quite ready to cry with him, “fecisti probe: ego multo incertior sum quam dudum.”

S. At any rate I have had quite enough of it for the present if you have not; when we come back again, if you are not tired, we may perhaps have a word or two about Liberty of Action; for I agree with you that we have but touched on what is only a part of a vast subject; and, if you feel like old Demea, I can assure you I sympathize with his lawyer, and answer you, “ego censeo amplius deliberandum, res magna'st.” And now for the boats.





PSYCHE.*

I.

BRIGHT Aphrodité, golden Queen of Love,
Fair as the drifted foam of that blue Sea
Which girds the strand of lone Cythera's isle,
Lay wrapt in sun-lit clouds, which, when with her,—
So bright, so fair,—compared, their splendour dusk'd.
One hand and arm, upraised, sustained her head,
Part hid amid the golden sea of hair
Which waved its ceaseless flow adown her neck
And bosom soft, then mingled with the clouds
That bathed her limbs transparent. Tender Loves,
Upborne on azure wings, around her plied
Their amorous flight: but she not heeding lay—
Watching with eye unmoved the crisping waves.
Long time then thus she lay:—at length between
Her rosy lips parted half displayed
A pearly row,—more fair than those bright gems,
Which, like a thread of silver glory, line
The sapphire parapets of heavenly homes,—
As though to speak: but yet her voice was stayed.
Nathless ere long the inner fire burst forth;
And in the stillness rang her voice divine:—
“Must I then yield to her, a mortal girl,—
A princess though she be,—of royal loves
The fairest fruit and offspring latest born?—
I, whose vast sway o'er men and gods and all
That feel a passion-pulse within their breasts,
Till now nor rival knew nor greater power!
Where are the thronging vot'ries round the gates
Of Cindus' fane? Why glows not—incense fed—
The flame on Cytherean altars now?—
Envail'd in which I loved to approach unseen
The kneeling suppliant, and to lend my ear

* Vid. Apuleius *Metamorph.* IV., V., VI.

To catch the whispered vow or soft-breathed prayer !
 Speeds there no boat for me, (with wings as white
 As are the dove's that nestles on my breast),
 While eager hands and hearts direct its course,
 To Cyprus' isle ; All faithless, all are gone !
 Before her temple prostrate suppliants lie,
 With hand on mouth ; to her all prayers ascend ;
 All breathe her hateful name ; all hymn her praise ;
 And faithless priests for her desert my shrines,
 Forgetful of the dark mysterious vows,
 Forgetful of their Goddess, worship, power,
 And secret revelations of my will !
 What boots it that th' Idean shepherd-boy,
 Whose judgment Father Zeus approvèd well,
 Assigned to me the prize of excellence,
 And placed the golden apple in my hand ;
 When angry Heré knit her queenly brow,
 And the gray eyes of Pallas flashed with wrath ?—
 Goddess or mortal woman though she be,
 Who claims my rightful honours for her own
 Shall feel my vengeful power, and own me Queen !"—
 —A rustling of soft wings,—delicious sense
 Of life ethereal, presence all divine,—
 And odours as from heavenly mansions drawn—
 She turned her eyes love-languid. Sportive words
 And silver music of a welcome tongue
 Played on her senses. For a moment fled
 All vengeful anger from her beauteous face.
 For youthful Eros, youngest of the gods,
 Stood by her ; laughter-light upon his lips
 Belied the wrath that darkened his fair brow.
 She took him to her arms ; and on her breast
 Pillowed, in soft embrace, his rosy cheek.
 While he :—" Why frowns my lady mother ? What
 Hath stirred the heated current of thy blood,
 And tinged that cheek that ne'er should blush, but when
 Enamoured gods extol its loveliness ?"—
 She blushing kissed his dimpled cheek well pleased :—
 But sighed again and frownèd ; as she thought—
 " What profit brings my beauty, if despised ?"
 And answer made, in anger, to her son ;
 Telling the tale of her contempt and shame ;
 How all men honour Psyche fair, (for so
 Her royal parents called their youngest child,
 Their dearest as their fairest child of all).
 " And now by all the pledges of my love,
 By those most gently cruel darts of thine,
 Which gladden while they wound th' enraptured soul ;

And honey-sweet consuming flames* of love,
 O hear me! Work a work of bitter woe,
 That I may find delight in deep revenge.
 Give ear to my behest:—Inflame her heart
 With most resistless love and strong desire
 Of one, the vilest of the sons of men,
 Whom fortune hath bereft of honour, wealth,
 And all the gifts that bless the soul of man:
 So abject that his equal be not found,
 Tho' all the earth be searchèd through and through!"

Once more she pressed his lips; then to the shore
 With light tho' queenly step she took her way.
 A rosy foot she planted on the wave,
 Which bowed its eager crest beneath her tread.
 Forthwith the fifty daughters of the king,
 Who keeps his court beneath the stormy sea,
 Gathered around her, fairest of the fair:—
 Neræe, Spio, and Cymodocée,
 And blue-eyed Glaucé; and Cymothoé,
 Swift as the storm-swept wave; and Halia
 With eyes as soft as are the mountain roe's,
 And Amalthea with her golden hair;
 Apseudes too, with undefilèd lips;
 And Galatea famed for rarest beauty,—
 With their fair sisters,—all that lightly cleave
 With glistening arm and bosom the deep waves
 That flow around the mansions of their sire.
 Then yoked the Tritons bold the snow-white steeds
 Beneath her car; and o'er the waters sent
 The music of their loud-resounding conchs.
 Some raised above her head a silken shade;
 Some held the polished surface of a shell,
 That bore the reflex of her heavenly form:
 While others played around the snorting steeds.—
 She thus attended sought the watery main.

Within her chamber up the palace tower
 Sat sorrowing Psyche; gazing fixedly
 From out the window on the setting sun.
 But though she gazed, yet saw she nothing there,
 Though all the sky was bathed in brightest glow,
 For saddest thoughts bereft her eyes of sight.
 She yearned for love; her nature longed to throw
 Itself upon another unreserved.—
 "For how should woman walk alone through life,
 Who lacks the strength to bear the brunt of ills?—

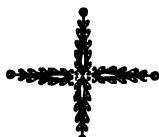
* "*Mellitas uredines*," Apuleius *Metamorph.* 1v.

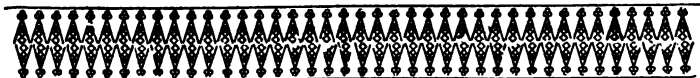
But when she feels the circling arm of one
 Whose glory is to shield her from all harm,
 And loves to feel her rest her all in him,
 Then life is life indeed when lived with him !
 And so she dares confiding in his strength
 To face the troubles that before she feared,
 And lightens all his cares with her sweet love.—
 And tempering thus his coarser moods of mind
 With all-persuasive gentleness, while he
 Imparts his strength into her feebler breast,
 So build they up a bulwark 'gainst life's ills.
 Each all to each, forgetful each of self,
 Save where that self-forgetfulness involves
 The other's harm, nor sure advantage brings.
 No fairer sight is there upon this earth
 Than gentleness with manly virtue wedded !
 But I—ah me!—must never know that joy ;—
 Though all men call me beautiful, more fair
 Than golden Aphrodité, queen of Love,—
 Yet must I lack a wedded husband still.—
 Down to black Hades and the land of death
 I sojourn friendless, childless, all alone ;
 And they will bear me to my deep-dug bed,
 Who should, with sound of hymeneal hymn,
 With gladsome dance and light of nuptial torch,
 Have led me to the chamber where my spouse
 Would take me proudly to his manly breast.—
 No babes, the pledges of my dear lord's love,
 Will on my happy bosom babble 'Mother!'—
 Oh gods ! a heavy penalty I pay
 For all my beauty."

Thus from day to day
 She mourned her fate ; until thro' secret grief
 She drooped and pined ; like some neglected flower
 Untended by the hand of man, by dews
 Unvisited, withering 'neath the midday sun ;
 And health and beauty-bloom forsook her cheek ;
 And moving like a phantom through the house
 She tended still her parents with fond care.
 But when they saw her daily pine and sicken,
 And her pale face grow paler day by day,
 Fearing some envy of the immortal gods
 Who aye exact a heavy penalty
 For some great gift to men, surpassing wont,—
 (Beauty, great talent, wealth, or luckiest turns
 Of Fortune's wheel),—forthwith to the Delphian shrine
 Sent trustiest servants, there to counsel ask :
 If haply by some heavy ransom paid

They might avert the vengeance of the gods,
Or learn what man should wed their daughter fair.
So they with speed returning homeward brought
Such answer as the frenzied maiden gave :—
“ Place the fair virgin on the mountain-crest,
As dark Death’s bride in sable garments drest ;
And hope not for a spouse of mortal blood,
But fierce and cruel of the dragon’s brood.
Above the heavens his dire flight he wings :
War and destruction far and wide he flings :
To all things plague and saddest mischief brings.
E’en Zeus himself and all the gods most high
And eke the ocean he doth terrify.”

(To be continued).





WALKING.

NO Poet has ever reached the sublimity of Lord Byron in his address to the Ocean at the end of Childe Harold :

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar.....&c.

It was the result of his enthusiastic passion for the sea, a passion, the reason of which is easily explained. Debarred by his lameness from gratifying his pride by excelling in the more active sports of the land he threw his whole heart into swimming, and the success he attained and the wonderful feats he performed in it were the pride of his life. But it is not every one who cares to venture himself so freely on the world of waters. The same exultation and delight may be experienced in the exercise of a more laudable and safe ambition, itself not unattended with arduous toil and feelings of glory. I mean that of excelling in walking a good round number of miles in a day, or taking long tours on foot through the more interesting parts of a country. Grand old Christopher North* has celebrated it over and over again in his own enchanting irresistible manner. To read his "Recreations" is to be carried away with the desire to set off at once as he used to do. And nothing can be more glorious than long journeys, summer's day after summer's day, past fields and woods or through the mountains. No wonder that now-a-days the ambition is so common or the attempt so often made.

Now it takes a good deal of courage to begin, and most men go the wrong way to work. Witness Earnest Enthusiast, roused to noble emulation by reading Jones' grand tour.

* The well-known pseudonym of Prof. Wilson.

See him start, a huge knapsack filled with all sorts of inconvenient conveniences on his back; an immense straw to thatch his cranium: in his hand a staff like a weaver's beam; boots on his feet that would strike terror into a ploughman, and stockings too thick for ordinary comprehension. With what bold steps do he and his similarly encumbered friend march along! How steady their tramp! But—five miles are gone: E. E. sweats like a horse, and feels a peculiar numblike stiffness in his knees: slowly and heavily does he drag the weight of several pounds on each foot: incipient blisters begin to tell: and at length our two heroes succumb at the next station ere a dozen of the proposed forty miles are done: they finish their journey by train sick-hearted, and feeling very small, vowing everlasting antipathy to pedestrian tours, and wishing their pedestrian accoutrements any where. But, gentle reader, do thou no such thing. First prepare by my advice. Do thou to-morrow with some merry friend start off down the Trumpington Road, in thin cotton merino or lamb's-wool, not in thy best patent leathers, but in thy stoutest, easiest, and most comfortable ordinary boots. Give free play to the liveliest humour, and outrival each other in the sparkling pun or merry jest, till the eighth mile be reached: if tired, turn back; if not, go on. But suppose thy sixteen miles done* and thyself, after the divinest delights Hall can give, lying outstretched on thy sofa, meerschaum in mouth, in glorious ease and calm enjoyment of the most delicious hour of life—feet bathed, fresh cased and slippered—thou mayest be conscious of a blister or two on each sole. Let them not perturb the happy tranquillity of thy mind: ere the couch of repose be sought, let them, slightly punctured at one end, be first gently squeezed dry, and a slight dose of salt given them—presto! ere morning they are gone. Let the walk be repeated in a day or two, and kept up at frequent and regular intervals, the distance extended wherever time admits, and no loitering allowed. Always “treat” the blisters “as before.” In a month's time, I safely prophesy, you will think as little of 30 or 40, as you did of your first day's amount of miles.

Experto crede. I have seen others as tender of foot as any transformed into foot-men (pedites of course) of good

* Exactness in distance and time is absolutely necessary. •People talk very loosely of miles, which are much longer than they think. “I am sure I did 30 miles to day” generally comes to half that when inquired into.

mettle who boast of a 40 to be done presently and talk bigly of a 50 in the distance. Nay I tremble as glancing up the vista of future months. I see dread visions of an eclipse of mine own 65 dance before mine eyes! Here it seems fit, as a little wayside bye-talk, to hold a short discourse on the good of being able to do 30 or 40 miles without much fatigue. There is first, the usefulness, and second, the pleasure. Of the first I say but little: it is self-evident there are many occasions when it is imperatively necessary, though they are rarer now than formerly. To missionaries, settlers in distant countries, and travellers in out-of-the-way parts of the world, endurance and power are more required in the leg, than, we may say, any other part of the body. To Alpine climbers, tourists, et hoc genus omne, indispensable. A greater independence of railways would give a clearer head, and add more years to a man's life than the present degrading captivity people are held in. Of all exercises, walking, as it is the most natural and general, so also it is the most buoyant, invigorating, and in its effects on the body and its powers by far the most salutary—at least to most people. It works off all bad humours, and banishes dulness, spleen, and the effects of the "crapula" (listen ye nightcappers and jovial convivialists!) like magic. It is the ordinary recreation of both sexes, of all ages of life, all ranks, all professions. What is a soldier worth who cannot do a good day's march? And, by consequence, what are the civil soldiers, the volunteers into the various orders and species of military science worth, if they cannot do their good day's march of 30 or 40 miles, and more? How many could do this AS AN ORDINARY PART OF DRILL, and without incurring any more fatigue than on a show-off march round the town, to the joy of the

Stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence?

I suspect fewer by far than would be imagined, though it be one of the most important and fatiguing parts of real service.* But the best good of all is, that uniting both usefulness and pleasure, a man would be able to gird up his loins, set to, and walk a country over, wandering everywhere at his own sweet will and getting a more deep and lasting impression of its beauties and peculiarities.

* Witness the battle of Hastings. Harold's army came flushed with victory, but worn out by long and forced marches from the North.

So come, tourists would-be or otherwise, remember that you may be of the clergy some day. It would be no bad thing if you were then able to walk 15 or 20 miles away, and conduct the service for one of your brethren, besides having the pleasure of thereby adding to the Irish Church Mission funds, or Mrs. Hamper's little Dorcas* in the country, by saving the Railway fare. You may be missionaries, and find your walking pay better than your boating or cricketering (though all due honour and glory to both)! You are or may some day be a volunteer; I have known men die from the effects of continued marching and counter-marching. Remember the feeling of satisfaction and independence of mind, the freedom and elasticity of spirits, as you push boldly along the road, like Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, over the Border Moors. The process by which you may become a good walker is simple and pleasant; productive of a lasting effect on the powers of body and mind: requiring no superhuman exertions or desperate training: but giving rare opportunities for quiet talk on men, manners, and things in general, and inviting the mind to open itself freely, naturally, and unreservedly on every subject. I do not deny that walking is largely practised in Cambridge; but this I say, that it is not used as it ought to be, with some proper aim in view. In nine cases out of ten it is simply the means of passing away an hour or two in the open air, from pure ennui or sheer weariness of the drudgery of reading. A long walk ought to be made with a view to endurance and practise; a shorter one with an eye to speed, facility, and style.† The remark, that one-fourth the men one meets do not know how to walk, is too true.‡

Ahem! after this last prolonged soar, I see all the roads about Cambridge blocked up with eager pedestrians! the Volunteers off to Huntingdon and back: tutors, deans, students, all eager to extend their powers and capacities of leg, and the small wayside inns in a fair way of making a fortune. But though this is in prospect, I still suppose my original disciple steadfastly at the old curriculum. Suppose he hath done all the Stantons and all the Draytons, New-

* See *Christopher Tadpole*.

† Of course the Volunteer drill in this, as in most things, is far the best training. Military men are the "most proper" walkers by far in gait, style, and general bearing.

‡ In a rather loose and INACCURATE article on the inter-University Sports, in *London Society*.

market, St. Ives, Linton, Royston, Wimpole Park, nay Ely, and Barkway, and even with an absit Huntingdon: suppose too term over and himself and his merry friend discoursing as to where to go. If he will, let him boldly say London. Then he may, starting betimes, go along at his 4 miles an hour (neither more nor less) through Newton, Foulmire* and Barkway to Ware. Here let him breakfast or dine, as the case may be, and relax the tightened muscles of his knees. Then let him buckle to and reduce the 21 miles between him and London to 15, 10, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1: at last reaching Hoxton Cross, from which the miles are measured, with the proud consciousness of having done 51 miles! O ye Gods! picture his delight as he luxuriates in the little parlour of the Asterisks Hotel; the tea steaming and fragrant; eggs and ham done to perfection: rolls and muffins looking bewitching: and the table set out by the fair round arms of mine host's black-eyed daughter, arch and talkative. It wants the pen of the Wizard of Abbotsford to describe such a scene of enchantment! But if he put up for the night at the Saracen's Head at Ware, the same delights await him save that a rusty elderly waiter ministers to his comforts instead of mine host's pretty daughter. Here will Mary show him the famous bed twenty-four-holding, no myth—though slightly foreshortened to fit the room. It, roof and all, is of curiously carved oak, and is dated (by the kindness of the present landlord or some former one no doubt!) 1460.† And be it at London or Ware, I "guess" he will not, like the Irishman in the old joke, lie awake to see if he snores. Here will we leave him save with a hint, that, before he sets out for Land's End or John o' Groat's House, Devonshire, the Lakes, The Trosachs, Ben Nevis or Snowdon, he may walk home to the paternal mansion. By all means if he live North-away let him do Newstead Abbey and Derbyshire, Matlock the beautiful with its hills, dales, caves, river, and

* Humanity knoweth not the myriads of hopeless puns made on this place, all alas! wasted on the desert air.

Pepys in one of his two journeys on horseback from London to Cambridge baited at Puckridge and lay at FOULMER at the Chequer. He deploras the state of the roads from Ware thither. Another time it took him 16 hours (from 3 A.M. to 7 P.M.) to ride the whole distance, 51 miles to Cambridge, which is not extra good walking.

† Shakespeare. Twelfth night, Act III. Sc: 2. Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. Farquhar's Recruiting Officers. But see Halliwell's note to the passage of Shakespeare.

tors, Dovedale, Buxton, Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, Palace of the Peak, the High Peak,* and Castleton. Let him go in ordinary costume and not like some harlequinading Cockney out to the moors for his "little week." Now will he be able to glory in his strength and behold the scenes his soul longs to throw itself into and be blended with—scenes handed down to all eternity by the sublime simplicity of the lofty imaginings born from contemplation of the mountain, the calm skies, the blue lakes or the torrent which Wordsworth has bequeathed us; or those, more famous, with which he has been enchanted in the romances of Sir Walter. A walker is always a deep thinker: there is so much to interest a man in the physical face of nature, so much in the variety of human nature, that he always finds ceaseless food for thought, endless exercise for his wit, wide scope for his fancy, and, says Keats—

Ever let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

Who cares to be a walking machine striding along without noticing anything save the milestones? I cannot fancy Ben Jonson walking so when he went on foot to Scotland and back from London to visit his friend Drummond of Hawthornden and saw Loch Lomond: with which he was so charmed that he would fain have made a book a play or a masque on it. To write *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* Milton must have walked far and wide, by night and by day, taking deep imprints in his memory of the beauties and realities of the visible world.† These two poems present a faithful portrayal of the sights seen in daily and nocturnal wanderings, set forth by such a skilled and beautiful hand as no man ever had yet; they are the results of long and earnest communings with the spirit of external nature, and ought

* Of course the Peak is a range of hills running through most of Derbyshire divided into the high or the North (round Castleton), the low or South (round Matlock), and consisting of many branches called Edges.

† Whether Milton used to walk with old Hobson to Cambridge from the Bull in Bishopsgate, or whether the latter took charge of young scholars on their return to College, I do not know. They may have accompanied him on some of the horses of his famous stud or on foot. Neither Masson nor Cooper give any information on the subject. Certain it is that in those days many of them, especially those of the Threadbare cope, journeyed on foot to Cambridge from all parts of the country. Milton no doubt used to walk from

to guide the mind of the walker to deeper and higher imaginings than his own soul can attain unaided unto. Poor Goldsmith—

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,

was not without his dreams and aspirations; though the thoughts of where he was to rest for the night made him rather seek to rehearse on his flute or rub up his rhetoric and dialectics for the philosophical disputations which were to serve him in good stead. Dolefully did old Richard Hooker lament the ride from Oxford to London* which gave him a fever and a shrewish wife. Verily did he wish he had travelled on foot as was his wont! Quaint gossiping old Izaak Walton telleth the tale in his own old-fashioned way, dear to me. Alfred Tennyson too used to be a great Rambler over hill and dale, and to this would I fain ascribe in part the deep thought and habits of observation he shews: nay, in many places he plainly and unwittingly lets us see how much he owes to it.

One thing yet remains which I would by all means advise Viator to try. If he have the company of some friend, let him have a walking "do" by night. It is a memory for a lifetime. Wild thoughts gush up and find utterance in a thousand wild ways. The springs of life seem suddenly loosened: the mind is filled with an irresistible exhilaration unknown to-day, and the whole soul is yielded up to its influence. Be the talk of him of whom it was said—

He was not of an age, but for all time,

as Ben Jonson's line, always mis-quoted, really is;† or of any others of the stars of our literature: be it of the period in which, as in a constellated system, or like jewels in a royal crown, they were set: of whatever the talk is, a spontaneous and exuberant eloquence pours from the lips. To others he may seem desperately mad, but his companion is as far gone

Horton to London; the short distance of seventeen miles would give him plenty of time for soaring without much fatigue: and the prospect of books, music, and practise with Harry Lawes would urge him on. The best walker of the times immediately succeeding these was Charles II. both as prince and king. We have royal authority and example for walking.

* When he came to preach at Paul's Cross for the first time.

† "Vir non Sæculi sui sed omnis ævi optimus:" as Velleius Paterculus says of Publius Rutilius Rufus.

in the lunacy as himself. Anon, their voices are sent in wild chorus down the rising wind, or they recite darling poems, choice anecdotes, or remembered jests, with a most rapid and emulous flow. Fancy, too, the freshness when morning breaks, ushered in by a chorus of hundreds of larks!

—civil suited morn—

Not tricked and flounced as she was wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,

But 'kerchieft in a comely cloud

While rocking winds are piping loud.

A night thus spent

In unproved pleasures free

will seem for weeks and months and years after to wear

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

To wind up, I dare say Viator would find 30 or 35 miles done regularly every day enough, if he be in for a month's walking. If for a week, he may extend it if he likes. But that just depends on his taste or how he feels. It is not always he may manage—what with sights, views, and hills—to climb over 20 in a day. But let that not vex him or spoil his reckoning. He will know best himself by then how to proceed.





"SUAVE MARE MAGNUM."

'Tis the hour when softly stealing,
Silence broods o'er land and sea;
And my heart with tender feeling,
Dwells on memories of thee.

Scarce is heard the rippling ocean,
Murmuring gently at my feet,
Soothing every wild emotion
With its music sad but sweet.

Such an hour I well remember,
Five and thirty years ago,
When I walked in soft September,
By the restless ocean's flow.

Walked superbly and serenely,
By the ever-flowing tide,
While a maiden fair and queenly
On my youthful arm relied.

Bright above the stars are shining,
Weeping tears of dewy light,
Weeping and with envy pining,
When they see that vision bright.

Well they know their rays are dimmer
Than that maiden's eyes divine:
That their light is but a glimmer,
When her eyes beneath them shine.

Shines pale Phoebe on her tresses,
Tresses robed in golden light,
And unwillingly confesses
That her own are far less bright.

Thus I walked superb serenely
By the ever-flowing tide,
While that maiden fair and queenly
On my youthful arm relied.

And I felt the light hand trembling
Near the heart which loved her well,
And the truth no more dissembling,
All our love we there did tell.

Whisp'ring 'Canst thou love me, Cousin?'
Sighing 'You must ask Mamma';
Snatching kisses by the dozen
'Neath the light of Love's pale star.

Thus young love did I awaken
In a tender heart and true;
Thus I woo'd and won Miss Bacon,
When her years were twenty-two!

* * * * *

Still that maiden walks beside me
By the restless ocean's foam,
And whatever lot betide me,
Still together will we roam.

Dear was once the maiden tender,
Dear the blooming matron still:
All good angels shield, defend her,
Banish from her every ill!

Still the stars, with envy weeping,
Pale before that bright blue eye;
Still the moon, thro' lattice creeping,
Dares not with those tresses vie.

In my blue-eyed buxom Mary
Not the slightest change I see,
Save that as the seasons vary,
Dearer she becomes to me.

And her light and airy figure
Groweth rounder to the view,
And we're each a trifle bigger
Than we were at twenty-two.

For the elegant Miss Bacon,
Now the portly Mrs. Jones,
Weighs, unless I'm much mistaken,
Something more than fourteen stones.

JOANNULUS.



THE SIXTH OF MAY, 1864.

[The following lines were suggested by Professor Selwyn's Sermon delivered in the College Chapel on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the New Chapel. The intimate connexion of the points to which he so eloquently adverted with the past history of our College will perhaps be deemed a sufficient excuse for the introduction of thoughts of a somewhat graver character than usually find place in these pages.]

FATHER, behold, we build a house of prayer,
O! may it rise acceptable to Thee
Without whom nought is good, or strong, or wise,
And man's best efforts are but as the waves
Which fitful rise beneath the passing wind:
Our task is of the future,—but, as oft
Our eyes revisit yonder ancient fane,—
After a season brief, no more to be
Thy sanctuary here—our thoughts will turn
To those sweet memories which round it cling,
And hallow yet still more its sacred walls.
We think of days, dim with the mist of years,
When pious monks, with measured chant and hymn,
Did, for a sister house, perform a work
Kindred to our's this day;—of times of strife,
When, sheltered from the blasts that raged without,
The lamp of learning burned with tranquil flame
Within these precincts,—they who fed its fire
Did yonder oft assemble, and as grew
Rumours of wars, famine, and pestilence,
Found calm and hope and consolation there.
We think of those, who, in the flush of youth,
Nurtured within yon walls a high resolve,
Which, by Thy favor, led them to a life
Of highest self-devotion to Thy cause;
Thy holy servants, entered sainted rest,
Leaving a bright ensample to their time.
Lo! in these haunts, still echoing with their steps,
Their mantles fall! O! may there yet be found
Those who shall wear them! may these rising walls,
Completed, see, in days when far and wide
We shall be scattered, many an ardent heart
Conceiving holier thought and nobler aims!
Here may the throbbing pulse and burning hopes
Of early manhood learn to turn to Thee,

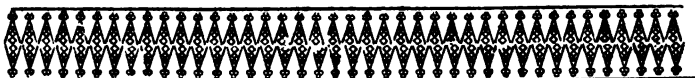
And make the crowning motive of its life
To do Thy will;—here may the fervid brain,
O'ertasked by emulation, oft be soothed;—
The exultation of successful toil
Be chastened by the thought that Thou alone
Givest the victory; and in the hour
Of failure may the earnest heart be cheered!
Another thought remains;—it casts a gloom
Athwart our path to-day, for there was one
Right loyal to this College and to Thee,
And zealous in this work, and we had thought,
As yesterday he laboured in our midst,
He had been *here*,—but Thou hast called him hence.
Stern lesson! e'en as thus we seek to rear
This temple to Thy glory, comes the proof
We and our works how frail, and that alone
Secure, which rests on Thee, the living Rock!
And now, to Thee the honor and the power,
As, Father, in Thy name, we lay this Stone.

NHNEMOZ AIA.

“'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”—TENNISON.

ALL other earthly feelings, as Autumn leaves, may fall;
All other earthly pleasures ere long I know must pall;
But 'mid all life's many sorrows there still shall live a joy,
Which nought but dark oblivion and death shall e'er destroy:
If I grieve, it sheds around me a holy cheering light;
If bliss be mine it maketh my happiness more bright:
For a face of heavenly beauty by my side is ever near,
And a voice of heavenly sweetness ever ringeth in my ear:
And I feel a calm contentment springing up within my breast,
Till peace serenely smiling is once more its welcome guest.
For the love wherewith I love thee is, I know, no earth-fed fire,
But a heaven-born aspiration and a heavenward desire:
Then blame me not if wandering I hail thy holy ray
As a star that points to realms above, and leads me on my way:
That tho' loved not, I yet love thee, and that still this prayer is mine
To follow and be mingled with thy radiance divine:
Where the wealthy and the sons of want are alike for ever blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Ψ.



OUR CHRONICLE.

MAY TERM, 1864.

IT is our mournful duty to record in this Number the death of Francis France, B.D. President of the College and Archdeacon of Ely, in the 48th year of his age. On the morning of Thursday, April 14th, he was found in bed insensible, having been seized during the night by a fit of apoplexy. Aid was immediately sought, but all efforts to restore consciousness were unavailing, and about noon he died. He was born at Meole Brace in Shropshire, and educated at Shrewsbury School; from which he came up to our College. In 1840 he took his degree of B.A. being 36th Senior Optime, and bracketed Senior Classic. He was elected Fellow of the College in the same year. He proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1843, and to that of B.D. in 1850. In the years 1847, 1848, 1852, and 1853, he was one of the Examiners for the Classical Tripos. In 1850 he was appointed one of the Tutors of the College, an office which he retained until 1860. In 1854 he was elected President. On the sudden death of the Rev. C. Hardwick in 1859, he was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Ely. At the time of his death he was a member of the Council of the Senate, of the Sex Viri, and of the Library Syndicate. The following works were published by him; (1) The Example of Christ and the service of Christ; Three Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in February, 1861, to which are appended a few remarks upon the present state of Religious feeling, 1861"; (2) "A charge addressed to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, 1861."

His body was removed on Monday the 18th, and buried at Meole Brace the next day. It had been arranged that the hearse should leave

the gates at two in the afternoon, and should be accompanied for some distance by the members of the College; but the departure was afterwards unavoidably deferred until eleven o'clock at night; and the other intention was consequently abandoned. Notwithstanding, a very considerable number of the Fellows and other members of the College came down to the gates, being desirous of shewing some token of respect; so it was suggested that those present should still accompany the hearse for a short distance. A procession was accordingly formed, which followed it as far as S. Mary's Church. It was a sad and solemn sight, as, bareheaded and silent, in the calm stillness of a spring night, the mourners followed the hearse through the empty streets, while the bright moon shone out in the cloudless sky, a fit emblem of that life, free from change or decay, which lies beyond the mists of earth.

How great a loss he is to the College, only those who were fellow-workers with him can fully know. To many of those who waited in his rooms on that night, while all that was mortal of him was being carried forth from the College he so dearly loved, the memory of many a word of friendly counsel, and cheering encouragement, of many an act of thoughtful kindness, in years gone by, returned, and deepened the sorrow for the loss of one, whose voice was ever raised against all that was mean and underhand, whose cheerful hearty welcome ever greeted all who sought his advice, and whose clear good sense and upright heart ever suggested the most expedient mode of doing what was right. Our College has had to mourn the death of members more distinguished in the eyes of the world, but perhaps never the loss of a son, more ungrudging in his service or more loyal in his love.

The festival of S. John the Evangelist ante Portam Latinam was this year marked by an event of great interest in the annals of the College. Some time past we presented to our readers a copy of the design for a new Chapel; the work was begun in the summer of the past year, and it was resolved to mark one of the two great College festivals by laying a corner-stone of the rising building at the conclusion of the usual service in Commemoration of Benefactors. The day was fortunately fine and warm, though cloudy, and a large number of spectators were present, including among them many old members of the College, the latter, together with

the guests invited by the Society, were admitted to the present Chapel, the rest by ticket to the building yard.

The service in Chapel began at a quarter past three, in the following order :

The Communion Services read by the Deans :

Sanctus and Kyrie Eleison—(Garrett in E)

After the Nicene Creed, an eloquent sermon was preached on Isai. xxviii. 16, by the Rev. W. Selwyn, B.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and formerly Fellow of the College. As some thoughts suggested by it are placed before our readers on another page, we need not enlarge upon it.

The list of benefactors was then read :

Psalm cxlviii-ix (Chant No. 108) cl. (Chant No. 1.)

The Lesson, Ecclesiastes xlv. 1—8.

Te Deum, (Weasley in F).

Responses.

Commemoration prayer, followed by the Collects for 4th and 7th Sunday after Trinity, and for All Saints.

Commemoration Anthem, (O give thanks—Walmisley).

General Thanksgiving, the 4th and the last Collects subjoined to the Communion Service. The Blessing.

The choristers then left the Chapel, and a procession was formed.

The College choir was strengthened by four boys from that of Trinity, and by about thirty volunteers from the Fellows and other Members of the College. The following was the order of the procession :

The Choir, conducted by G. M. Garrett, Esq., Mus. B. Organist.

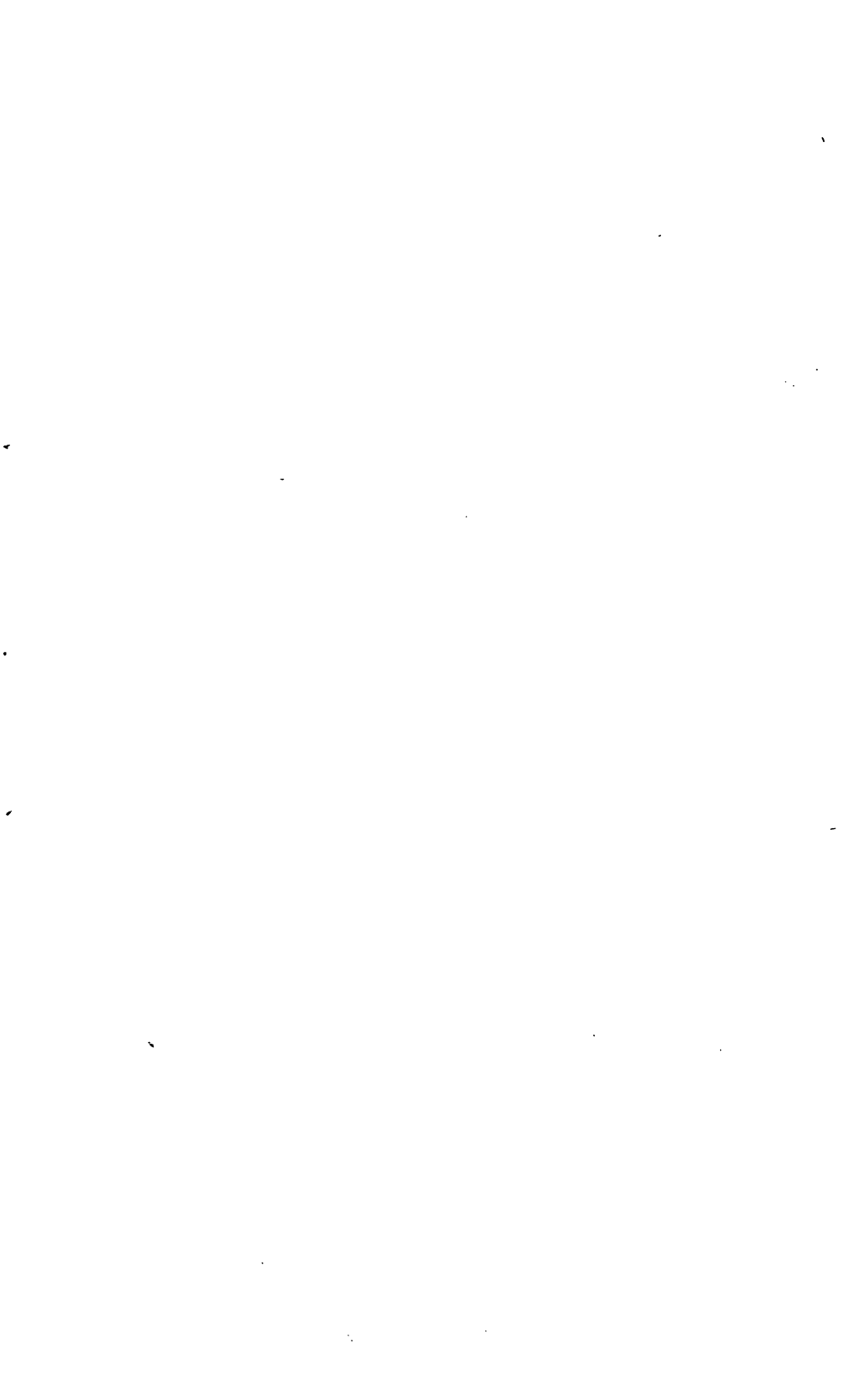
The Master of the College, accompanied by the Vice Chancellor, Heads of Colleges, Professors, the Architect, G. G. Scott, Esq., and a few of the Guests, Fellows of the College, Guests, Bachelors and Undergraduates of the College.

The following Hymn was sung by the Choir to a Chorale* composed for the occasion by the Organist :

O LORD of Hosts, Whose Glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

Grant that all we, who here to day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

* We have to thank Mr. Garrett for the copy of the Chorale which we print, and for his kind permission to publish it.



The image displays a handwritten musical score consisting of six staves. The first five staves each contain a single melodic line, likely for a vocal or instrumental part, written in a historical notation style. The sixth staff is more complex, featuring multiple voices or parts, possibly representing an accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, clefs, and bar lines, characteristic of 18th or 19th-century manuscript notation.

Accompaniment
(ad lib.)

This image shows a handwritten musical score for a choir, consisting of seven staves. The first six staves are arranged in two groups of three, with the top staff of each group containing a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The seventh staff, at the bottom, contains a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is written in a historical style, with notes and rests clearly visible. The notation includes various clefs, key signatures, and note values, suggesting a complex polyphonic setting. The paper is aged and slightly discolored, with some ink bleed-through visible from the reverse side.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain ; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea ;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, LORD, protect
The temple of thine own elect ;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessed TRINITY ! Amen.

On leaving the Chapel the Choir, followed by the rest of the procession, turned to the left and passed along the North and part of the East side of the First Court, until they came opposite to the Entrance Gate ; then turning to the right, they proceeded along the middle of the Court and through the Screens into the Second Court, they then walked along the North and West sides of this, up the Library staircase, through the Master's Lodge, and out by the (former) Town entrance to the site of the New Chapel. The singing was very well done, and the whole effect was most striking, especially when the procession was winding round the Second Court. The Choir were silent while passing through the Lodge, but recommenced the Hymn on entering the yard. On reaching the site of the Chapel they took their station on a platform just south of the west doorway. The spectators who had been admitted to the yard by ticket were placed in the body of the Chapel, those who had taken part in the procession occupied the transept. The corner stone is in the more western of two pilasters inside the south wall of the transept ; it bears the following inscription :

IN NOMINE
PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI
HUIUS SACELLI
FUNDAMENTA POSITA SUNT
PRIDIE NONAS MAIAS
A. S. MDCCCLXIV.

GEORGIO GILBERTO SCOTT, ARCHITECTO.

The following exhortation was then read by the Reverend the Master, with the responses :

Dearly beloved in the Lord, it is customary in the erection of all great edifices to lay with solemnity some principal stone, to represent the foundation or corner-stone. We are here assembled to lay the foundation-stone of a New Chapel, to be dedicated to God's service : let us remember, how it is written, Except the Lord build the House, their labour is but lost that build it ; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain : let us therefore implore the blessing of Almighty God on this our solemn undertaking.

Minister.—The Lord is in His holy temple ;

People.—Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Minister.—Behold, saith the Lord, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious ;

People.—And he that believeth in Him shall not be confounded.

Minister.—The stone which the builders rejected,

People.—Is become the head-stone of the corner.

Minister.—This is the Lord's doing ;

People.—And it is marvellous in our eyes.

Minister.—Our help is in the name of the Lord,

People.—Who hath made heaven and earth.

Minister.—Blessed be the name of the Lord,

People.—Henceforth, world without end.

Minister.—Lord, hear our prayer.

People.—And let our cry come unto Thee.

Then the 4th Collect subjoined to the Communion Service and the Collect for S. Simon and S. Jude were read by the Deputy Senior Dean :

The lxxxivth Psalm was then chanted by the Choir.

The Deputy Senior Dean then continued :

Minister.—Let us pray,

Lord, have mercy upon us.

People.—Christ, have mercy upon us.

Minister.—Lord, have mercy upon us.

The Lord's Prayer.

Minister.—The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us : prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou 'our handy-work.

The Architect then presented the trowel, square, and mallet to Henry Hoare, Esq., (late Fellow of the College) who used them in succession, laying the stone in the following form,

Thus, thus, and thus, I lay the foundation-stone of this Chapel of the College of Saint John the Evangelist, in the name of the

Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost ; and may God prosper the undertaking.

This Hymn was then sang by the Choir :

(Angulare fundamentum.)

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the LORD and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of GOD on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
GOD the One in Three adorning
In glad hymns eternally.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day ;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants, as they pray ;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the Blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Praise and honour to the FATHER,
Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

The Junior Dean then read these Collects :

Minister.—Let us pray.

O Lord God Almighty, Who art the High and Holy One that inhabitest eternity, and yet condescendest to dwell amongst the sons of men, grant that these walls may be built up an holy Temple unto Thee ; may they be kept from all profane and common uses ; may the prayers and praises of Thy Holy Church be here offered up to Thee and ascend to Thy throne, an incense of a sweet savour, accepted through the all-prevailing intercession of our Mediator and Redeemer Jesus Christ. Amen.

Grant that Thy true and lively Word may be here faithfully set

forth, and Thy Holy Sacraments rightly and duly administered, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Grant that all those who may worship in this Thy House may be fulfilled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Grant that all those who may be nurtured within this College, being replenished with Thy Holy Spirit, may be duly qualified to serve God in Church and State, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After which the service was concluded by the Master reading the following prayer :

To Thy protection, Almighty Father, we commend all who shall be employed in building this Thy house. Let Thy good Providence defend them from all harm, and keep them both in body and soul from all evil, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

and pronouncing the benediction :

Minister.—The Lord bless us, and keep us ; the Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us ; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and for evermore. Amen.

The usual dinner party was held in the College Hall at 5.30, when a very numerous company sat down, four large tables being well filled with guests. A supper was also given at Swan's room to the workmen employed on the Chapel.

The Fellowships lately held by the following gentlemen are now vacant : Ven. Archdeacon France, B.D. ; Rev. R. B. Mayor, B.D. ; Rev. J. R. Lunn, B.D. ; Rev. T. Jephson, B.D. ; Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A.

The Rev. S. Parkinson, B.D., Senior Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed President of the College in the place of the late Ven. Archdeacon France.

The Porson Prize has been adjudged to Mr. T. W. Brogden.

Mr. C. Taylor, B.A., Naden Divinity Student, has been elected to First Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarship.

The following gentlemen were elected to Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions, April 15.

J. F. Moulton, T. Moss, Minor Scholarships of £70.

F. Watson, G. J. Laidman, Exhibitions of £40 for 4 years.

W. Griffith, A. S. Wilkins, C. W. Bourne, Exhibitions of £50 for three years.

S. Haslam, E. W. M. Lloyd, Minor Scholarships of £50.

R. E. Verdon, H. Marshall, A. M. Watson, Exhibitions of £50 for two years.

E. Fynes-Clinton, Exhibition of £30 for four years.

The following obtained a first class in the Voluntary Classical Examination: Beebee, Cust, Hart, Hewitt, Kempthorne, Massie, Smith, Warren, Wiseman.

The under-mentioned gentlemen were elected Foundation Scholars of the College on the 15th of June, 1864. *Third Year*—Blanch, Cope, Cust, Isherwood, Kempthorne, Roach, Sutton, Wood, A. *Second Year*—Genge, Hart, H. G., Haslam, J. B., Hewitt, Hill, E., Marrack, Massie, Pryke, Pullblank, Stevens, A. J. *First Year*—Brogden, Fiddian.

The under-mentioned were appointed Proper Sizars:

Jamblin, Barrow, Doig, Mullinger, Charnley, Green, Cox, Groome, Palmer.

Dr. Wood's Exhibitions were adjudged as follow:

Third Year—Beebee, Blanch, Huntly, Isherwood, Peachell, Smith, R. P., Watson, J. T., Wood, A., Yeld. *Second Year*—Hill, E., Stevens, A. J. *First Year*—Charnley, Fiddian, Gwatkin.

Sir Ralph Hare's Exhibitions were awarded thus:

Second Year—Cotterill, Dewick, Genge, Hart, Jamblin, Marsden, M. H., Rowsell. *First Year*—Blunn, Chaplin, Cox, Green, Groome, Landon, Palmer, Thornley.

The Officers of the L.M.B.C. for the present Term, are:

<i>President</i> —E. W. Bowling.	<i>Second Captain</i> —A. Cust.
<i>Treasurer</i> —M. H. Marsden.	<i>Third Captain</i> —H. D. Jones.
<i>Secretary</i> —M. H. L. Beebee.	<i>Fourth Captain</i> —C. Yeld.
<i>First Captain</i> —W. W. Hawkins.	<i>Fifth Captain</i> —C. Taylor.

The following were the crews:

<i>First Boat.</i>	<i>Second Boat.</i>
1 W. Mills	1 H. G. Hart
2 F. Young	2 J. W. Hodgson
3 A. Langdon	3 E. B. P'Anson
4 W. W. Hawkins	4 H. Newton
5 M. H. Marsden	5 A. D. Clarke
6 M. H. L. Beebee	6 F. Andrews
7 C. Yeld	7 E. Carpmael
H. Watney, (<i>Stroke</i>)	A. Cust, (<i>Stroke</i>)
M. H. Quayle, (<i>Cox.</i>)	A. Forbes, (<i>Cox.</i>)

Third Boat.

- 1 H. Radcliffe
 - 2 A. Marshall
 - 3 J. N. Isherwood
 - 4 F. C. Wace
 - 5 S. W. Cope
 - 6 C. F. Roe
 - 7 J. B. Haslam
- H. D. Jones, (*Stroke*)
F. Lyman, (*Cox.*)

Fifth Boat.

- 1 W. F. Barrett
 - 2 E. Cargill
 - 3 R. S. Stephen
 - 4 T. Roach
 - 5 C. A. Hope
 - 6 W. Charnley
 - 7 C. Taylor
- B. Le Mesurier, (*Stroke*)
R. G. Hurle, (*Cox.*)

Fourth Boat.

- 1 W. R. Fisher
 - 2 C. E. Thorpe
 - 3 W. H. Hooper
 - 4 W. H. Chaplin
 - 5 H. M. Hewitt
 - 6 F. Armitage
 - 7 P. H. Kempthorne
- S. Burgess, (*Stroke*)
S. B. Barlow, (*Cox.*)

Sixth Boat.

- 1 R. B. Steele
 - 2 C. E. Graves
 - 3 R. G. Marrack
 - 4 J. Toone
 - 5 W. P. H. Vaughan
 - 6 E. Miller
 - 7 K. Wilson
- W. P. Hiern, (*Stroke*)
J. T. Watson, (*Cox.*)

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were rowed for on Monday, June 6. The entries were numerous. In the time race Mr. W. Mills defeated Mr. H. Watney by a few strokes.

The present term has been a long one for the Cambridge University Volunteers.

On Saturday, May 21st, the annual inspection of the corps by Colonel McMurdo took place on Parker's Piece, when the Oxford Corps was brigaded with our own, and we had the pleasure of returning in some degree the hospitality which we received last May from the sister University.

On Saturday, May 28th, the University Corps took part in the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, by the special request of the Honorary Colonel, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who himself acted as Brigadier.

On Thursday, June 2, and Saturday, June 4, the corps acted as escort to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on their visit to Cambridge.

On the former day the successful competitors for the various shooting prizes of the C.U.R.V. had the honour of receiving their several prizes from the hands of the Princess in the great court of Trinity College.

The representative of the S. John's Company on their occasion was (as will be seen below) Corporal Richardson.

The College Company we are happy to say has been strengthened by the accession of thirty recruits during the late academical year. The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Thursday, May 26, and was won for the second time by Corporal Richardson. The Officer's Pewter for the present term was won by Private Vaughan.

The Newberry Challenge Racquet Cup was won for the second time by Mr. W. D. Bushell, who played the concluding match with Mr. C. Hoare on Thursday, June 2.

UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB—MAY RACES.

Wednesday, May 11th. SECOND DIVISION.

1 Pembroke	9 Catharine's	17 3rd Trinity 3 }
2 1st Trinity 4	10 Trinity Hall 3 }	18 1st Trinity 5 }
3 Caius 2 }	11 Queens' }	19 Caius 3 }
4 King's }	12 Emmanuel	20 Magdalene 2 }
5 Lady Margaret 3 }	13 Clare 2	21 2nd Trinity 3 }
6 Christ's 2 }	14 L. Margaret 4 }	
7 Sidney	15 Jesus 2 }	
8 Corpus 2	16 2nd Trinity 2	

THIRD DIVISION.

1 2nd Trinity 3 }	7 Corpus 3	14 Sidney 2
2 1st Trinity 6 }	8 Trinity Hall 4 }	15 Emmanuel 4 }
3 Peterhouse 2	9 Catherine's 2 }	16 Caius 4 }
4 L. Margaret 5	10 Downing	17 L. Margaret 6
5 Pembroke 2	11 Queens' 2	
6 Jesus 3	12 Christ's 3 }	
	13 Jesus 4 }	

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity	7 Christ's }	15 Caius
2 Trinity Hall	8 1st Trinity 2 }	16 1st Trinity 3
3 1st Trinity	9 L. Margaret 2 }	17 Jesus
4 L. Margaret	10 Trinity Hall 2 }	18 Emmanuel
5 Emmanuel	11 2nd Trinity	19 Clare }
6 Corpus	12 3rd Trinity 2	20 Pembroke }
	13 Peterhouse }	
	14 Magdalene }	

Thursday, May 12th. SECOND DIVISION.

1 Clare	8 Corpus 2	15 L. Margaret 4
2 1st Trinity 4	9 Catharine	16 2nd Trinity 2}
3 King's	10 Queens'	17 1st Trinity 5}
4 Caius 2	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 3rd Trinity 3
5 Christ's 2	12 Emmanuel 3 }	19 Magdalene 2
6 L. Margaret }	13 Clare 2 }	20 Caius }
7 Sidney }	14 Jesus 2	21 1st Trinity 6 }

THIRD DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity 6	8 Catharine 2	15 Caius 4
2 2nd Trinity 3	9 Trinity Hall 4	16 Emmanuel 4
3 Peterhouse 2	10 Corpus 3	17 L. Margaret 6
4 L. Margaret 5}	11 Queens' 2}	
5 Pembroke 2}	12 Jesus 4 }	
6 Jesus 3}	13 Christ's 3}	
7 Downing}	14 Sidney 2 }	

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity }	8 Christ's }	14 Peterhouse }
2 Trinity H. 1 }	9 Trinity Hall }	15 Caius }
3 1st Trinity 1	10 L. Margaret	16 1st Trinity 3
4 L. Margaret	11 2nd Trinity	17 Jesus
5 Emmanuel	12 3rd Trinity 2 }	18 Emmanuel 2
6 Corpus }	13 Magdalene }	19 Pembroke
7 1st Trinity 2 }		20 Clare

Friday, May 13th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	15 Peterhouse }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	16 1st Trinity 3 }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2	17 Jesus }
4 L. Margaret	11 2nd Trinity }	18 Pembroke }
5 Emmanuel	12 Magdalene }	19 Emmanuel 2 }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 3rd Trinity 2 }	20 Clare }
7 Corpus }	14 Caius }	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Clare	8 Corpus 2 }	15 L. Margaret 4 }
2 1st Trinity 4 }	9 Catharine }	16 1st Trinity 5 }
3 King's }	10 Queens'	17 2nd Trinity 2
4 Caius 2	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 3rd Trinity 3 }
5 Christ's 2	12 Clare 2	19 Magdalene 2 }
6 Sidney	13 Emmanuel 3 }	20 1st Trinity 6
7 L. Margaret 3	14 Jesus 2 }	21 Caius 3

THIRD DIVISION.

1 Caius 3 }	7 Jesus 3 }	13 Sidney 2
2 Peterhouse 2 }	8 Catharine 2 }	14 Christ's 3 }
3 2nd Trinity 3	9 Trinity Hall 4	15 Caius 4 }
4 Pembroke 2	10 Corpus 3	16 Emmanuel 4 }
5 L. Margaret 5 }	11 Jesus 4 }	17 L. Margaret 6 }
6 Downing }	12 Queens' 2 }	

Saturday, May 14th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	14 3rd Trinity 2 }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	15 1st Trinity 3 }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2	16 Peterhouse }
4 L. Margaret	11 Magdalene	17 Pembroke }
5 Emmanuel	12 2nd Trinity }	18 Jesus }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Caius }	19 Clare }
7 Corpus		20 Emmanuel

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2	9 Corpus 2	16 L. Margaret 4
2 King's	10 Queens'	17 2nd Trinity 2
3 1st Trinity 4	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 Magdalene 2 }
4 Caius 2	12 Clare 2 }	19 3rd Trinity 3 }
5 Christ's 2	13 Jesus 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6
6 Sidney	14 Emmanuel 3 }	21 Peterhouse 2
7 L. Margaret 3 }	15 1st Trinity 5 }	
8 Catharine }		

THIRD DIVISION.

1 Peterhouse 2	6 L. Margaret 5 }	12 Jesus 4
2 Caius 3 }	7 Catharine 2 }	13 Sidney 2
3 Pembroke 2 }	8 Jesus 3	14 Caius 4
4 2nd Trinity 3 }	9 Trinity Hall 4	15 Christ's 3 }
5 Downing }	10 Corpus 3 }	16 L. Margaret 6 }
	11 Queens' 2 }	17 Emmanuel 4

Monday, May 15th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	15 3rd Trinity 2 }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	16 Pembroke }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2	17 Peterhouse }
4 L. Margaret	11 Magdalene }	18 Clare }
5 Emmanuel	12 Caius }	19 Jesus
6 1st Trinity 2	13 2nd Trinity }	20 Emmanuel 2
7 Corpus	14 1st Trinity 3 }	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2	8 L. Margaret 3	15 Emmanuel 3
2 King's	9 Corpus	16 L. Margaret 4
3 1st Trinity 4	10 Queens'	17 2nd Trinity 2 }
4 Caius 2	11 Trinity Hall 3 }	18 3rd Trinity 3 }
5 Christ's 2	12 Jesus 2 }	19 Magdalene 2 }
6 Sidney	13 Clare }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 Catharine	14 1st Trinity 5 }	21 Pembroke 2 }

THIRD DIVISION.

1 Peterhouse 2 }	7 L. Margaret 5 }	13 Sidney 2
2 Pembroke 2 }	8 Jesus 3 }	14 Caius 4
3 Caius 3	9 Trinity Hall 4	15 L. Margaret 6 }
4 Downing	10 Queens' 2	16 Christ's 3 }
5 2nd Trinity 3 }	11 Corpus 3 }	17 Emmanuel 4
6 Catharine 2 }	12 Jesus 4 }	

Tuesday, May 16th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	14 2nd Trinity }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	15 Pembroke }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2 }	16 3rd Trinity 2 }
4 L. Margaret	11 Caius }	17 Clare
5 Emmanuel	12 Magdalene }	18 Peterhouse }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 1st Trinity 3 }	19 Jesus }
7 Corpus		20 Emmanuel 2 }

Wednesday, May 17th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	15 2nd Trinity }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	16 Clare }
3 1st Trinity	10 Caius	17 Jesus
4 L. Margaret	11 L. Margaret 2 }	18 Peterhouse
5 Emmanuel	12 1st Trinity 3 }	19 Emmanuel 2
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Magdalene }	20 King's
7 Corpus	14 Pembroke }	

Thursday, May 18th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	14 Magdalene }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	15 Clare }
3 1st Trinity	10 Caius	16 2nd Trinity }
4 L. Margaret	11 1st Trinity 3	17 Jesus }
5 Emmanuel	12 L. Margaret 2 }	18 Peterhouse }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Pembroke }	19 Emmanuel 2 }
7 Corpus		20 King's }



A VOYAGE TO THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.

I HAVE endeavoured in this account of my first voyage to give a short sketch of each place visited, and to record anything, no matter how trivial, that happened on the voyage, provided that I had not seen it mentioned elsewhere.

We left Spithead at 3.30 P.M., June 17th, 1863, and passed the Needles in the twilight; the lights of three different light-houses were visible at this time. Next morning the ship was just opposite the Start point; about 1.30 we got up the screw and proceeded under sail; hitherto sea sickness had not troubled me, but, as the sails were one after another reefed or taken in, I felt that my time was come and retired to my cabin in very dismal humour—the absolute disregard for everything and everybody is the one single counterbalancing advantage of sea sickness—though usually a severe sufferer I was only kept one day from the dinner table, and for five more was obliged to be careful in my diet. One thing rather surprised me: all my mess-mates in the wardroom were, with one exception, regular old sailors, and yet half of them suffered more or less.

Down to the latitude of Cape Finisterre several ships were always in sight; but they became less frequent as we sailed on, and had quite disappeared by the time we reached Madeira.

On the morning of the twelfth day (June 29th) we were in sight of Madeira, and being anxious to see a really foreign place I hastened on deck. We were coasting along a wide, shallow bay, surrounded by high hills, cultivated to their very summits, the crops consisting of Indian corn and sugar cane. In the corner of the bay the white houses of Funchal glistened in the sun; the town is made up of the usual collection of small, two-storied, flat-roofed buildings, built close down to the beach, and broken by an old

church tower or two and one tall chimney—it exactly put me in mind of Dawlish—there was really nothing foreign about the town. On the left were some much finer houses half-hidden in bright green vegetation, so luxuriant that at once you knew it could not be matched in England.

We anchored and saluted the Portuguese flag about eight. By this time a great many boats had put off, some manned by loafers, several belonging to washerwomen (these last, with many compliments on my improved personal appearance, recognized and claimed me as a regular customer during former visits to the island), and others laden with oranges, bananas, and small peaches.

Soon after breakfast the English consul came on board to know if he could be of any use; and in the course of the day an officer from an American war ship in the harbour came to know if he could render any assistance. The same day our Captain, as the new arrival, calls to thank for the attention, and this call is returned by the Captain of the foreigner in person.

Should there be any directions to be given as to anchorage, the harbour-master comes on board before coming to an anchor.

At breakfast I made my first acquaintance with bananas; the natives are very proud of them and say they were the forbidden fruit of Eden. If so English garden fruits have been much improved by cultivation, as a good pear is very superior.

My diary tells me that the streets of Madeira are very narrow and steep, but well paved; there are no wheeled vehicles to be seen, but the carriages go on large timbers like the runners of a sledge.

All the houses are plastered, and rings, &c. laid on in bright paint; the windows are very frequently unglazed. The outside of all theatres seen by day seem to have a family likeness to an unoccupied house, and Funchal strongly reminded me of this. It is the more surprising as the place is kept up by English visitors; the very blackguards speak a kind of English; a confectioner paints that word as well as the Portuguese equivalent on the outside of his shop; the publican announces in both Portuguese and English that his is a “grog shop”; and yet I do not remember seeing one English word mis-spelt.

There are three places to see in Funchal: the cathedral and Protestant and Roman Catholic burial grounds.

The cathedral is built of a coarse black stone, and would be venerable had not the authorities seen fit to give the tower a thick coat of whitewash, and to top its heavy square form with an absurd pagoda kind of steeple covered with a chequer work of blue and white tiles. They have however left the west door intact, which has some fine carving upon it, and there was one wheel window in the transept with good tracery.

Smaller than any English cathedral I have seen, it is more lofty. There is a plain oak roof blackened with age; the windows are four in number (one at each cardinal point) glazed with unstained glass. Their places on each side of the nave are occupied by three niches each filled with a tawdry gilt image the size of life.

As it was a festival the chancel was laid with a turkey carpet, and the altar decorated with flowers and tinsel. We landed at the base of a steep hill; on the opposite side lies the Roman Catholic cemetery, below lies the town. The cemetery is of considerable size: near many of the graves we saw fresh bouquets or wreaths of flowers or else flowers loosely scattered on the stone. On one grave the wreath was made of expensive artificial flowers: injured indeed by exposure to the weather, but untouched out of respect to the purpose they were applied to. On the better class of tombs were placed small glazed cases containing artificial flowers, small candlesticks, &c., and in one a photograph, apparently of the deceased: but it is the luxuriant growth of flowers, planted round nearly every grave, that makes the place worth a visit. The heliotrope is almost a weed in its luxuriance and frequency; but roses, jasmine, and myrtle flourish with an abundance that can hardly be surpassed. There are but few ugly, heavy tombstones, nevertheless the place reminded me painfully of our overcrowded, neglected cemeteries. The very unrestrained luxuriance of the flowers added to the effect, contrasting with the care and order that ought to reign: but with all this luxuriance the earth is bare and parched, as there is nothing to take the place of the smooth carpet of English turf which will not grow.

Most people visit the Protestant burial ground in remembrance of the many English people laid there; it is so crowded with tombs and tablets as to prevent the growth of flowers. There is a beautiful entrance through a piece of ground, half garden, half shrubbery, with beds crowded to excess with flowers and flowering shrubs.

Among the many new flowers I was particularly struck by a variety of the myrtle; the pair of leaves enclosing each blossom are of the usual size but more delicate and of a pale mauve colour.

Enjoying a splendid climate of most splendid summer weather, the poorer classes struck me as much the laziest people I had ever seen; our English idlers at the street corners always profess to be on the look out for a "job," and deplore their enforced idleness; but here not a soul makes even this shallow pretence.

A mob of a dozen followed us about all day; if we entered a shop so did they, mixing in the conversation with the proprietor and giving free counsel and advice; if we paid them no attention they lit cigarettes and smoked, if we wanted them they put the cigarette in their caps, cleared their throats, and were at our service in a moment.

But they bully and extort where they have a chance and are shameless cheats: almost the last incident I remember at Madeira is running down in a great hurry lest I should miss the boat, my flight impeded by a ragged native who followed hard after and besought me earnestly to purchase a spectacle-case, paper-cutter, and card-case for the same sum that I had offered for the card-case alone only the day before, when my offer had been refused with every appearance of disdain.

We made several explorations into the country and found the vegetation wonderfully luxuriant; the peaches hanging over the road so that we could pluck them as we walked along. I invested sixpence in the purchase of a pint of the best island wine, but found it undrinkably sour; it is hardly necessary to say that in consequence of the wine disease most of the vineyards were turned into corn fields. I believe however that the cultivation of the vine is being resumed.

The nuns make the most enchanting wreaths of white flowers from feathers, as well as lace and crochet work; from the woods of the island a rough imitation of Tunbridge ware is made.

We left Madeira after three days, and crossed the line July 26th. I am happy to say the day passed off without any of the riot that so often takes place.

My first sight of a foreign port was my first disappointment; my second was the heat on the line. I had anticipated something much more powerful, but experienced no difficulty in carrying on my usual duties, nor did I suffer from headache, &c. after exposure to the sun. We were,

it is true, always bathed in perspiration, and it was difficult for any considerable time to remain awake if you sat reading or writing. I could find no one to explain why perspiration exuded much more copiously when sleeping than waking, though this was undoubtedly the case.

The temperature, which reached 89° on the lower deck, altered very slightly as long as we were within the tropics, no matter how near we might come to the line.

We were driven so far to the west that on August 3rd the Captain determined to bear up for Rio: we were then in 18° South and 37° West; few fish had been seen, but now porpoises and flying fish appeared in abundance; the same day several sharks were seen and one was caught. Shark's flesh is very coarse, nevertheless as it was fresh meat the sailors were wonderfully eager after it. As soon as the fish was laid upon the quarter deck, the men closed in on all sides and worked away with their long knives like mad fellows; though close to the fish I could not get a glimpse of it for about a minute, and when at the end of that time the mob opened, nothing remained of a ten foot shark but a heap of entrails; the whole of the body had been hacked to pieces and carried away by the different messes. His stomach contained nothing but a cuttle fish and sea hedgehog. One of the suckers usually attached to a shark was still clinging to him when brought on deck.

August 8th. The light on Cape Frio in sight: it is one of the most elevated in the world and can be seen thirty miles off. Next morning we were within four miles of the coast; the hills were many and irregular—green, but bare of trees. We were so fortunate as to see on one side of us a thrasher and whale fighting; every now and again we could see the thrasher spring out of the water to the attack, and the whale lash the water into foam as he struck at the enemy. The whale seemed to be faring badly, but we lost sight of the combatants before the battle was finished.

About half-past eleven we steamed into the harbour between the two forts at the entrance (fort Santa Cruz on the east, and a fort on the sugar loaf rock on the west), and anchored at midday just opposite the town.

Rio is built on the west side of one of the finest harbours in the world (seventeen miles in length, eleven in extreme width) and about two or three miles from the entrance; on the opposite side of the harbour stands the suburb of Braganza. As you enter, the sugar loaf hill is on your left,

and a very high mountain called the Corcovada or hollow back (from the shape of its summit) nearly faces you. The harbour is surrounded by hills: the town is built on a level space between two of them with a comparatively narrow front towards the harbour. The town is at present undrained: the principal streets are well lit by gas, and a magnificent aqueduct supplies the city with water.

As an English squadron has its head quarters here an Englishman can make himself understood in most respectable shops. There is plenty of life and bustle in the main streets, but in them only. The fronts of the inferior houses are plastered with a salmon coloured wash, the blank spaces between the windows, &c. are relieved by lines of blue, green, or any staring colour. The paint once put on seems never to be renewed: in process of time the colours fade, the plaster begins to crack and a few patches fall off; the open door reveals an interior, bare, dirty, faded, and slovenly to correspond, and the whole has an appearance of age, ruin, and decay, that makes it simply a misnomer to call this a new world—at any rate it is a new world rapidly sinking into the decrepitude of old age.

Rio possesses good public gardens running down to the water's edge, along which a terrace is built; the flowers and trees are on a grander and more luxuriant scale than our English favourites, and yet, in spite of their luxuriance and wonderfully bright colours, bearing a resemblance to some of our modest favourites in England.

Part of this garden was laid out as a lawn, though the grass was rather coarse. The town is indebted to the Emperor for these gardens: he hoped that his subjects might be induced to mix more freely together. The project was such an innovation upon Brazilian prejudices, that when the visitors first saw the counter for sale of refreshments, and the tables, seats, &c. set out in the open air, they were amused at the absurdity of supposing that respectable people would ever be persuaded to eat in public.

The churches fell much below my expectations: they are all built on the same model: at the end facing the street are two towers capped with cupolas, the windows are close to the roof and filled with unstained glass so that the 'dim religious light' is entirely absent, the ceiling flat and the white walls relieved by gold mouldings. There was nothing venerable or ecclesiastical about them. Excellent as concert rooms they failed as churches. We were rather

shocked by seeing them used as polling booths for an election even, on Sunday.

Along the opposite shores of the harbour the modern suburb of Braganza is built: here you see the influence of new ideas, the streets are broad and macadamized; whilst the houses are no more painted, but rows of glazed tiles or some more enduring decoration is used to ornament the blank spaces of the fronts. Here is a botanical garden and a sanatorium to which convalescents are sent from the Rio hospital.

There are not many ways of spending money at Rio in purchasing curiosities, presents, &c.; humming-birds prepared for stuffing, feather flowers dyed not pure white as in Madeira, and the body of a dark green beetle used for studs, pins, &c. make up the list, unless you add cigars and guava jelly. The shop windows are full of brooches and other jewellery, but they are all imported from France.

The tropical fruit is rather disappointing; it has externally a coarse, uninviting appearance, and internally a large stone or cluster of bitter seeds or some such hindrance to enjoyment; the edible matter lies around the stone in the form of a pulp, and it must be confessed that this atones for many defects.

We arrived there in the coldest part of the year; the temperature during midday never changes, the evenings however are sensibly chilly.

There were representatives of five navies in Rio harbour, viz. English, French, Portugese, Brazilian, and Dutch.

We left Rio August 15th, and made the run to Simon's Bay in a little over twenty days—an unusually short time for an armed vessel. Sea fowl now began to keep us company, the most numerous being a small bird larger than a pigeon but with the same plumage, called in consequence the Cape pigeon; there was also a dark brown bird the size of a hawk, and generally a pair of albatrosses. The plumage of these birds does not become white until they begin to grow old, and I may remark in passing that the word albatross has nothing to do with white, but is derived from the Spanish word for a sea fowl.

It was to me a never ending subject of speculation where these birds rested, and for what purpose they existed; they joined us about twenty minutes from land, and yet when we had weeks without sighting land nearly the same number surrounded us. Never making long flights, nor those with great rapidity, it seems almost impossible that they could

frequently resort to the shore, and yet never did they offer to come on board except when the waves were so violent and broken that they cannot sleep as they float.

We passed to the south of the Cape, September 6th, it is here a long rocky promontory coming down to a point: at seven we anchored in Simon's Bay. A lottery had been got up, the prize to be given to the man who should draw the hour on which we should anchor. A midshipman drew the lucky number, but with true naval recklessness he had sold his ticket for a fifth of its value. Simon's Bay is a tolerably sheltered inlet in False Bay, and affords the safest anchorage to be found near the Cape: yet when the wind blew from the sea the waves were washed into the windows of the cabins. Here is the government dockyard establishment: there was a church once, but recent economists have retrenched the chaplain and converted the church into a store. We stayed here six unpleasant days.

Simon's Town lies at the base of a ridge of rocky hills that end in the Cape of Good Hope. I made some excursions among them and would have been richly rewarded had I been a botanist. The soil is thin and meagre, yet this unpromising field seems to produce abundantly; geraniums were almost the common wild flowers; arums (colonially known as "pig lilies") grew by the side of the water-courses; but the sandy soil seemed to suit heaths exactly, and many pretty varieties flourished luxuriantly.

Cape Town is about thirty miles distant, it has a fine site and a very exposed anchorage. The dust is a perpetual plague. The town has a fine library building and a good collection of books. The booksellers were full of the Colenso controversy; judging by the display, orthodoxy seemed in great demand.

We proceeded on our course under steam on the 12th until we reached 36° south. This is not so far south as merchant vessels usually go, but it secures more moderate weather.

Coal was getting rather low before we reached Sydney, so our course was shaped for Melbourne, and we anchored off Sandridge (the Queenstown of Melbourne) at twelve on October 15th. At daylight we passed the heads and had since been steaming across Port Philip. We landed as soon as we could: passing on our way a number of splendid clipper ships ranged along the two piers. The railway carried us to Melbourne in about ten minutes.

A glance at Melbourne shows that the town was built

by people who had determined to have a regularly built city come what may. Having plenty of time to make preparations for the coming population they had laid out the streets, &c. with great regularity; the city is built on a gentle slope, with streets intersecting at right angles. A stream of water running down each side of the street gives abundance of water for cleaning pavements, laying dust, &c. The two principal streets, George and Burke Street, have a macadamized road nearly as broad as Regent Street, but the pavement is narrower and sometimes raised several feet above the street. The greatest attention has been paid to regularity, so that the streets are from end to end as straight as possible—not even a bulging shop breaking the line. The houses are not quite worthy of the streets, few are more than two stories high and several are built of wood. Many of the shopkeepers have thrown a light verandah of wood over the street in their front: although the houses look mean the shops are very good—there is, it is true, a rawness as I might say about them; for instance, you may see the bare rafters and slates that cover the back part of the shop and sometimes the naked plaster of the side walls, but the essential parts are always good; the shop windows are light and large, though plate glass is more the exception than the rule; they never seem inclined to hide the light of their goods under a bushel of dust, but everything is spic and span in good style and well arranged. We were struck by the numerous butchers' shops all full of meat. I have said that the shops are good though the houses are mean: this is explained by a visit to the suburbs, where, after leaving the town proper, you drive for miles past allotments of ground, some with a frontage of no more than thirty or fifty feet, but each containing its little one-storied or two-storied house with a balcony round it, almost hid in a perfect forest of flowers and creepers: each with a well-to-do appearance about it, even when no larger than an English labourer's cottage. The fact is, that land can be acquired so easily that the country-house becomes a necessary rather than a luxury. All that is considered in a place of business is that the *shop* is a good one. To us fresh from Rio and the Cape the town seemed intensely English—the women particularly so. The men are bearded as the rule and whiskered as the exception. Even the better class of people put up with very bad hats or mambrinos of all shapes and sizes. But with first impressions corrected by Sydney and Auckland, I see Melbourne has a strong infusion of

Yankeeism, as witness the beards and strange head gear and the state of things generally. This is not to be wondered at, as Melbourne is largely indebted for its present prosperity to the go-a-headism of a few enterprising Yankees. Thus, in the hotel we dined at, a room on the first floor, well decorated, papered, and lighted, fitted with lounges, sofas, &c., and used as a general lounge, was substituted for the stuffy den advertised in the puffs of English hotels as a "commodious and well ventilated smoking-room." Again, the American institution of the drinking bar is thoroughly rooted in Melbourne; thus in our hotel was (1) the bar proper with clerk, &c.; (2) bar in smoking-room with dashing damsel as bar-maid; (3) bar in dining-room with ministering waiter.

We visited the Treasury buildings almost finished, the Houses of Parliament unfinished, the Post Office unfinished, the Roman Catholic Cathedral unfinished.

Melbourne is a city of unfinished public buildings. When gold was first found Melbourne found itself a Croesus among cities; as a consequence they were all in a hurry to make the town worthy of its destiny. Before they had half done this, competition (for the competition is now almost as great in Melbourne as in London), or a fit of economy had made money less plentiful, and the city was obliged to put a stop to the buildings in progress.

The Roman Catholic cathedral is a fine gothic building; the aisles divided from the nave by two rows of seven pillars, apparently Purbeck marble; each pillar had an inscription stating by whose contributions it had been erected: the Sunday School children and the Roman Catholic members of the constabulary had each contributed a column. I am sorry to say they have for the present rested from their labours, and contented themselves with using a shingle lean-to built against the wall of the cathedral as a church.

My account of Melbourne would be incomplete if closed without some mention of the universal kindness shown us by clubs, newspaper editors, railway directors, and everybody.

We entered Port Jackson at daylight on the 21st, and were anchored by half-past eight. Port Jackson is as pleasant as Port Philip is dreary, indented in every direction by bays of every size; round the shores of one of these Sydney was first built; but it has expanded in every direction, and presents no marked contrast to an English town of the same size, if I except the presence of a sprinkling of Chinese.

The great aim of the colonists is to be English, to read English books, wear English goods and English dress, and to marry English husbands or wives.

I was much struck with this in the course of a conversation with some labourers employed on the harbour. One confessed that he loved grog too much, &c., but laid all the blame upon the loss of the wife he had brought from England; we suggested that the loss could be easily replaced, but he told us with tremendous bitterness that he had no fancy for an Australian wife.

To keep up their connexion with, but independence of, England is their ambition; the colonial substitute for the English "Here's your good health" suggests this—it is "Friendship and Freedom."

I had some conversation with a sensible bookseller, but the only account he could give me of the kind of reading relished by his customers was that they got all the English books; though he rather perplexed me by excepting Carlyle and De Quincey as "heavy." He set an example to English booksellers in being really ashamed of selling the trash in yellow and green covers that usually crowds the stalls at English railway stations.

The tastes of Sydney correspond to those of England even in the matter of sermons: the popular preachers of Sydney being a quiet, sensible gentleman who preaches at Christ's Church, and a dissenter, a vulgar exaggerator of Spurgeon's wilder and earlier efforts.

Sydney is usually the head quarters of the Australian Station, so that, with this short description of Sydney, this Account of a Voyage to the Australian Station concludes.





ON THE PROSPECT OF ADMITTING WOMEN TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Nor far removed from Granta's ancient towers,
Within the sound of all her chiming hours,
Old Father Cam upraised him from his bed,
(The while he held his nose) and thus he said:

How now, my children, what is this my eye
Beholds scarce hidden in futurity?
A crowd of women break upon my ease
With talk of Arts and babble of Degrees,
And, crying out upon unequal fate,
Demand a portion with the celibate.
What folly this, what worse than idle cry,
What offspring wild of maiden fantasy!
Equal with us the sex has ever stood,
Endued with cap and gown and woman-hood.
What else is sought?—though doubtless there might be
Something appropriate in a Poll degree,
And, to be candid, precedent might show
A Grace t' have passed the Senate long ago.
But, by my faith, such privilege as this
No more will satisfy our modern Miss,
Who, spite of grammar, will no more surrender
The masculine to be the worthier gender,
Scoffs at *sex viri* as the ancient rule,
And claims an equal place in Hall and School.

A well-loved son who, ere while, culled my reeds,
Before my heart was choked with sluggish weeds,
Has sung in tuneful strain, surpassing rare,
Of sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
If these should seek the Academic grove,
What direful change each cloistered Hall would prove!
Methinks the evil Planets would combine,
When February's days are twenty-nine,

Banns, everywhere, instead of bands, prevail,
While Fellow-ships went foundering in the gale.
But, different far the race my eyes behold,
Who brave our ancient courts with presence bold:
Angelic those, but angular are these,
Acute, obtuse, in various degrees;
Plain, superficial, and skew-surface, all,
Not homogeneous and symmetrical.
See, where they pass with pedant gesture by,
Spinsters of Arts, by far more blue than I!
Mighty at Social Science, great at Laws
That govern Woman's Rights and Woman's Cause.

The vision stirs my mud, as when I feel
The grinding of some hated barge's keel;
Or as if, haply, there should meet my view
A screw propeller in the 'Varsity crew.
The prospect makes my flood to fret its bank,
My reeds to flag, my sedge grow limp and dank.
I see the evil spreading wider still,
Till every maid becomes a Somerville;
And female grace, concealed by learned scowl,
Has fall'n a victim to Minerva's owl.
And he, vain man, who should presume t' address
Some spinster clad in rarer comeliness,
Would find in such equality, at best,
A "couple" that can never keep at rest.

See then, my children, that with steady face
Ye guard our precincts from such evil case.
Conservative am I, though, as you see,
The Conservators claim small praise from me,
Who, all uncared for, in my place abide.
And watch with gloomy eyes a thickening tide.

He said; and straightway sank beneath the stream;
And nought remained save Luna's broken gleam.
And—but an odour came across the lea,
And still the dead dogs floated to the sea.

F. H. D.



ITALY.

I WONDER how far people in England are aware of the advantages of their own happy climate, as compared to that of the favoured land of Italy: if they don't know the difference, let them try, and they will soon appreciate the circumstances of their natural position. In Rome, as late even as the beginning of November, the heat of the sun will be found so intense that nothing but stone walls can resist its fury. It rages over St. Peter's, till the whole surface of the Piazza stands out whitened in the blaze. It scorches on the Pincian hill; it smites down the Corso, and searches every nook of the ruins, till there is not a spot of shelter left, except under the shadow of the immense Colosseum. Add to this, that the paved streets reflect an universal glare scarcely less blinding than the sun itself, and it will readily be understood that to walk any distance in the middle of the day would be wholly out of the question. If you attempt to do it, soon you feel your knees shake and totter as though you were going to sink down crushed into the ground under the oppression of the heat. A low fever frequently follows, not a severe one, but enough to keep a person at home for several days.

When December begins, there is a sudden jump from summer to winter. The mornings and evenings are now become extremely cold, the change of temperature on the same day being very great. At noon, perhaps, you are able to sit with the windows open, and in a few hours you are obliged to wrap in furs and great coat; for, by a pleasing fiction, fires, even in winter, are supposed to be unnecessary: and certainly, in many chambers the significant absence of a grate seems to speak to the general prevalence of such a theory. The windows, moreover, being large and loose, and the floors being constructed of stone or marble, augment considerably the bitterness of the cold. The consequence

is that many of the poorer sort among the natives are found to be suffering severely from rheumatic attacks, and occasionally even to be lamed for life. In short, if an Englishman wishes to gain an idea of the temperature to which those patients have been subjected, let him get himself shut up in a cellar or a vault for one winter's evening, and when he falls back fainting with cold, and praying to be taken, if only to Siberia, for a change, let him know that he has reached the Italian climax.

However, spring and warmth return in February, though even then the north and east winds, which are often present with a hot sun, are likely to be injurious. The rains also, as the days lengthen, are frequent and abundant. Wet weather, at this period, has been known to continue for one, two, and even three months at a time, without the intermission of a single fine day. We have cold rain and warm rain, drenching rain and drizzling rain, but always rain.

Now the comparative advantages of the English climate are manifest at once. We suffer an extreme neither of heat nor cold, but enjoy a nice breezy weather which admits of exercise in the open air at any hour of the day, and all the year round. The skies may be changeable, but the rains are neither heavy nor are they cruelly prolonged from week to week. It is true that the air of Rome is so sweet and pure that a morning walk feels not less exhilarating than a plunge in the sea. Yet, on the whole, I should think that as far as climate is concerned, both for the healthy person and the invalid, it would be pleasanter to remain in England. For every other reason, I should recommend an early visit and a prolonged residence in the Eternal City.

There are three routes from France into Italy, one through Savoy, by diligence over Mount Cenis, and thence to Turin and Genoa; another along the coast under the Maritime Alps, by way of Nice, to Genoa. These roads offer great advantages to those who wish to avoid a rough sea passage, but are somewhat complicated for the unpractised traveller. There is a third and a simpler route, the one which I chose, direct by sea from Marseilles. Here I embarked on board the steamer "*Vatican*," which was bound for the Papal States. The decks were thronged by people all going to Rome, but who represented in their appearance the manners and costume of many and various nations. On one side you might recognise the Doctor in Divinity, and the young scholar fresh from Oxford, on the other, the theological student or the Priest of the Catholic

Church: here a troop of French soldiers, there a knot of monks and friars, whose only dress appeared to be the long serge gown, the belt of rope, and wooden sandals: close by, a group of young converts going out to be educated in a Roman College: poor young fellows, they did not seem to speak a word of "the language," and were probably separated for ever from their own homes: I pitied them when I saw their fresh English faces under the broad shovel hat, and wished them another fate; but, to the best of their belief, they had devoted all their soul and strength to the service of their God, and who can promise to do better?

My travelling companion, with whom I had made acquaintance at the hotel, was a dignitary of the Catholic Church, fresh from an interview with Cardinal Wiseman, and about to offer himself in a still more august presence. Among other things he told me that the Cardinal could preach with eloquence in five languages, but that, for depth of classical erudition, Dr. Newman was probably the best scholar in the Church of Rome, which I thought no slight compliment to an English University.

We were bound for Civita Vecchia, the chief seaport in the Papal territory, and the voyage was expected to occupy something less than thirty-six hours. We were soon in the Gulf of Lyons, the passage of which is generally rather rough, as it certainly proved on the present occasion. The waves seemed to be rolling every way at once, and made the vessel writhe and wriggle in such a manner that you must have feared she would break to pieces, if indeed your attention was not already fully occupied by your own physical suffering. The sickness was general and severe, especially among the party of French soldiers: I watched them sitting on the deck, rocking to and fro in agony. As the outward signs of the torment increased, and as the "*vin d'ordinaire*" came streaming from their martial lips, it struck me that if any country at any time dreaded their invasion, an insular position would be in more ways than one a most effectual guarantee for its security.

However during the latter part of the voyage the waters grew calm, and for a whole day there was not a speck of a cloud in the sky. Though it was now November the weather was warm as an English June, and when the night closed in, the cabin was so hot that I was glad to be able to return on deck. The sky was beautiful and the stars were shining: I found the soldiers fast asleep, their tortures at an end, and not a sound or a stir among them. They

lay in groups under their great coats, each with a handkerchief tied over his face, and his arm thrown round his neighbour's neck. There was something awful in the sight: yon was Corsica, and there was Elba—and here they were, poor young fellows, looking as if they were lying dead on the field of battle. And many a time in the dreadful Russian campaign and the terrible Crimean winter, their compatriots must have rested thus, dead in each other's arms like brothers.

Certainly we were approaching a land of heroes, for yonder, if you could only faintly see it, was the coast of Italy. I sat down all alone on the fore-castle and looked about. Nothing was there but one immense blue sky, one rolling, glimmering sea, and for me there was not an earthly object in all space besides, except a plank to lie on. The scene was my own to make what I pleased of it; so I recalled many legends, and felt at last like Europa floating away on the shoulders of the metamorphosed Zeus.

Nocte sublustri nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas.

And there was no sound of human life to break the illusion.

When the day dawned we had reached our destination: the classical land actually and indeed was there—no shadowy outline, no fleeting dream, but broad and clear, the fields of Italy, sloping up against a sky of perfect light.

On arriving within the harbour of Civita Vecchia we were received by a crowd of small boats which flew out to meet us, in order to convey the passengers ashore, for in none of the Italian ports do the steamers come close along side the pier. Then followed the hubbub of many voices—all along the sea, from ship to shore, a scream of French and Italian, broken occasionally by shouts of English. We were quickly boarded by officers of the army, officers of the Custom-house, officers of the mail, officers of health, and officers of the police, by whom the names of the passengers, translated into Italian, were called over on the poop, and to each separately a "permission" was assigned, which, examined by one functionary and approved by another, gave its owner a right to leave the steamer. Then the luggage was seized and swung over the side, and load by load, transported to the beach. Here you are met by a person calling himself "the commissioner," who intercepts the baggage, and without allowing a question as to the how or the why, hurries you about among a variety of offices,

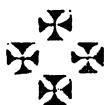
where a variety of fees are paid, and your passport, which has been withdrawn at Marseilles, by some mysterious agency is now restored. You are conveyed in a fly from the wharf to the railway, followed by "the commissioner," who will subsequently claim an ample remuneration for his service. At the station your luggage is opened, and your select library inspected, though such examination appeared very superficial in its character; probably because the volumes were few in number. It is said that a large box of books has many and grave obstacles to surmount in its passage through the Custom House, no other object being viewed by the authorities with so jealous an eye. The reason probably is that the first step to knowledge is also the first step to the destruction of the sacerdotal dominion. And that we were within the range of that dominion many signs declared. I had already seen the cross fixed high on the wayside hillock, and noticed the same token often hanging from the peasant's neck. I had heard the cry of the beggars who appealed for alms in the Virgin's name, and now I was listening to the solitary murmurs of the monks and friars, who, telling their beads and pattering their prayers, sat in the waiting-room till the train should be ready. The carriages after a long delay received their various passengers, and at last were started, being dismissed by the sound of a trumpet.

The journey of forty-five miles, which took nearly three hours to perform, lay through an open desolate country with little sign of human habitation: the train stopped once or twice, and then not again till we reached a river which at length must be the Tiber, rolled over a bridge and caught the first glimpse of Imperial Rome.

There is another tedious delay at the central station, as it is called, while the officials are organising the passengers and dispensing the luggage. But at last we did get free and found a long line of vehicles waiting to receive us: 'Ecco Signor! Ecco Signor!' was the cry of the drivers. Sometimes one more cosmopolitan than his brethren addressed the stranger confidentially as 'Monsieur.' I went into an omnibus where a number of people had assembled; we started with a crack of the whip as loud as a pistol shot, rattled down the Quirinal, and soon found ourselves in the heart of the modern town.

Rome, it is said, possesses a power of fascination which it would be difficult to describe, and which is the more remarkable because at first you view with disappointment

those narrow crooked streets, those lines of dingy shops, and those heaps of lanes and alleys which make up what is called the modern town. You don't like it, you leave it, but you quickly return again, drawn by an irresistible attraction which grows on the heart and captivates the imagination, till at last the very stones in the street are regarded with personal affection. I knew of a lady, eminent as a sculptor, who said that if she were to be made to leave her favourite city, heaven itself would be no adequate compensation for the loss. What this fascination consists in, a longer acquaintance may enable us to discover.





PSYCHE.

PART II.

So when the news was spread throughout the town
Great lamentation made the citizens:
As partly for their king, (beloved of all,)
So mostly wept they for the maid herself:—
For for her own sweet sake they loved her all,
And her great beauty marvellously wrought
Upon them; each and all were prest for her
To battle to the death; reward forsooth
Enough and more they deemed it if she smiled
Her own sweet smile of thanks and gratitude.
Yet none durst lift a hand to rescue her,
Lest haply 'gainst the god himself to war
They might be found. And none might die for her.
But while all others sorrowed for the maid,
She only tearless heard her fate unmoved;
And when her sire and mother came, she said,—
“Weep not for me, I weep not for myself;
For it is better thus to die, than live
Unwedded, childless, all alone in life.
For when, sweet parents, you are laid in death,
Within the chambers of the silent tomb,
Who is there left to care for me your child?
Yet O my mother for thee, for thee my father,
For you I could weep.

Let me weep farewell
Upon thy bosom, mother, there where oft
My weary aching head hath found repose,
And look up in thy face, and meet the smile
Which oftentimes when I in weakness lay
A little babe upon thy breast, hath soothed
My little troubles, and with lullabies
Thou calledst down upon my infant soul
The restful feeling of security;
Of all the heavenly forms of god-born love
No fairer can be found in mortal mind
Than that of mother to the child she bare.”

So when the fated day was come at last
They decked her in a robe of blackest samite;
And as they wound in solemn pomp around
The mountain, to the beetling crag above,
And chanted nuptial hymns, sore sad at heart,
She only tearless walked of that vast crowd.
And when they reached the highest point, from whence
She might behold, when rosy morning came,
(If so she passed the dreadful night unharmed)
The first and faintest glory of the sun
Rising where heaven and furthest ocean met,
They left her: and her sire and sisters came
And cast their arms about her, saying to her
"Farewell, sweet sister," and "sweet child, farewell."

And darkest night wrapt all things, nought was heard
Save the dull moaning of the restless sea;
And on her weary eyelids sweet sleep fell.
And lo! the gentle Zephyr raised her form
And bare her where no foot of man hath trod.

As when one from th' unconscious swoon-blank wakes,
And in amazement, half affrighted, asks
Where is he? seeing strangers round his couch:
Then slowly all the past comes back to him,
Rememb'ring nothing since the sudden sweep
Of that fell arm flashed o'er his head, next seen
With downward sweep; then all is 'wilderment:
And with an undefined and grateful sense
Of comfort, safety, and a kindly care,
Turns smiling silent thanks, too weak to speak,
And loses care in slumber, infant-like:—
So Psyche starting from her sleep awoke,
And scarce believed herself to be herself,
The same which stood upon the mountain crag
On that dread night, now past—O grateful thought!—
But thought she saw a vision of the night;
And with a little scream of strange delight,
Not all unmixed with fear, arose; and first
She thought that death had taken her that night,
And, while her body lay upon the rock,
Her spirit had awoke into that life,
Which lies mysterious beyond the tomb:
And then between full waking and deep sleep,
In sweet enjoyment of she knew not what,
She lay, not over-careful to disturb the dream,
If such it were, yet longed to find it true.
And lo! strange voices with due reverence
Desired acquaintance of her sovereign will;

And hands, wrist-plunged in ether, bodiless,
 Brought broidered raiment and ambrosial foods.
 Uprose she then, and left her dainty couch
 And passed beyond throughout far-stretching halls,
 Long sweep of corridors and galleries,
 And rich-wrought cloisters, where huge-shafted pillars
 Stretched over-arching arms towards the roof
 Which dazzled with its subtle interlacings
 Of colours, fretted carvings, and bright gems,
 Where bright cerulean, like the fathomless deep
 Of heaven's own blue, glittered with starlight studs.
 And all the curious work of the mystic floor
 Of chrysolith and sapphire interwrought,
 Shone with the ceaseless twinkling of the gems;
 As when the smooth spread surface of the sea,
 When in mid heaven the glowing sun doth shine,
 Sparkles with shifting glister of the waves;
 And every upward-climbing pillar seemed
 To shoot deep-rooted stems beneath the pavement,
 And under-arch it with inverted roof.
 And never-ceasing interchange of sounds
 Melodious, floated through the golden halls
 And echoing réfrains eddied round and round,
 And burst against the roof, and ere they died,
 A richer, sweeter melody o'ertook them—
 (As wave upon the ocean follows wave)—
 And every last pleased more than that before.
 Nor did the ceaseless plash of tumbling fountains
 Discordant break upon th' enchanted ear:
 And all seemed working to delight the maid,
 And every wish her thoughts framed unexpressed
 Of novelty, that novelty succeeding
 Surpassed th' extravagancy of her wish.
 And then beyond the portals passed she free,
 And wandered wheresoe'er her fancy listed,
 Thro' verdant lawns where tangled rivulets
 Threading the silver mazes of their course
 With murmuring interception crossed and left,
 And golden fishes flashed beneath the wave.

* * *

There in those blessed regions night and day
 No interchange and no succession know;
 But all day long the sun shines unsubdued,
 And in the hours when sleep wraps earthly men
 In grateful slumber, still the celestial day
 Shines on and knows no intermission.
 Yet Psyche (for her nature was unchanged)
 When came the hour, when Phœbus bathes his steeds

Beneath the glowing waters of the ocean,
Which men call even, and desist from toil,
Full weary with the never-ceasing change
And grateful variableness of heavenly wonders
Re-sought the chamber where she lay before.
And alien darkness wrapt its mantle round,
And while she slumbered in a fitful sleep,
Suddenly, but with all tenderness, she felt
The gentle girding of the arms of love,
And knew her spouse was with her; softest words,
Which far surpassed the melody of the lyre
And tuneful dulcimer and tabret shrill,
Harmonious breathed around; the sweet impress
Of kisses calmed her fears; no fear, I ween,
Knew she whilst in His arms she lay secure.

* * *
Alas! how all unwise are we: how little we
Do know our fortunes, when to rest content,
When to keep down the wilfulness of pride,
And dare to walk blindfold, by faith, not sight,
And with unquestioning obedience leave
In full content, the rest to highest God.

* * *
At last, it chanced that in a luckless hour,
When they two lay within each other's arms,
And he slept (smiling in sweet dreams of love)
She gently put aside his circling arm,
And rising stealthily, in fear to wake him,
Drew back the cover of the couch, and slipt,
With held breath, often stopping lest he rouse,
Quietly from his side; he in his sleep
Turning, threw back the coverlet from him.
His head lay resting on one arm, round which
His sunny locks in gay disorder curled,
And creeping low adown kissed tremblingly
The soft voluptuous ivory of his neck;
The dark long lashes of his violet eyes
Scarce touched the blossom of his dimpled cheek:
The kiss-crease seemed to ruffle still his lips,
The which between his pearly teeth half-gleamed,—
(As in a maiden's garland lilies white
Lie half-hid by the ruby of the rose,)—
The limpid length of his outstretchèd limbs,
Streaked with the purple courses of his veins,
Which lost themselves in snowy white engulfed,
Lay gently heaving with each long-drawn breath,
O'er-covered by his stole of gossamer,
Which floated lightly round him as he lay.

A golden quiver, and the slackened bend
Of an unstringed bow lay by his side.

She drew
Stealthily closer still; one hand upheld
The flick'ring lamp, the other grasped the sword,
And half kept off the full flare of the light.
She in amazement, breathless, all in awe,
Stood open mouthed, with breath held, voiceless, still,
For fifty quickened pulses of her blood.
For where she thought to find a monstrous beast
There in its stead lay Eros, god of Love.
Then bending over him, she stood entranced,
And gently stooping, drew with dainty touch
A feathered arrow from the golden quiver.
As when a warrior's wife, takes up his sword,
And tugging, scarcely pulls it from the sheath,
And hardly brandishing it above her head,
Makes mimic cuts and frowns with martial air;
Then laughing at her lack of strength, she smiles
At him who wields it easily, her spouse,
Rejoicing in his prowess and his strength:
So Psyche scarce could draw the bow-string tight
Half to her elbow; then with finger-tip
She tried the sharpness of a pointed dart,
Which slightly pricking, broke her tender skin,
And a rosy bead of her sweet blood leapt forth;
When straightway through the courses of her viens,
She felt a thrill of ecstasy and love,
As then the genial venom of the dart
Ebb'd round her heart. She stood, with lamp in hand,
Drinking delightful draughts of wondrous love:
And all her heart went out in passion deep
To him who lay there beautiful and grand.
Then stooping longing to drink in his love
In one full passion-kiss from his sweet lips,
She, heedless of all else but this, let fall
A heated drop of oil from out the lamp,
Which touching his bare foot stung sharp with heat.
Forthwith with one shrill scream of pain he started,
And spread his tinted wings, in act to fly;
But hovering half-way ere he left her straight,
Said with a voice remorseful, while she stretched
Her arms in supplication, all in tears,
"For all my care, my love, dost doubt me still?
Go then, ungrateful girl!

Yet how shall I
Say farewell to thee, take last leave of thee,
Whom more than all I loved, ay, love thee still.

How could I else. Perchance and so thou love me
When I have gone, and learn to trust me more,
We two may meet again, and own our love,
Before the face of gods and mortal men.
Farewell! think not I can forgetful be
So thou prove loving, unforgetful, true."
He spake, and spreading wide his pinions light
Left her, in gloom and sadness, all alone.

* * *

And as she meekly walked with head bowed low,
Her arms across her gentle bosom folded,
A blaze of glory burst athwart her path,
And wrapt her in a dazzling mist of light.
The Hours, obedient to the will of Zeus,
Drew back the pearly gates of heaven wide,
And heaven's actual glory met her view,
And all th' immortal host came forth to greet her,
And foremost her dear lord; she stretching out
Her arms, sprang forth, and felt him hers again,
And placed beneath her heart her hand in his:
And they were one again.

And last, before I woke,
Methought I saw them standing locked together,
Each in the other's arms, in close embrace,
Drinking sweet love in one eternal kiss.

Here ceased the bard; and looked around on all;
And while the warriors pshawed, and said, that's nought,—
The girls and matrons blushed and smiled well pleased.

Σ.





"QUID FEMINA POSSIT."

THERE are few perhaps of the readers of *The Eagle* who have not already observed a notice of a memorial to the Senate, praying that the Cambridge Middle Class Examinations may be thrown open to all without distinction as to sex.* This may furnish a fair occasion for a few remarks, not so much upon the present petition, in favour of which much may undoubtedly be said, as upon the history and character of the movement, of which it presents one phase. The supporters of this agitation, though continually varying the direction of their exertions, frankly confess that their ultimate object is to break down completely and for ever every legal and social distinction between the sexes. Of course there have seldom been wanting isolated instances of women like Mary Woolstonecroft, to protest vigorously and even passionately against the injustice with which their sex was treated, but such have been generally looked upon as visionary enthusiasts, and their notions scouted as wild vagaries. Ridicule was long deemed the only method of dealing with ideas so opposed to the feeling of centuries. But the question has recently assumed a very different aspect. It is no longer in the hands of wild declaimers. Ladies of keen and cultivated intellect, urge the claims of their sex in forcible and eloquent, yet moderate language; and one of the acknowledged leaders of the higher thought of the age, a thinker whose influence with one important school is all but omnipotent, has lent the cause the support of his vast and varied powers. However much we may disapprove of the measures proposed, we cannot now refuse to give them a fair and careful consideration. We may deem Mr. John Stuart Mill to be utterly in error, but we cannot meet his arguments with a laugh, or his opinions with

* Now so far approved that a Syndicate has been appointed (November 24th) to consider the question.

a sneer as new-fangled and visionary. And yet the magnitude and importance of the questions raised prevent them from being fairly discussed in the little space at my disposal. I must therefore be content if I can briefly state the present position of the questions, and offer a few suggestions with regard to it.

More than fifteen years ago, schemes for the intellectual elevation of women were already afloat; and our laureate with that deep sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of the time which has made him as completely the poetical representative of our own days, as Byron of the earlier part of the century, Pope of the beginning of the 18th, and Milton of the noble days of the commonwealth, gave them at once a form, and (from his point of view) a refutation in his exquisite medley of the Princess. The year after the appearance of this poem, the first public demonstration of the movement (as far as I have been able to learn) took place. A convention of women was held in Ohio, and among the foremost of its demands was one for the admission of women "to every university, medical, legal, or theological institution." This would have passed without much notice, as a product of that perverse Yankee ingenuity which has originated spirit-rapping, Mormonism, wooden hams and baby shows. But shortly afterwards there appeared an article in the *Westminster Review*,* strongly approving its object and supporting it by a number of forcible and well chosen arguments. This article Mr. Mill republished among his own in 1859, prefixing a panegyric on the author, which from a less sober-minded writer would have passed for the wildest exaggeration. The seed thus sown took root; able and devoted disciples were found in Miss Cobbe, Miss Parkes and Miss Shirreff, who were continually bringing the question before the public; at the Social Science Congress of 1862, among the mass of essays good bad and indifferent there produced, appeared one from the first of these ladies on the subject of University degrees for women, which boldly claimed for them admission to those in every faculty, and supported the claim in a manner, which though earnest, was moderate and temperate. The discussion which followed took on the whole a favourable tone, and at the beginning of last year the leaders of the party judged that the time had arrived to make a trial of their strength; a petition was sent in to the Senate of the University of London, praying that

* July, 1851.

the degrees of that body might be thrown open to both sexes alike, and at the same time a motion was brought before Convocation to the same effect. The latter was rejected by a considerable majority, but on the former, after a long and animated debate, the Senate was equally divided; the Chancellor, Earl Granville, gave his casting vote against the proposed admission, but solely on the ground that he would not take upon himself the responsibility of introducing a change of such magnitude. The importance of this discussion will be the better seen when it is remembered that the Senate numbers among its members, men like our own Chancellor, the Bishop of St. David's, Sir E. Ryan, Lord Stanley, Mr. Grote and Mr. Lowe. At the same time the advocates of the admission cannot expect a speedy fulfilment of their wishes in any quarter, after this repulse from a University which has never by its bitterest enemies been suspected of too conservative notions, and which for the ordinary degree attaches as much importance to Animal Physiology as to Latin. On another side however, where their claims are yet more opposed to all preconceived ideas, they have met with somewhat more success. After several repulses, one persevering lady has obtained at least partial admission to the medical profession. The claims of the fairer sex to have the bar and the church thrown open to them, are suffered, for the present at least, to remain in abeyance, though there are not wanting enthusiasts who declare that the triumph of liberty and justice will not be achieved, till perfect equality in these respects also has been established. But on this it will hardly be necessary for me to say anything. I presume that there are few who would really wish that in the present crowded state of every profession, there should be more competitors admitted to jostle and scramble in the race for bread; that tender women should be plunged into that strife which strains to its utmost tension every fibre of the muscles and the brain, and carries off daily our bravest and best to an early grave; or that they be brought into a keen competition and rivalry, which would destroy every spark of that chivalrous devotion on which all civilized nations pride themselves. Assuredly one who knows the scenes through which a medical student must necessarily pass would never wish a sister to enter them, or be willing to take to himself as a wife, one who had been their witness. But in their appeal for admission to degrees in arts, there is a much greater show of reason. "We do not ask," they say, "anything which would harm others. We simply plead

"for a recognition of our acquirements, of the same nature
 "as that by which those of men are formally attested. To
 "all qualified to obtain it such a recognition would be
 "desirable; to that large proportion engaged in tuition,
 "simply invaluable." It certainly seems hard to refuse so
 moderate a request, and to decide that because of their sex
 they must be deprived of the power of obtaining a certificate
 of their attainments. Yet we must keep in mind the func-
 tions of a University; one of its objects is undoubtedly to
 test the knowledge of its students, and to grant diplomas to
 those who satisfy its requirements; but another hardly less
 important is to fix the standard of education for the schools
 of the country to aim at, and so practically to direct the
 studies of the nation. For instance, were Cambridge and
 Oxford to give up requiring any verse composition,
 throughout the country it would be immediately neglected.
 Similarly by admitting ladies to the ordinary degrees in arts
 a university would thereby declare its opinion that Latin
 and Greek, Logic and Mathematics, were the fittest subjects
 for girls to be trained in. Now if we are not prepared to
 admit this, but believe that their general introduction into
 girls' schools would do much harm, we must be content to
 refuse a possible advantage to the few, on account of the
 certain mischief it would do to the many. The advocates of
 admission see this, and try to defend themselves in two
 ways, starting from opposite premises and succeeding in
 arriving at the same fallacious conclusions. The authoress
 of the article mentioned above holds that the mental consti-
 tution of woman is originally precisely the same as that of
 man, the differences in after life arising entirely from early
 training, and therefore that the highest education given to
 the one is that best fitted for the other also.* I know not
 where to find wiser or more beautiful words to answer in
 than these:

Let her make herself her own
 To give or keep, to live and learn and be
 All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
 For woman is not undeveloped man.
 But diverse; could we make her as the man
 Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.†

And so on through that glorious passage which every one

* Mill, *Dissertations and Disquisitions*, Vol. II. p. 424 and note.

† Tennyson, *Princess*, p. 172.

has read, and no one who has read, can ever forget. But Miss Cobbe takes the opposite and more plausible ground, which at least does not contradict universal experience. "It is true;" she says: "woman is diverse, and all the training upon earth cannot make her man. Then encourage her to cultivate her powers to the highest, offer her every inducement to push her studies to the furthestmost bound of human knowledge, and do not be afraid that her essential womanliness will suffer any loss. That is her unchangeable glory and crown." If this be true, it settles the question at once in her favour. But is it according to analogy? Do we say;—"The racer's foal and the cart-horse colt are widely different; we need not fear that by any training their distinctive characters will be changed; therefore let us bring them up in the same manner?" If we do, the racer will have lost his speed, the cart-horse his strength; neither will be fit for his own work, or for any other. As I have already said, the question is far too extensive to exhaust in a single brief essay; with one more consideration I must close, only trusting that I have succeeded in exciting some interest in this subject in those who either have or hope soon to have the right of deciding on it, should it be brought before this university. The Westminster Reviewer frankly recognizes the fact that the proposed changes will have a very strong tendency towards preventing marriage. A woman who has spent much time and money in fitting herself for the exercise of some profession (to which, be it remembered, all this agitation confessedly is tending) will be very loth to leave its excitement and emoluments for the quiet monotonous duties of a mother and a wife.

In this prospect as a thorough Malthusian she greatly rejoices,* and those who share her views will do so likewise. But to those who agree with Mr. Kingsley's noble words upon this theory,† and hold that the highest honours and the truest joys are those that come with the name of mother, this will seem no slight objection. In conclusion let me ask those who are considering this subject to remember that though there is a comic side to it, (which has been referred to in another part of the present number), there is also a very serious one, and that it would have an altogether incalculable effect for good or evil, on the whole of the middle classes of our country.

L. N.

* Mill, l. c., p. 427.

† *Miscellanies*, II., p. 310.



BELLA, HORRIDA BELIA.

Our far-off kinsmen o'er the windy sea
Know many tales to tell of horrid war:
Hear one of many, and, it may be, this
Yieldeth to many: hear, and hearing learn
The foulness of the flood of civil war.

A simple story of a simple maid—
Would God it were not true. Thy ways, O Lord,
We know not, and it may be this is best.

A southern youth, and he of gentle blood,
Was wounded, it was feared to death, and straight,
If but to die a peaceful death, removed
To where the sisters tended all the sick.

Let ye, ye maids who sit at home in peace
Learn how your sisters toil across the sea.
Hands whilome guiltless of all sterner toil
Than tracing brodered hues of fantasy
Now tend the haggard warrior, nor refuse
To work each menial work, the sick man's due.

To such a ministrant was he consigned;
And partly from her close observances,
And partly thro' his youth and youthful blood,
And partly that his leech was skilful too,
And He the great Physician scanning all,
Slowly, against all hope, he mastered death.

And she meanwhile, his ministrant, had worked
Such ministrations with her angel-hands,
And when the strong man chafed to keep his bed
So charmed his idlesse with her angel-words,
That, tho' erstwhile he deemed it half a sin,
(So wedded was he to his country's weal)
Drawn from himself he loved, and told his love—
Nor told in vain. His patience in his pains,
His thankful heart for tendance to his wounds,
His chivalry as in the mouths of all,
His fair without, and fairer soul within
Had lit Love's torch and ever fanned the flame.

And so their bridal morn arose. The church
 A room in her own father's house. The priest
 Had preluded the service of our church,
 Nor yet had they the twain become one flesh,
 When lo! the iron hand of Death—a shell
 Brake thro' the roof and fell among them all.

Sure never yet was bow at venture drawn
 So cruelly. It chose the bride alone.
 Its ragged iron pierced her breast of snow:
 Fast flowed the life-blood stream. Nor think we now
 To search her lover's soul. Torn from his side,
 Her, deemed his bride but now, Death claimed as his.

Yet is there hope, could she but bear awhile
 Until God's messenger had sealed the words
 "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder:"
 So would he claim her then when passed beyond.

With scarce-drawn breath she told her willingness.
 Laid in her bridal white, her lover's hand
 Pressed to her side to stay the deathful flow,
 Fairer she seemed than in her fairest day.

Big with their fearful hopes the race began.
 But He who stilled the lake Gennesareth,
 Who pitied little children, nor forbade
 Their soft approach, pitied these children then,
 And saved their little bark of hope else lost.
 For scarce responsively the sweet "I will"
 Brake from her lips, and, Lord, thy will was done,
 And thy chief angel bore her soul to thee.
 Imparadised in one long long embrace
 Lingered her husband, and sent up a prayer
 That God would haste their meeting past the grave.

Ω.





OF PUNS.

"That punning is an idle sport,
And of all wit the *lowest* sort,
I grant; for by its station,
'Tis evidently wit's foundation."

"*Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus.*"—*Aen.* 4, 49.

SIX years have now passed since *The Eagle* first soared into existence. During all that time, the noble bird has been "sailing with supreme dominion" through the cloudy regions of philosophy, has alighted now and then on the frozen heights of criticism, has hovered round its own Alpine haunts, has basked in the sunshine of poetry, and then launched out into a deep of air peopled by memories of ruined temples and romantic castles, by dreams of Questionists, by hollow ghosts of Holland, and by the Fairies of New Zealand: but in all these wanderings it has not deigned to stoop to those "Quips and Cranks" and Witticisms, which have given a notoriety, if not a reputation, to St. John's. Perhaps it is ashamed of them: I hope not. The origin of this part of our fame, I cannot tell: into its justice I care not to enquire; but however guiltless we may be of the sin (?) of punning, we have certainly provoked it in others; the bridge, which sometimes rejoices in the name of the "Bridge of Sighs," has before now been termed the Isthmus of *Sues*; and when Coleridge was passing over it in company with a friend, he observed that were a Johnian to hang himself upon it, the jury might well bring in a verdict, "Sus per col."

That a passion for punning *does* exist in some of us, is only too palpable to be denied: indeed, how could it be otherwise when our Johnian Premier sanctioned it a few months ago, by answering a well-timed question as to the remuneration of the Explorers of the Nile, with a statement that he

could neither speak for Captain Speke, nor hold out prospects of a grant for Captain Grant.

Whether puns could exist during the infancy of a language may well be doubted. It is a question scarcely worth discussing, but is, I think, decided in the negative by the following considerations. Without entering into misty speculations on the Primary Language, it may be safely asserted, that the ordinary method of formation of an independent language is attended by an agreement that certain conventional sounds should correspond, for all purposes of conversation, with certain material objects. Subsequently sounds would be invented to represent states of being or action, and later still, words would be introduced to express qualities inherent in material objects, and to qualify the meaning of the words used to denote active or passive existence. At this early stage of the language, the material for witticisms would be limited; each noun would be appropriated to a single object, each verb would have but one meaning. In process of time words, in some cases resembling those already in use, would have to be borrowed from other languages; and the meaning of native words would have to be extended to include a great variety of new ideas. It must further be remembered that while a language is in its infancy, men are disposed to regard words as merely convenient substitutes for the objects and actions they wish to express; and that it is left for a more advanced age to abstract itself from the earnest sense of words and to quibble with their empty sounds.

What ages would have to pass before a language could ascribe twenty meanings to a single word. The Saxon monosyllable *Box* stands unrivalled in this department. Who could utter the word before a professed punster without waking a host of wicked spirits as fatal to peace as the opening of the box of Pandora? Charles Matthews,* in one of his Entertainments, represented the sufferings of a Frenchman, Monsieur Ventriloque, in his attempt to comprehend the idioms of the English language. He orders dinner, it is served in a *box* in the coffee-room. He wishes, after having proved to the custom-house officer that he carries no *smuggles*, to pack all his little trifles in a *sac*, and he is recommended to buy a *box*. Then he goes to the theatre, and is asked if he choose to go to de *box*. He always answers "Oh! yes," that he may not appear to

* *Memoirs of Charles Matthews*, Vol. IV., p. 172.

be ignorant; after a variety of adventures, he arrives in London on *boxing*-day; and determines, in the height of his misery, to leave a country, in which the language is so unintelligible, on the very next morning.

Few puns can rival in antiquity those two which, twenty-eight centuries ago, were perpetrated by Homer* in his description of the twin gates of dream-land, the portals of horn and of ivory. Those who are familiar with the passage will not need its quotation; those who have not seen it will probably consider the very reference to it a piece of pedantry. They are jewels which certainly owe most of their value to the casket that enshrines them: so we may as well pass on to a later instance. Not long before the battle of Marathon the Athenians appealed to Sparta in consequence of the sympathy displayed by Aegina in the interests of Persia; Cleomenes accordingly went to that island to seize the leaders of the movement. One of these thwarted his attempt. Cleomenes asked him his name. He replied, Crius (Mr. Ram). "Aha! Mr. Ram," said the king of Sparta, "it is high time that you got your horns tipped with bronze, for you will have to match yourself against a great danger." Not much of a joke; was it? However Herodotus tells it with his usual gush of good-humoured talkativeness: so perhaps we have no need to grumble over it.

The Greek Tragedians made sad work with the names of their principal characters. By dint of judicious conjuring in etymology, it was possible to extract some meaning from any of these names. Thus Æschylus quibbles with the names of Polynices and Prometheus: and Apollo himself is not spared. But in the hands of Euripides no name was safe: Pentheus comes to sad grief more than once. "Beware," says the blind seer to Cadmus, "lest Pentheus makes your mansion a pent-house of grief."† The names of Atreus, Aphrodite, Dolon, Capaneus, Ion, Helen, and five or six others are all laid under contribution. Helen seems to have been remarkably unfortunate. Æschylus had already denounced her as a "Hell to ships, a Hell to men, and a Hell to cities:"—a breach of gallantry far more unpardonable than the lines in G. Peele's *Edward I.*,

"Farewell the flower, the gem of beauty's blaze,
Sweet Ellen, miracle of nature's hand,
Hell in thy name, but Heaven in thy looks."

* *Od.*, 17, 595.

† Donaldson, *Theatre of the Greeks*, 7th edition, p. 136.

I need not disturb the ghosts of Pindar, Sophocles, or Theocritus, by placing their freaks upon record: their offences are few, and may as well be forgiven and forgotten.

Aristotle, it is well known, treats very seriously of puns, and recommends their use by orators, interspersing his remarks with instances which he evidently thinks are worthy of imitation. Cicero was an arrant punster. No wonder that when he was absent from Rome, all the jokes of the city were fathered upon him, a misfortune which led him to write to his friend Volumnius,* (surnamed the witty), to beg him to defend his reputation. "For my part," he writes, "I fancied that the style of my witticisms was so marked that they could be recognised of themselves. But now that the city contains such an offscouring of creation, that nothing is so coarse but *some one* thinks it refined: make every effort, as you love me,—unless the *double entendre* is sharp, the hyperbole elegant, the pun witty, the bathos humorous,make every effort, I say, to maintain and go bail for it that they are not mine." His enemies called him "the consular buffoon,"† a name of which he was probably as little proud as Sidney Smith was of being scorned as "a mere joker of jokes."

Quintilian has some very sensible remarks on puns; indeed he and Longinus appear to have been the only ancient writers who shewed any judgment in discriminating between true and false forms of wit.

The golden age of modern puns must be placed in the reign of James I. The Royal Pedant (and George Buchanan declared that was the best he could make of him) was himself no mean adept in the art; and it is whispered, nay more than whispered, that he made few bishops who had not signalised themselves in that department. The following may serve as specimens of the quaint conceits of the period:

"This dial shows that we must die all; yet notwithstanding, all houses are turned into ale houses, our cares into cates, our paradise into a pair o' dice, matrimony into a matter of money, and marriage into a merry age; our divines have become dry vines: it was not so in the days of Noah,—Ah No!"

"I, King of Kings (i.e. fellow of King's) come to King James the I. and VI., nothing wavering."

* Ep. ad Diversos, 7, 32.

† Macrobius, II. 1. 13.

These triumphs of wit were much applauded in those times; the preacher would stop from time to time to receive the grateful recognition of his talents—expressed by loud and repeated hums on the part of the congregation.

Bishop Andrews has often been accused of quibbling, and with some justice too: one of his principal works was entitled "*Tortura Torti*,"* and the following passage, from a sermon on the Gowrie Conspiracy, further justifies the charge:

"Their anointing may dry up or be wiped off; and so kings be unchristed, —cease to be Christi Domini."

A similar vein of wit displayed itself in the choice of the text taken by the Dean of St. Stephen's when Vienna was relieved by John Sobieski (John i. 6); and the witty Dr. South preached about the same time, before the Company of Merchant Taylors, on Rom. ix. 27. Other instances might be given; but these will suffice if they lead us to prize more highly the eloquence of our heartier age, which deems it

"Pitiful

To court a grin when you would woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation."

Shakspeare's puns are innumerable. Many doubtless were passed between him and Ben Jonson in the sallies of wit at the Mermaid Tavern. His plays on names are frequent; the most memorable (not to dwell on the instances of Leonatus, *Cymbeline*, v. 5, ad fin., Banquo in *Macbeth*, i. 4, ad fin., and Brutus in *Hamlet*, iii. 2) is no doubt in *Richard II.*, Act ii., Sc. 1,

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.

.....
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that many of the recorded plays on names are attributed to persons in the very depth of sorrow. It was immediately after the "exceeding bitter cry" that Esau exclaimed "Is not he rightly named Jacob:" it was in the agony of self-reproach that Ajax

* Bellarmin had assumed the name of Matthew Tortus in his reply to the "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," written by James I.: the duty of defending the royal author devolved on Lancelot Andrews.

quibbled with his name: and sad indeed was Constance when she caught up the last word of King Philip and answered

A wicked day and not a *holy day*.

King John, Act III., Sc. 1.

Perhaps this is quite natural: the mind when shaken with grief, may fail to grasp the sense of words; but the ear may still be keen enough, perhaps keener than ever, to catch the sound, and the lips more apt, than in joy, to harp upon the memories which that sound awakens.

Even Milton is not faultless; witness the following lines:

At one alight bound high over-leaped all bound.

Paradise Lost, 4, 181.

Beseeching or besieging.—*Paradise Lost*, 5, 869.

That brought into this world a world of woe.

Paradise Lost, 9, 11.

Such blemishes are usually put down to the spirit of the age; indeed this is the standing excuse for all blemishes. Aristophanes, Martial, Cromwell, Swift have all cast their burdens on the "age" that bore them; so we shall probably be more just if we ascribe these faults of Milton to the influence of Italian Literature, and, still more, of his favourite Euripides.

Passing over the laudable efforts of Addison and Steele to repress the vice of punning, we come to the times of its foremost antagonist Dr. Johnson. If we may judge of the wit of the age by the specimen Boswell gives of his own puns,* we cannot be surprized at the worthy Doctor's feelings. He never relented further than to admit that Burke's *humorous* pun on Wilkes being carried on the shoulders of the mob,

Humerisque fertur Lege solutis,

was admirable. He also condescended to laugh at Burke's description of a desirable manor, given in the line:

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,

(i. e. a modus as to the tithings and certain fines); but it would require a large amount of evidence to prove that he ever gave vent to the well-known sentence, in which he is

* *Life of Dr. Johnson*, Vol. VIII. 319, ed. 1835.

said to have repelled the charge of inability to pun, by answering: "Madam, if I were punished for every pun I shed, there would not be a puny shed upon my punnish head."

However distasteful puns may be to persons of refined taste, they have uses which should not be despised. Many a proverb owes its life and popularity to a pun: those of native origin will occur to every one; as instances of those of foreign birth may be mentioned the time-honoured *παθήματα μαθήματα*; Die Hausfrau soll nicht sein ein Ausfrau; Traduttori traditori (Translators traitors)—so do they, says Trench, surrender rather than render the meaning of the original, not turning but only overturning it from one language to another.

Many an oracle has owed its correct fulfilment to a verbal quibble. The feelings of Cleomenes towards the Pythian priestess were doubtless not very amicable, when he found that by burning the fane of Argus he had unwittingly verified the prediction, which, as he interpreted it, pointed to the conquest of Argos. Thus too, Cambyses saved the credit of an oracle when he died at an obscure town in Syria, which happened to bear the same name as his royal city Ecbatana. And thus also Henry IV., in his illness, asks

Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon.

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

Hen. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;

Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:

But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

2nd part of *Henry IV.*, Act iv., Sc. 2.

See also 2nd part of *Henry VI.*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

Heraldry is indebted to puns for some of the best and the worst mottoes emblazoned on its scrolls. Such wit seldom excites a smile, never awakens indignation: it is necessarily premeditated, and consequently fails to have that startling effect which is essential to the success of a pun. As specimens of one class of heraldic witticisms may be mentioned Earl Dalhousie's *Ora et labora, Dum spiro spero, Patior potior, Sero sed serio Perissem ni per-issem, Post prælia præmia*; and lastly, the celebrated motto of Lord Brougham "*Pro rege, lege, grege.*" The higher order of

heraldic wit may be represented by Lord James' j'ayme à jamais; the Duke of Devonshire's Cavendo tutus; Lord Every's Suum cuique; Lord de Vere's Vero nihil verius; and Lord Vernon's Ver non semper viret. Similarly from the name of Neville is conjured up Ne vile velis; from Weldon, Bene factum; from Belasyse, Bonne et belle assez; from Coleridge, Time deum, cole regem; and from Cole,* the familiar words Deum cole. But none of these surpass the motto of the Dymoke family—Pro rege Dimico, the point of which is explained by the fact that the successive representatives of the house of Dymoke, by virtue of being lords of the manor of Scrivelsby, have been hereditary champions of the king, since the days of Richard II.

Instances might be multiplied *ad nauseam*; I hope I shall be forgiven if I add one more: I must premise that during the latter part of the eighteenth century their lived in London a wealthy tobacconist—James Brandon. At last growing old and gouty, he bethought himself of ordering a carriage; the maker suggested that a coat of arms would give an air of respectability to the concern. A sample of tobacco (rampant) sufficed for the crest, but the worthy old man was sorely puzzled for a motto; he accordingly applied to one of the wits at Lloyd's, and was furnished with "Quid rides," a motto which had the advantage of being intelligible in more languages than one.

The heraldic pun frequently assumes the form of a *rebus*. The arms of Arundel, for instance, have six swallows (hirondelles) *argent*, on a field *sable*. These devices are sometimes called by the expressive name of *armes parlantes*—they are seldom of later date than the reign of James I., about which time they began to fall into disrepute under the name of canting or punning arms. For other examples of a kindred nature we need not go further than our own Chapel. On the window at the south-east may be seen the key and tun representing the name of Dr. Keyton;† while close beneath the window, quaint carvings of fishes and ears of corn, embodying the honoured name of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, are said to have once adorned the woodwork, now disfigured by grim visages which have doubtless provoked many a frown and many a smile in each succeeding generation of freshmen.

* The surname of the Earl of Enniskillen.

† The ironwork in front of Dr. Ashton's tomb, in the ante-chapel, is surmounted by three specimens of a similar *rebus*.

I had intended, when I commenced, to put down a few instances of the best species of modern puns. The poems of Hood, particularly that on "Nelly Gray," sparkle with many of the first water. But I must content myself with the following, which may be less familiar than others :

Nota bene. An essay just writing,—to show

That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the fund-holders ages ago,

When he said "Quodcunque in fundis acescit" (in fund is, assess it).

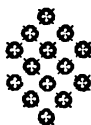
Tom Moore. *Twopenny Post-bag.*

If any are aspiring to win their laurels by a reputation for wit, they may be gratified to know, on the authority of Dugald Stewart, that a man who has an ambition to become a punster seldom or never fails in the attainment of his object. Here then is a noble field for exertion: I can only wish that those who enter upon it, may not have to submit to the doubly painful process of explaining the mysteries of their own jokes. Let them remember that

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

When their wit has become brilliant enough to be understood, then let them aspire to provoke the impatience and win the admiration of their hearers; and they will find a few at least ready to coincide with the dictum of Boswell, delivered with his usual self-complacency, "For my own part, I think no innocent species of wit or pleasantry should be suppressed, and that a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellencies of lively conversation."

S.





"UP" IN THE "LONG;" OR, A SOLILOQUY BY A
SENIOR SOPH.

IT is my lot this Long, in common with some sixty other Undergraduates of my College, all of us actuated, I am sure, by the best intentions Tripos-ward, to be, during the months of July and August, again a denizen within the precincts of Alma Mater. Dull and deserted though it appear to most, I rather like Cambridge during this season. I like the quiet that reigns in our big College, the cool courts and cloisters, the shaded walks, green banks and placid river; the chapel, no longer over-crowded, where the sunset gleams through the crimsoned pane as the evening anthem dies away into silence; and as I stroll through the still streets and alleys a number of associations crowd upon me from the past, and each quaint gateway and ivied casement is eloquent of days gone by. I am naturally somewhat a loungeur, and during these sultry, dusty afternoons, it requires more stoicism than I possess to persevere in the usual four or five miles, out and back, of Term time, for exercise. I must also humbly confess that I am (though it is no fault of my own) '*parcus cultor et infrequens*' before the shrine of our great goddess Gymnastiké, at whose fuming altars and numerous votaries Mathesis herself, I take it, often casts a not unjealous eye; and so a stroll through the grounds and along the shady side of Trumpington Street is often my apology for more severe exertion.

It occurs to me, more than once or twice, while thus sedulously idle, that my time here is fast slipping away, and the day is drawing near when College, Hall, and Chapel and the impending Tripos will all be things of the past,—that I shall probably rarely revisit these familiar scenes, and that it would be well, while the opportunity still exists, to see something more of the treasures of Art and Learning which this ancient University contains. Perhaps I feel a slight

qualm of conscience as I contrast the enthusiasm, with which I surveyed many an exterior during the first week of my freshman's term, with the real extent of my researches since, but I recall to mind the complacent declaration of that third-year man, who knew not the precise locality of his College Library, and am comforted. Well, here is the Fitzwilliam gleaming full upon me and the gate stands invitingly open, and though it is a 'dies non' to the general public, the Cerberus at the gate will invest me with an imaginary cap and gown and let me pass. The shade and coolness are pleasant after the glare without, and the censure (immortalized by *Punch*) pronounced by that estimable woman, Mrs. Brown, upon the Royal Academy Exhibition, of being "that stuffy," cannot justly be alleged here, for the rooms are lofty and the visitors, to-day, scarce indeed. I confess to being somewhat of an Ishmaelite in my artistic predilections, and have often scandalized my companions, when rambling through Continental picture galleries, by deserting unquestionable Rubens' and Murillos for some queer little picture in a corner by a third-rate Dutch artist. Perhaps, like Mary in the nursery ditty, I am somewhat "contrary" in my nature; and it being an understood thing that I am to fall into ecstasies over this or that chef-d'œuvre, I decline to do so. The only celebrity that ever really moved me was *the* Murillo in the Louvre—that is sublime. But still I am conscious of being leagues behind such susceptibility as that of Karl Otfried Müller, to whom the head of an infant Christ by Raphael, which he saw at Dresden, appeared to be "teeming with redemption." And so to-day I go coldly by this Vandyke and those Claudes, to look for some time at a picture which I always visit with renewed zest whenever I come here. It is a small dark picture, and the Catalogue, which, by the bye, is a worthy pendant to the hanging of the pictures (I am incapable of a pun), only tells me that it is "Monks Singing," by Hemskerck. So whether by that Hemskerck whom old Schoorel of Utrecht turned out of doors for being too clever by half, or whether by that Hemskerck who painted boosing boors so well, I cannot say, but incline to the latter. The critics tell me that the Hemskerks were all "eccentric" and their colouring "cold and heavy." A fig for the critics! They shall not mar my enjoyment of this racy work of art. You see four monks seated or standing round a table in a small and dimly-lit room. They are singing. Sanctus or Kyrie, Benedictus or Requiem, what it is I know not. But one

thing you see at a glance, they are singing with a vengeance, and three of them at least with evident relish for the task. Poor fellows! perhaps for them it is the last gleam of social intercourse in the day, and, their melody concluded, each will betake himself to his own cell to tell his beads and meditate till midnight, not without thinking ever and anon of that busy changing world which he has left behind. However this may be they are at it now, and I have an idea that a conscientious metronome would record a swinging pace. Note especially this jolly-looking fellow with hand upraised to mark the time; I suspect he is rather putting on the steam than otherwise, and that the music must really be getting beyond a devotional rate of procedure. And just as, in modern sanctuaries, the pious devotee will innocently blend his voice in certain melodies or hear them, unalarmed, gently moving as voluntaries upon the soft stops of the organ, when a more practised ear might detect simply a retarded edition of "We're a nodding," or even of that air which the profane more commonly associate with the sorrows of the young lady who dwelt on the "other" side of the Thames—so, it strikes me, these singing monks are indulging in the converse of that device, and are getting through their performance at a pace unusual in devotional strains, or such as none but a Mormon elder would consider appropriate when raising a "busting hymn." It is, I dare say, their only expedient by which, without grave scandal and offence, to bring about a substitute for a genial catch or madrigal, for if they were once to begin to sing about "trolling the brown bowl," or "the lass with bonnie e'e," the Abbot, of course, would be down upon them in a twinkling. One of the party, however, is far from being equally enthusiastic and looks even pained at the pace. It is this young fellow sitting to the left, whom, from his different coloured dress and lacrymose expression, I conjecture to be some recently initiated novice who has been going in for penance, flagellation, and fasting, with an ardour only calculated to excite the compassion of his more experienced confreres. His looks tell more of *jours maigres* than of fat capons and Burgundy or Flemish ale, and I would give odds that even now he is conscious of an occasional rheumatic twinge. I am puzzled by the figure in the back-ground—another monk telling his beads before a crucifix, and who is looking round upon the vocal group with an evidently interested air—for I cannot sufficiently determine through the gloom the expression of his face, nor

say whether it denotes disturbed devotions and a sanctionious condemnation of their sinful indulgence, or whether he is himself longing to join in the chorus but deterred by Paters and Aves yet unsaid. Let us hope the latter, and that he will come down before his fellow monks disperse and try his lungs in unison with their's; he will feel all the better for the exercise.

I have little doubt but that I shall be charged, by some reader plenteously endowed with good common sense, with having seen much more in this picture than it contains or was ever meant to contain. In reply to my prosaic friend I submit that I have a right to see all I possibly can in the picture, and if he cannot see as much, that is his concern not mine. John Ruskin is not a critic to be contemptuously set aside; but, if tradition be not an impudent lying minx, he sees much more in Turner's pictures than Turner could see himself. I am well aware, however, that your transcendental critic does, now and then, meet with a rather awkward tumble. Some years ago an old picture was brought to light in London; no one knew whence it came, but the connoisseurs went crazy over it with wonderful unanimity, and pronounced it to be a masterpiece of some great artist, Titian or Paul Veronese—I forget now—but, upon whomever the picture was affiliated, it was fairly accepted as genuine with scarcely a dissentient growl. There was however one feature in it which no one at first could satisfactorily explain and which puzzled the big wigs considerably. Right athwart the picture, emerging from one corner, was a mysterious streak of light, and no one could say what this meant. At last a solution was suggested by a connoisseur of some mark. The scene represented savage life,—they were, he said, without doubt, early Britons, and this streak of light was a beautiful though fanciful mode of typifying the light of Christianity about to dawn upon their land. Well, the solution was thought remarkably happy, and for three or four days its originator was a rising man, and his fellow critics nodded approvingly at him. But then unfortunately there came another man—a man, I should suppose, with "no mind"—and he took out his pocket handkerchief and rubbed out the mysterious streak of light, which was only dust and damp after all. But I defy you, by fair means, to rub out the twinkle of this fat monk's eye and the unctuous smile round his mouth.

On the left, as I enter the Museum, are some specimens of

the decorative work in the great Alhambra palace at Granada. It is but a few days ago that a friend, recently returned from Spain, was detailing to me his visit to this wondrous ruin, so I turn aside to examine with some interest what are not, at first sight, particularly attractive objects. If time and weather had been the sole agents in the work of its destruction, the Alhambra would surely be the most splendid of all the structures that past generations have reared for the admiration of posterity. So dry and pure is the climate of Granada, that in those parts of the palace which have escaped the barbarous hands of the "Christian" occupants, all is bright and fresh as if but of yesterday, or you might suppose that some few years back, the builder, the carpenter, and the decorator had, one fine morning, struck for wages and cleared out, leaving their work unfinished. But the vandalism of Goth or Visigoth, under Adolphus or Theodoric, which had swept over this beauteous peninsula some thousand years before, was nothing in comparison with the merciless depredations, the savage and wanton destruction, with which the enlightened sons of Christendom disported themselves in the former seats of the unbelieving infidel. With that 2nd of January, 1492, when the banner of Castile first floated from the towers of the Alhambra, the work of devastation began. First the monks swarmed in, and, with a view to what they termed "purification," tore down the Moslem symbols and whitewashed the walls. Then came the eldest son of the Church, Carlo Quinto of blessed memory, for whom Theodoric, albeit a thorough-going Goth, was no match whatever. A bull in a china shop conveys but a faint idea of the amenities that marked the occupancy of Sebastiani. The French did what little was left for them to do. Those who wish to know how quickly Granada declined under Spanish rule, should read the graphic account of Andrea Navagiero, "*Il Viaggio Fatto in Spagna*," printed in 1563. Those who would see that degradation depicted with an eloquence more touching than that of words, should visit the deserted halls, the grass grown courts, the ravished chambers of the Alhambra. These relics are interesting then as illustrating the former magnificence of this world-famed structure. This tile, with a shield in colour, is part of the encaustic pavement of the courts. There is an inscription in the centre of the shield, which, being "no scholar" in an Oriental acceptance of the word, I cannot read, but I bring one day a friend learned in Eastern tongues, and he deciphers for me "the writing

on the wall." It was the custom, it appears, of the Moors, borrowed probably from the Jewish use of phylacteries, to inscribe about the interiors of their dwellings short sentences from the Koran and other sources. These inscriptions are divided by Gayangos into three kinds: *Ayât*, that is, verses from the Koran; *Asja*, or pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and *Ash'âr*, that is, poems in praise of the builders or owners of the palace. The latter are generally found in Cufic, i.e. the character in vogue in the city El Koofeh; this was superseded by the Arabic of the present day about the commencement of the 16th century. The inscription on the shield is of the latter order. It simply means "there is no conqueror but God." The story goes that when the founder, Ibnu-l-ahmar, was returning from the conquest of Seville, his subjects going forth to meet him saluted him as *galib*, "the conqueror," to which he modestly replied, "There is no conqueror but God." He afterwards adopted the sentiment as his motto, and, like our own Edward III. at Windsor, introduced it everywhere in his royal dwelling. It is worth while also to look closely at these casts from the ornamental tablets, for many an inscription lurks where the casual observer would think he saw nothing but rich scroll-work or filigree. This seeming berry, for instance, is an important vowel point; that vine-tendrill an adjective pregnant with meaning. In many cases the inscriptions are much longer, and form a kind of running commentary on the splendour and decoration of the palace. Here, for example, is a specimen: "These recesses, my fellows, may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven of that dome, but I can boast that of which they are wanting, the honour of a sun, since my lord, the victorious Yusûf, has decorated me with robes of glory, and excellence without disguise, and has made me the Throne of his Empire, &c., &c." The real reason of these frequent and somewhat fulsome eulogies may be found in the fact that it was forbidden by the Koran to attempt delineations from life, and these inscriptions, interwoven with geometrical ornaments and flowers, accordingly filled the place that oil paintings and steel engravings would occupy in a modern European palace. It will not be altogether useless to examine these dull-looking objects with some care, for if you should chance, when at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, to stroll into the gorgeous Alhambra court there, you will see this tile and these slabs, in every direction, carefully reproduced in all their pristine beauty.

I pass on to another room and my eye is caught by a cast from the celebrated head of Moses, by Michael Angelo. It is placed behind the shield of Achilles, by Flaxman. The general public, I have noticed, are not usually given to paying much attention to casts. They seem, indeed, rather to resent being invited to put up with substitutes for the "real thing," like diners out who find that *the* dinner came off the day before, and that they are but regaling on the remnants rechauffé and grilled. This is often a mistake; for, to all but connoisseurs of a high order, a really well executed cast will give nine-tenths at least of the impressions which the original would produce. Independently, too, of this head of Moses being perhaps the finest production of modern sculpture, I am attracted to it by a Tennysonian reminiscence which it serves admirably to elucidate.

Many a careful reader has, I should suppose, found some difficulty in the last two lines of those stanzas in "In Memoriam," wherein the poet represents himself as re-visiting Cambridge, and enumerates the different phases of student-life which recall to him the time when he and his lost friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, were fellow students at Trinity. He beholds again the scenes of their early intercourse and feels

"the same but not the same."

He hears

"once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes;"

and again,

"once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows;"

and last of all he passes

"Up that long walk of limes"—
"To see the rooms in which *he* dwelt."
"Another name was on the door,
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor."

He contrasts his own recollections of the time when he and Hallam and "a band of youthful friends," often met

in those same rooms "to hold debate." He recalls their varied discussions, ranging over many topics,

"mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;"

when, after each had given utterance to his thoughts with more or less success, Hallam, "the master-bowman," was wont "to cleave the mark," leading, "in rapt oration,"

"To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,
And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those celestial eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

Great bard! forgive me that I have thus dared to interperse with my humble chirpings, the notes of thy beauteous lyre! Our foremost modern English poet, we are all proud of him. Not before his time, but of it, and yet much of the seer withal, Tennyson is emphatically the poet of the nineteenth century. No bad interpreter was Pope of the complacent, somewhat shallow, but brilliant thinkers of his day. Nor Byron, Shelley, and Keats, of the passion, the scorn, the hate, the intensity of the thought, which, Titan-like, rose up against dogma, authority, and tradition, with the commencement of our century. Nor Wordsworth of that calmer and somewhat re-actionary school which supervened. But for the latter half of this most wondrous century, its wider tolerance, its growing mistrust of creeds, its sad consciousness of its own mistrust, its fears for the future, tempered, however, by strong hope and something of pride, as it looks back—as an interpreter to these, give me Alfred Tennyson. Unlike most of his predecessors, Tennyson declines to annotate upon himself. Just as some great singer looks down upon her audience, little caring what the critics may think of this or that ornament, of the "conception" of this passage, or the "rendering" of that, but, knowing perfectly well that she has won the heart of the great public, and that they will follow her, however wayward and little considerate she may seem; so our poet explains himself not. If the public comprehend him, so much the better. If not—your minstrel bows—the fault—is not his. But this reserve, especially in an author somewhat prone to recondite allusions, will often leave even a patient and well-meaning reader in

the lurch, and I confess to having conjectured widely at our poet's meaning, until I accidentally lit upon the solution. It appears then, that Michael Angelo, himself possessing an ample and impending brow, loved to invest the heroes whom he immortalized, by pencil or by chisel, with a vast frontal development. In men of considerable mental force and energy you may often notice that the forehead rises into a kind of ridge over the eyebrows, a peculiarity resulting from an unusual prominence in what I believe are termed, in scientific phraseology, the superciliary muscles, and which gives the appearance of a kind of bar across the forehead. Such is the trait discernible in many of the creations of the great sculptor, and in this head of Moses it is especially noticeable; hence it has come to be called the bar of Michael Angelo; and in poor Hallam, I suppose, it was prominently developed.

Well, tedious though I fear I may have been, I must detain you, reader, before the cast, yet a few moments more. The cast suggests a solution to Tennyson, but itself bears a fresh difficulty upon its face or rather its head, and, as in duty bound, for Horace himself declares,

"Nil agit exemplum quod litem lite resolvit,"

I must endeavour to find some solution for this difficulty too. I find myself literally on the horns of a dilemma, for from the head of the prophet rise two mysterious short horns! Now this struck me at first as startling in the extreme; for horns, to say nothing of hoofs, I had always previously associated with far from saintly characters. I speculated much on the phenomenon, nor was it until after some research that I found the explanation that I sought. Assuming then, without the slightest disrespect, an ignorance on thy part, courteous reader, as profound as was my own originally, I will, after the fashion of our lively neighbours across the channel, begin with the first elements of necessary information, "*commençons au deluge.*" It will hardly have escaped the notice of either of us, that painters, when depicting sacred characters, whether on canvass or on glass, are wont to encircle the heads of such personages with celestial beams of light. This ornament, I believe, is correctly denominated a nimbus. Indifferently informed writers sometimes speak of it as the aureola, but between the nimbus and the aureola there is a grave and important distinction, for the nimbus encircles only the head, the aureola the whole body. It will be a

fatal error, again, to assume that a nimbus is a nimbus all the world over. St. Peter would no more think of wearing the same nimbus as an ordinary saint, than a doctor of divinity would condescend to wear a bachelor's hood. Didron, in his *Iconographie Chrétienne*, has carefully warned us against such rash conclusions. It appears that saints graduated in nimbi much as Cantabs in honours at the present day. The golden nimbus was worn only by first-class saints, apostles, martyrs, and confessors to wit; the prophets and patriarchs could only claim a *silver* nimbus; the saints who strove with temptation a *red* nimbus; those who had married (this looks like wagery) one of *green*; while "beatified penitents" had theirs of *yellowish white*. And thus, taught that one star differeth from another in glory, these ancient cultivators of art sought to discriminate between degrees of human virtue with a precision which, to our better enlightened view, seems almost to verge on the profane. But I find I am digressing, a besetting sin of mine I confess, and indeed I believe my success at examinations has been seriously impaired by a want of due consideration on the part of examiners for this slight failing, nor am I without a certain kindly fellow-feeling for that simple soul who, when a candidate for mathematical honours, on being desired to describe the common pump, gave, with admirable precision and fullness, a proof of the Binomial Theorem. What did it matter, pump or theorem, he shewed information all the same? But I will digress no more. I could say something about the different shapes of the nimbus, square, oval, and elliptic, but I forbear. Let it suffice then to say that the weight of authority is in favour of these horns on the head of Moses being intended to symbolize the silver nimbus. One fact is sufficiently established, that it was the custom of antiquity thus to represent the great leader of Israel. On the origin of this quaint notion the learned are somewhat divided. Spanheim, Spencer, Grotius, Jeremy Taylor, and Rosenmüller have each their own idea on the subject. Two of the solutions appear about equally plausible. The first is that the horns are intended to typify the shining light which was seen on the face of Moses when he descended from Sinai; the second, that they are simply emblematical of power and excellence. That such a feature was a familiar mode of ascribing such qualities, both among sacred and pagan writers, is well-known. "Thou shalt exalt my horn," says the Psalmist. "Addis cornua panperi," says Horace of the ivied god.

I could say more, but it is four o'clock and the attendant politely intimates that the doors are on the point of being closed, so my visit to the Fitzwilliam must be over for to-day. I have looked certainly at very little, but that little has sufficed to shape my thoughts to something definite, and I do not think my afternoon has been altogether wasted. I am fully sensible how culpably loose and rambling my musings will appear to some eminently practical minds. Had I commenced with the date of the building, the girth of the columns of the portico, and so worked my way up the staircase with a series of tangible statistics, all might have been well, but such hazy speculations over an old picture, a Moorish tile, and a cast, will find little favour with this school. And here I must distinctly, once for all, remove myself by an emphatic disclaimer beyond the pale of the jurisdiction of this order of thinkers. I am not professing by the aid of rigid laws of analysis and proof to evolve anything for the comfortable repose of certain minds, in the shape of ω to the n^{th} power of π . I never, to be candid, felt "a call" in this direction. To quote my Horace for the fourth, and I pledge myself the last time, in this paper,

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum,"

it is not every man's good luck to get as far as Corinth, either because he may not have a sufficient surplusage of pocket-money for the excursion, or may founder in sight of the city on some treacherous shoal, (whichever difficulty was uppermost in Horace's mind does not much matter here) and so I own that I am little adapted by nature for a votary before the shrine of Mathesis. I am well aware that I am almost open to a charge of sacrilege, in that I am penning these very words within the precincts of what has always been esteemed one of the most favourite haunts of this *πύρνια θεῶν*, which she is said,

"Posthabita cokuisse Samo—"

(that is not Horace) and in truth, to my imagination, she generally holds her seat somewhere near our lofty clock tower, shrouded in the clouds. I know, indeed, that with the commencement of the last two years she has been thought to look with averted eyes upon her worshippers here, but I am credibly informed that, jealous of the favours with which her rival Gymnastiké has recently responded to our prayers, she intends to vouchsafe us some signal marks of her regard before the new year is a month old. In the mean time,

awful Goddess, I behold thee reverentially at a most respectful distance. A pigeon in May and December is now the only burnt offering I bring to thy altars. I entreat thee, if not propitious, harbour, at least, no wrath against one so unworthy of thy notice.

As I come out into the broad sunshine and stroll leisurely to "hall," now past the ample front of Corpus and the shaded gloom of Peterhouse and "Kat's," and then by Pembroke, an old friend with a new face, to where the many pinnacles of King's taper into the blue sky, and so on to my own college, I find myself wondering to what purpose are all these collections of Art, these ransackings of antiquity, these memorials of past phases of civilization which were long ago and which can never return. I do not say "Cui bono?" though I do ask myself the question which a great many people intend to ask when they say "Cui bono?" but among other weightier matters which Alma Mater has taught me, she has taught me not to misapply the much abused dictum of that sagacious old tribune Lucius Cassius Longinus. Nor do I find the question echoing unanswered in my mind. When I consider what material for thought and fancy I have found, and carry away with me as the result of this brief visit, the storehouse, like the widow's cruise, remaining full as before, I begin to conclude that, even upon a strictly utilitarian view, we ought to assign to such institutions a more than ordinary value. But again the apparition, which I have twice laid, of that eminently practical mind rises before me and suggests that benefits of this order are of a sadly fanciful kind, wanting alike in directness and definite utility. To which, after a little reflection, I find myself making reply that the greatest agencies are perhaps those which influence us indirectly. The labourer in the field, the workman at his tools, the merchant in his office, are plain and simple workings to an end, intelligible to all; but besides these there is a higher order of labourers, workers in a different region, and narrow minds, missing the aim of these, undervalue their toil. It is a grand first law of man's existence that by the sweat of his brow he should earn his bread, but it includes not the final aim of action, and if taken as such it dwarfs and cripples him. The ordinary employments of the Many tend essentially to localize the man. His petty difficulties, successes or mishaps, in his narrow sphere of active life, assume vast and unreal proportions, they shut out the past and limit his view of the future; until, like the peasant child in his native valley encircled by the mountains, he has scarce a



QUIS DESIDERIO.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

Ho! Bugler blow a solemn blast, in music soft and low,
A blast of lamentation, of mourning and of woe:
Ho! Ensign drop thy colours, or if colours thou hast none,
Let tears of manly sorrow down thy war-like visage run:
Ho! Riflemen march sadly forth with slow and solemn tread:
For Modius, tho' living, to the Volunteers is dead.
No more like silver clarion his well-known voice shall sound
Mid the din of raging battle, and the Rifles' deadly round:
No more, around him gathering his faithful followers few,
Shall he lead to death or glory the Cambridge Number Two.
It was not in the battle; no bullet laid him low;
No ruffian Frenchman sabre'd him; no Cossack dealt the blow;
No front-rank bayonet pierced him on the wilds of Parker's Piece;
No ram-rod from the rear-rank came to give him his release;
But mid all his blushing honours, sound in body, sound in mind,
Gulielmas Factus Modius his commission hath resign'd.

* * *

O who shall e'er forget the day, when our Captain bade adieu
To the bronzed and hardy veterans who serve in Number Two!
A tear stood in that bright-blue eye, so fearful to his foes,
As to hide his agitation, he coughed and blew his nose.
Thrice did he ope his lips to speak, and thrice in vain essayed,
When he saw the files he knew so well in battle and parade.
And Besantius beside him tried in vain his grief to quell,
Besantius Rixator whom the Johnians love full well;
And Diokides the stalwart drew his hand across his eye;
And Lignifragus the lengthy heaved a sad and heavy sigh;
And Vornius, and Mango, that lion-hearted man,
And Pater Corporalis, pride of the Varian clan;
And Huddidea, and Locus, and Busta the Pretender,
And Βεβαίος who upon Parade is alas! a rare attender;

And Philomath the bearded, and Cylindon the sedate,
And Manius Philippus, who at drill is never late :
And Telescopus Acutus—all these and many more
Looked mournfully around them and their beards in sorrow tore ;
For they knew that they were gazing on a leader stout and brave,
Who ne'er again should lead them to glory or the grave.

Who has not wept in pity for the mighty conqueror's woe
When he pressed the colours to his heart in the court of Fontainebleau ;

When, embracing all his veterans, he bid a long farewell,
To men who for their Leader had hoped their lives to sell ?
O Napoleon was a touching sight amid his Grenadiers,
But a sadder sight was Modius among his Volunteers.
He had hoped to be their Chieftain, to lead them on to fame,
And if he fell to leave behind a never-dying name.
He had hoped in front of Number Two to shout the loud "advance,"
To turn the tide of battle, and to quell the might of France :
So that when in future ages Volunteers should dare and do,
Like a Household word should be the name of the Cambridge
"Number Two."

But the dream was o'er ! Dark Nemesis had from his thirsty lip
Dashed down the Cup of Glory, ere its treasures he might sip.
No wonder then that one and all we to earth our arms did fling,
That we drew our pocket-handkerchieves and wept like anything.
For he was gone, our Captain, ere his race was fully run ;
The best in the Battalion, and the pluckiest—bar none.
But his spirit still is with us, and the lesson he has taught,
Will live within the Company at the head of which he fought :
He has taught us that our duty is the only rule of life ;
Taught us to despise dissensions and jealousies and strife ;
Taught us that self-reliance and self-discipline combin'd,
Are as useful for the civil as the military mind.
That a man may be laborious, and nor toil nor trouble shirk,
Yet be lively and good-temper'd in the middle of his work.
This and more has Modius taught us ; and to sum his praise in few,
May we always have as good a man in command of Number Two !

ETHELONTES.



OUR CHRONICLE.

WE imagine that to those of our readers who are not in residence, the most interesting subject which comes within the scope of "Our Chronicle," will be our new Chapel, and we therefore commence with an account of what has been done with regard to it since our last. It will be remembered that, in the original design, the Chapel was to have been surmounted by a Flèche or wooden spire, somewhat similar to, though, we must confess, not so handsome as those on Notre Dame and the Saint Chapel in Paris. Many members of the College, who took a great interest in the new Chapel, were dissatisfied with the Flèche, and, soon after the work was commenced, it was suggested to Mr. Scott, the architect, that a massive stone tower would be a great improvement in the design of the building. Mr. Scott warmly espoused the idea, and prepared a design for a tower, upwards of 160 feet high, and open within the building to the height of the second set of windows. The Master and Seniors of the College, however, finding, on a consideration of this proposed change, that it would involve an additional outlay of between five and six thousand pounds, decided that they could not in prudence adopt it; and on the 7th of June, last, directions were given for the work to be proceeded with according to the original plan.

Shortly after this, Henry Hoare, Esq. proposed to the College, subject to the contingency of his life, to set apart £1000 a year for the work of the tower, and to complete it at his own expense, if his life should be sufficiently prolonged. This noble offer was thankfully accepted by the Master and Seniors, and authority was given to Mr. Scott, on the 9th of August, to make the requisite changes in the plan of the building. It is still a vexed question, whether, in the abstract, a tower is an improvement on a Flèche, but we imagine there are few who would defend the particular Flèche that was designed for the Chapel.

The proposed tower is more like the one at Merton College, Oxford, than any other with which we are acquainted, though much higher. We hope that it may become the chief ornament of Cambridge, and thus be worthy the munificence of the donor.

The work of building the Chapel is progressing favourably. The body of the building is now about 35 feet high, and the canopies for the statues, which are on each of the buttresses, are nearly completed. On account of the alterations which it was necessary to make for the tower, the foundations of the ante-chapel are not yet finished.

The other works which are in operation are being carried on even more rapidly; the masonry of the oriel window, in the extension of the Hall, is completed, and the roof is in progress. The shell of the new Lodge is entirely finished, and also a considerable portion of the internal fittings.

We are glad to see that the younger members of the College are following the example of their seniors, in raising a subscription for the purpose of filling the windows in the apse of the Chapel. The following is a copy of a circular which has been sent to every Bachelor and Undergraduate of the College:

DEAR SIR,

At a Meeting of the Resident Bachelors and Undergraduates, held in the College Hall, by permission of the President, on Friday, October 28th, 1864, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

(1) That it is desirable that a Subscription be commenced among the Members of the College for providing Stained Glass Windows for the New Chapel.

(2) That a Committee be appointed with full power to carry out this object in such a way as they shall think fit, consisting of the following Gentlemen:—

G. W. Bloxam	A. Marshall
A. D. Clarke	E. Miller
S. W. Cope	H. W. Moss, B.A. (<i>President</i>)
C. C. Cotterill	G. J. Peachell
P. F. Hammond	J. B. Pearson, B.A.
H. G. Hart (<i>Secretary</i>)	C. D. Russell
C. Hoare (<i>Treasurer</i>)	J. E. Sandys
F. G. Maples	F. A. Souper
M. H. Marsden	C. Taylor, B.A.

If you feel disposed to subscribe towards the above

object, will you kindly fill up the enclosed form and return it to one of the officers?

H. G. HART, *Hon. Sec.*

Then follows a list of Donations and Subscriptions, amounting to nearly £300.

The College has just received another noble benefaction, which it will be proper to mention here. The late Mr. James M'Mahon of the Inner Temple, bequeathed the whole of his estate, after the payment of certain legacies and annuities, for the establishment of Scholarships, in such a manner and form as his executors might deem most advantageous. The sole acting executor of Mr. M'Mahon's will is J. Bros, Esq., of the Oxford Circuit, and Recorder of Abington, an old member of the College, who, in the exercise of the discretion reposed in him, has settled the fund, amounting to upwards of £20,000, in the College, under regulations carefully framed, with a view to the encouragement of the most meritorious graduates of the College, who may be destined for the pursuit of the law in either branch of the profession. The value of each Studentship is £150 a year, and each is tenable for four years, or until election to a Fellowship. Two Studentships are already established, to one of which an election will take place in Michaelmas Term next, and to the second in the same Term of the following year. Other Studentships will be established on the falling in of annuities, and it is expected that eventually there will be one vacant every year.

The following gentlemen have vacated their Fellowships since last term: Isaac Todhunter, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.; Rev. Arthur Calvert, M.A.; Rev. Joseph Hirst Lupton, M.A.; Rev. Charles James Eliseo Smith, M.A.

Nine Fellowships were thus vacant on the day of election, and the following gentlemen were elected:

Rev. John Mee Fuller, M.A., late Fry's Hebrew scholar; Junior Optime, 1858; Crosse scholar, 1858; first class Theological Examination, 1859; second class Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholar, 1860; Kaye Prizeman, 1863.

William Grylls Adams, M.A., late scholar; twelfth Wrangler, 1859.

Francis Drake Thomson, M.A., late scholar; tenth Wrangler, 1861.

Thomas John Nicholas, M.A., late scholar; eighth in the first class of the Classical Tripos, 1861.

Charles Taylor, B.A., Naden's Divinity student, and Fry's Hebrew scholar, late scholar; ninth Wrangler, and seventeenth in the second class of the Classical Tripos, 1862; first class in the Theological Examination, 1863; first class Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholar, and Carus Greek Testament prizeman, 1864.

Alfred Robert Catton, B.A., scholar; tenth Wrangler, and third in the second class of the Natural Science Tripos, 1862.

Thomas Gwatkin, B.A., scholar; tenth in the first class of the Classical Tripos, 1862.

Charles Hockin, B.A., scholar; third Wrangler, 1863.

Henry Whitehead Moss, B.A., scholar; Craven scholar, 1862; Porson prizeman, 1861, 1862, 1863; Browne's Medallist for Greek Ode, 1863; Senior Classic, 1864.

The Rev. P. H. Mason, B.D., Hebrew lecturer, has been appointed Senior Dean.

Mr. Todhunter resigned along with his Fellowship the post of Head Mathematical Lecturer, and becomes an ordinary Lecturer. No successor has been appointed to him, but Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A., has been added to the staff of Mathematical Lecturers.

In the Examination for the Fry's Hebrew scholarship, the Rev. G. N. Hedges, M.A. and C. Taylor, B.A. were bracketed. The emoluments of the scholarship were given to the former gentleman in accordance with a provision in the statutes.

The Naden Divinity studentship, vacated by Mr. Taylor, has been awarded to J. Snowdon, B.A., scholar.

Mr. C. Taylor has been declared equal with Mr. J. N. Dalton, B.A. of Clare College, for the Crosse scholarship.

The following are the names of those gentlemen who obtained a first class in the College May Examination:

THIRD YEAR.		
Wood, A.	Beebee	Cope
Marshall	Isherwood, R.	Griffiths
Blanch	Sutton	Coutts
Levett	Roach	

Greek Testament Prizes.

Watson, J. T.	Waterfield	Cust
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SECOND YEAR.

Hill	Marrack }	Rowsell
Stevens	Pulliblack }	Haslam, J. B.
Genge	Dewick	Hewitt }
Pryke	Jamblin	Warren }

Reading Prizes.

1 Jamblin

2 Mullinger

FIRST YEAR.

Charnley	Hope	Scaife
Fiddian }	Forbes	Brogden }
Humphreys }	Poole, T. G. B.	Fisher }
Gwatkin	Tunnicliffe	Watson, A. W.
Sandys	Chabot	Taylor
Groome	Bray	Andrews
Blunn	Robson }	Radcliffe
Chaplin	Thorpe, C. E. }	Sharrock
Cox	Mr. Armitage	Alford }
Beaumont	Barret }	Hart, W. }
Green	Laycock }	Hamond
Landon }	Carpmael	Walker
Thornley }	Souper	Poole, F. S.

English Essay—Yeld. Mullinger. Sandys.

There are seventy-nine names of Freshmen who have entered the College this year: sixty-eight gentlemen were matriculated this term.

In the year 1865 there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, besides the six following Exhibitions:

Three of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships.

Two of £40 per annum, tenable for four years.

One of £50 per annum, tenable for three years.

The Examination of Candidates for the above-mentioned Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Tuesday, the 25th of April, 1865, at 9 A.M.

The Examination for Sizarships and limited Exhibitions for the year 1865 will be held on Tuesday, October 10th, at 9 A.M.

The College Company of the University Rifle Corps has received a severe loss in the retirement of its two senior officers Captain Bushell and Lieutenant Besant. The service which these two gentlemen have rendered the Company,

during the last four years, cannot be over-estimated, and any one who has been a member of the Company at any time during that period, will bear ready testimony to the admirable manner in which they have discharged the duties devolving upon them. We print, in another part, some verses, which, although written somewhat in jest, do not at all over-estimate the universal feeling throughout the College. We are glad to hear that it is intended to present both Captain Bushell and Lieutenant Besant with testimonials, but we are not in a position to say of what nature they will be.

The following gentlemen have been elected the officers of the Company:

Captain—Corporal G. Richardson.

Lieutenant—Ensign G. F. L. Dashwood.

Ensign—Private W. P. H. Vaughan.

We are glad to hear that the number of recruits, although not so great as last year, is still such as to supply the deficiencies which have been caused by resignation.

The Company Challenge Cup has again been won by Corporal Richardson. Private Roe has won the Officer's pewter for the present term.

The Company has been well represented in University matches by Mr. Richardson. He was chosen as one of the eight to shoot against Oxford, and was third for the Queen's prize at Wimbledon. Besides, he has won the Challenge Cup prize in the Corps, and the Chaplain's Cup, and was also in the six that had to contend for the Prince of Wales' Cup.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term have been:

<i>President</i> , E. W. Bowling, M.A.	<i>2nd Captain</i> , W. Mills
<i>Treasurer</i> , S. B. Barlow	<i>3rd Captain</i> , H. G. Hart
<i>Secretary</i> , A. Cust	<i>4th Captain</i> , E. Carpmael
<i>1st Captain</i> , M. H. Marsden	<i>5th Captain</i> , F. G. Maples

The College was represented by three of its members in the competition for the Colquhoun Sculls; Mr. R. G. Marsden, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. H. Watney, the latter of whom succeeded in placing himself second in the time race, the winner being Mr. G. D. Redpath of 1st Trinity.

We have again to make the gratifying announcement that our College has succeeded in winning the University Four Oars. The races took place on Monday and Tuesday the 14th and 15th of November, and were conducted entirely by time races. Six boats were entered, and were drawn for

two time races on the first day, the winners in which were to row in the final heat on the second day. After these well-contested races the Lady Margaret crew was declared victorious. It consisted of

- 1 H. Watney
 - 2 M. H. L. Beebee
 - 3 M. H. Marsden
 - 4 R. G. Marsden (*stroke*)
- A. Forbes (*cox.*)

The Lady Margaret Scratch Four's were rowed on Saturday the 19th of November. Eleven boats started, and the following crew won a hard time race :

- 1 W. Covington
 - 2 G. C. Whiteley
 - 3 W. Mills
 - 4 R. G. Marsden (*stroke*)
- F. Marshall (*cox.*)

The University trial eights were rowed on Saturday, November 26th. Mr. H. Watney of St. John's was in the winning crew.

The officers of the St. John's College Cricket Club for the past season have been :

<i>President</i> , W. D. Bushell, M.A.	<i>1st Captain</i> , H. J. Wiseman
<i>Treasurer</i> , R. B. Masefield	<i>2nd Captain</i> , W. I. E. Percy
<i>Secretary</i> , C. Warren	

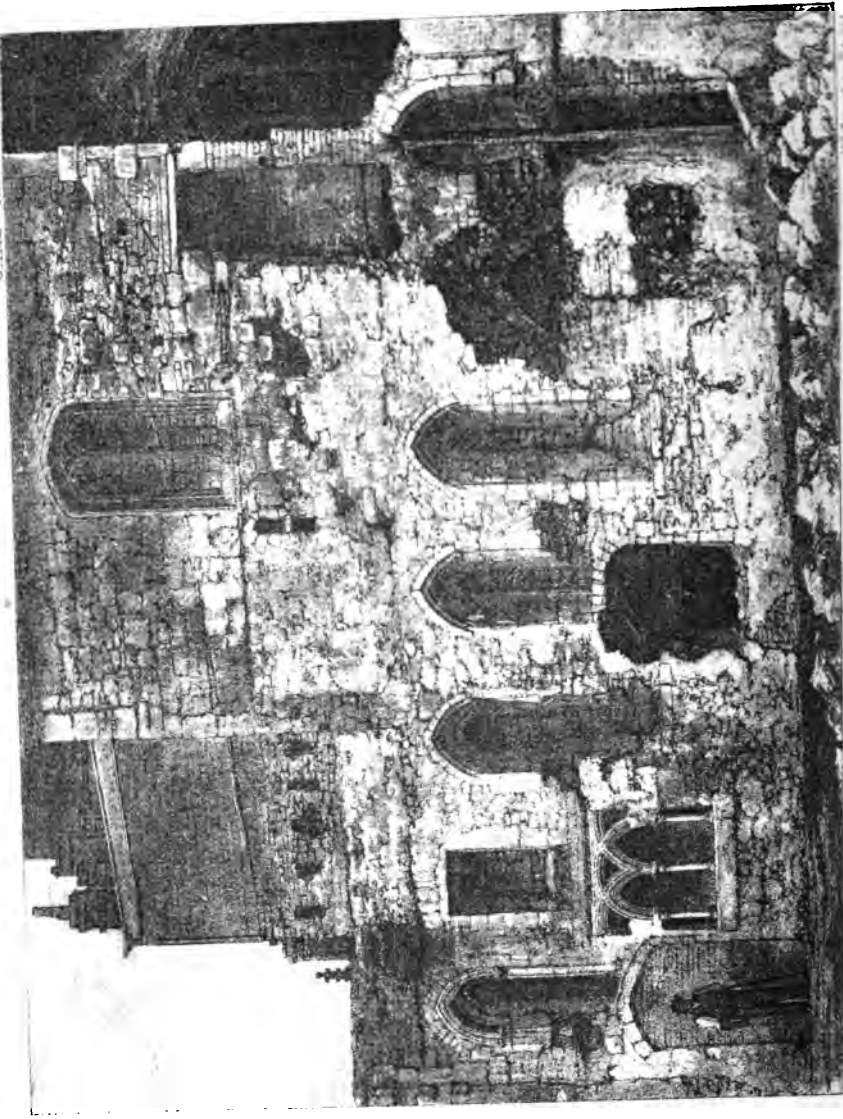
The Club have had to regret the loss of Mr. T. Knowles' services this year. Mr. Knowles had been elected First Captain in December, 1863.

We are happy to say that the Ground at the back of the College has been put at last into playing order. It was formally opened on April 9th by a match between the first eleven and the next eighteen.

We are sorry that want of space prevents us from giving details of the Cricket Matches of the past season.

The Master and Mrs. Bateson have very kindly presented the Club with a flag and flag-staff.

The Newberry Challenge Racquet Cup was won on Monday, December 12th, by Mr. E. W. M. Lloyd, who played the concluding match with Mr. W. D. Bushell.



W. H. R. Photo.

HOSPITAL OF ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST



ON SOME REMAINS OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE removal of an ancient building which stood to the north of the chapel of St. John's College has directed attention to the ancient Hospital of which that College is the successor, for it has brought to light some very interesting architectural remains: and as these and all the other known remnants of the old House must be removed, to make way for the additions now being made to the College, it is desirable to place on record their existence and character.

The remnants of the Hospital consisted of the shell of the present chapel (A) and the building which recently stood on its north side (B). We must first discuss the latter, and afterwards the chapel will require some notice. (See the Ground plan annexed.)

That building (B) was 78 feet, 4 inches in length, with a breadth of 22 feet 3 inches internally. Its eastern end formed part of the front of the College, but was completely masked by a casing of red brick. The northern side was in St John's Lane (which has now been closed) and was so much patched and altered as to show very little trace of its original appearance. I know nothing of the western end. The southern side was partly hidden by the erection against it (c. 1524) of Bishop Fisher's chapel (K), and partly altered to meet the wants of the students' rooms into which the building was converted (1587-8). With the exception therefore of the traces of an ancient door-way and of two or three lancet-windows, which were faintly visible in St John's Lane, there was nothing to lead an observer to consider this part as at all older than the rest of the front of the College, which is a work of the first decade of the XVIth century. There is no reason to suppose that this building was ever different in dimensions from those which it retained to the last; for the four walls were all original, although grievously patched and altered. It once formed a single long room, lighted by a range of lancet-windows on each side and (as we are told, for they were only seen by some of the workmen during the



EXPLANATION OF GROUND PLAN.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| A. Chapel of College and formerly of Hospital. | E. Part of Master's Lodge. |
| B. Infirmary of Hospital. | F. Students' Rooms. |
| C. Hall of College. | G. First Court. |
| D. Combination-Room under the Master's Dining-Room. | H. Second Court. |
| | I. New Chapel. |
| | K. Bishop Fisher's Chapel. |

The diagonal shading shows the remnants of the Hospital.

hurried demolition of the building) by a triplet of lancet-windows at the eastern end. Certainly the many stones found amongst the rubbish which had formed parts of windows, renders this statement of the workmen highly probable. I had made endeavours to learn the real character of the walls after the building was partially gutted, but without much success: for those who altered it from one fine room into three floors of students' chambers had effectually hidden all the architectural features, internally as well as externally: internally by filling up every hollow, levelling all projections,

and covering the surface of wall thus produced with a coat of excellent and very hard plaster ; and externally, as has been already stated, by adding a new face of red brick-work, through which the three perpendicular windows were pierced which severally lighted the three inserted floors. This eastern end and these windows may be seen in any view of the front of St John's College ; it is the gabled building to the north of the chapel.

Fortunately it is necessary to retain for a time a portion of the southern wall to prevent the back of Bishop Fisher's chapel from being laid open, and it is there that the removal of the plaster has exposed to view some beautiful remnants of the old edifice.

We may probably judge of the range of windows on each side of the room by the remains of those to the south. They were of the earliest type of the Early English style, and placed high in the wall. It is probable, nay, almost certain, that they, together with the rest of the building, were erected between the years 1180 and 1200, and it will be shewn presently that their erection was before 1208. The use of the Norman style of architecture continued unaltered during most of the reign of King Henry II., and the transition to the Early English style took place chiefly in that of Richard I. The range of windows was not continued at equal intervals from one end of the room to the other ; neither were they all alike in their amount of decoration. Commencing from the eastern end, the first window (which was 18 inches from the inner side of the eastern wall) is very highly decorated with the mouldings of the period and had a shaft in each of the jambs. The crown of this and of all the other windows is raised 14 ft. 6 in. above the floor ; the actual opening is 5 ft. 9 in. in height and 9 in. wide ; the window-sill is about 7 ft. from the ground. In this case it is impossible to determine the character of the slope (if there was one), for a doorway has been pierced through the wall exactly under the window and the original sill removed to make way for the crown of its arch. The other windows agree exactly in size with this most eastern window (except that the splay is rather less), but are quite plain. The slope descends from their sill to within 6 ft. 3 in. of the ground.

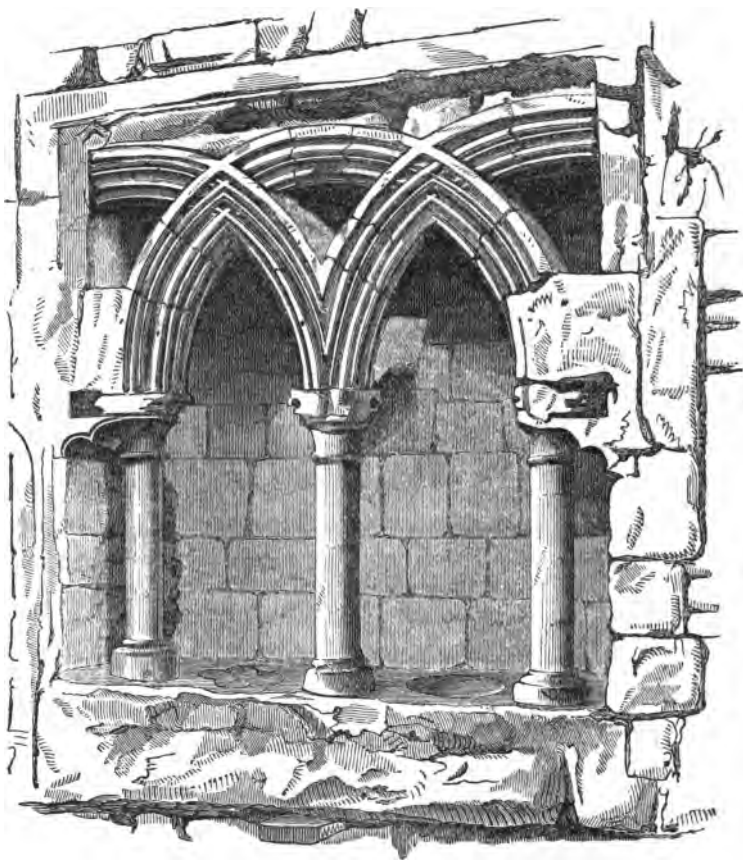
Between the internal edge of the splay of the first window and that of the second there is a space of 7 ft. 6 in., or between the actual openings, of 10 feet. The second, third, and fourth windows are 4 ft. 6 in. distant from each other, their inner jambs being 2 ft. 3 in. apart. Proceeding still

towards the west we meet with a broad blank space of 9 feet, which was followed by windows similar in all respects to the second, third and fourth. We do not possess any knowledge of more than two of this series, for those that doubtless formerly existed to the west of them have long since been completely altered or destroyed in adapting the building to domestic purposes. The internal jambs of the fifth and sixth windows were 4 ft. 3 in. apart. As the wall extended 25 ft. 5 in. beyond the sixth window to the return at the western end of the building we may reasonably conclude that there were at least three more openings to the west of that window.

The uniformity of the range of windows is therefore broken in two places, (1) by an interval of 7 feet 6 inches between the first and second openings, and also (2) by a blank space of 9 feet between the fourth and fifth openings. In the latter of these spaces the remains of an ancient pointed doorway may be seen, from which the ashlar has been removed, and therefore its architectural character destroyed; but it seems to have formed an entrance into the chamber from the south, as a similarly situated and apparently similar doorway did from the north. The former probably communicating with the private part of the Hospital and the latter with the town. This doorway must have been closed (circa 1524) when Bp. Fisher's chapel was built so as to render it useless, for a communication between these two places could hardly have been required.

In the space intervening between the first and second windows we find the most beautiful of the scanty remains of this ancient building. It is a double piscina much resembling that at Jesus College. These piscinæ are of nearly the same date, but differ in some respects. In that at Jesus College the shafts are carried down below the drains in front of and just touching a solid mass of stone: the lateral shafts are attached to the walls throughout their whole length: and the whole is in a compartment having mouldings with dog-tooth ornaments. The piscina at St John's College is not so lofty as the other, although somewhat wider: the lateral shafts are quite free; neither they nor the central shaft are continued below the drains: the spandrels and central space between the intersecting arches are open, and there is a continuous empty space extending from side to side at the back; but the springing-stones have projections connecting them with the wall, laterally in the case of the lateral, and posteriorly in that of the central springers, which is a peculiar, and it is believed, uncommon construction: the

whole may have been inclosed within a compartment, as at Jesus College, although no part of it remains, for the



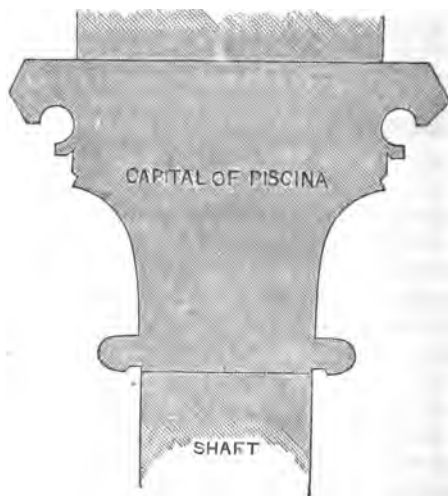
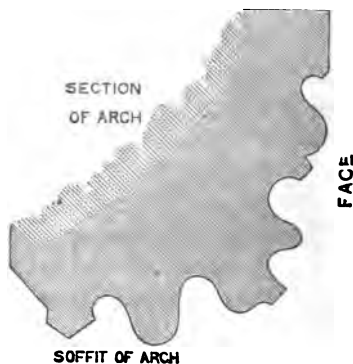
projecting portions of the mouldings have been planed down in order to form a level surface for the plaster with which the wall was covered, and there is a chiselled line exactly in the situation where the frame ought to be. The arches not only intersect, but their mouldings interpenetrate similarly in these piscinae*. The drains are placed in differently-shaped

* The figure of the piscina at Jesus College, given in Parker's *Glossary of Architecture*, pl. 72, does not represent this and is incorrect in some other respects. The plate opposite page 353 of the *Cambridge Portfolio* is correct and excellent. There is also a good figure in Cooper's *Memorials of Cambridge*, i. 392.

basins in our piscina ; the right-hand basin is circular, that on the left forms a quatrefoil : they are very rudely formed : indeed the whole work, although most beautifully designed and having a very effective appearance, is seen, upon a close examination, to be rather roughly executed throughout. The sill, the shafts, and their bases are of Barnack stone, the arches of clunch. In the church of Histon near Cambridge there are two double piscinæ, one in the north and the other in the south transept, which resemble these at Cambridge by having similar intersecting arches with interpenetrating mouldings. But at Histon the arches spring from three sets of double shafts of Purbeck marble. (See *Cambridgeshire Churches*, p. 73.)

The size of the piscina at St. John's College is a square of about 5 ft. 6 in., and the hollow penetrates 9 inches into the wall. It is 3 ft. 6 in. above the floor. The wood-cuts show the form and proportions of the mouldings of the central capital, which is $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches high and 9 inches wide at the top ; also those of the arches.

Above the piscina there is a rectangular opening through the wall, of 3 feet in height and 1 ft. 6 in. in width. It is nearly plain, and was closed by a shutter. It seems to be original, and may have communicated with some narrow passage connecting this oratory with the dormitory of the brethren ; not



for them to pass through, but to allow of a sight of the priest, when celebrating mass, being obtained without entering the oratory itself.

I have written in the present tense of these remains, but before the publication of this paper the piscina will have been removed into the new chapel. Other parts also cannot long continue in their ancient position. The photographs by Mr. Nichols from which the plates have been engraved were taken before any part of the ruins had fallen or the piscina been touched.

If we now direct our attention to the existing chapel (A) of the College we shall find that its walls are much older than the inserted windows, and that it belonged to the Hospital. Prof. Willis long since pointed out the presence of string-courses and mouldings of the Early English style on the northern side, and also directed attention to the traces of the Early English windows which existed above, at the side of, and inclosing the existing Perpendicular openings. But the interior of the wall could not be examined until Mr. G. G. Scott was consulted about the new chapel, when he caused enough of the face of the wall to be removed to show that the original windows were in the Early English style when just changing into that called Decorated, *i.e.* were erected in the latter half of the xiiith century, whereas the building (B) about which we have just been treating, was certainly built, 60 to 80 years earlier. The great arch, now much hidden by the organ, which divides the quire from the ante-chapel, is of the same date, and has similar mouldings to those of the original windows which are now embedded in the walls. The pointed crown of one of these old windows in the north wall may be seen rising above the much more obtuse top of the existing Perpendicular window. It has been laid open by the direction of Mr. Scott. The plate shows this top of the original window to the right of the more ancient remains of the Hospital.

This chapel was originally 120 feet long; for we must include the space which is not shaded on my plan, and through which is the present approach to the Master's Lodge, and over which those who remodelled the buildings in the xvth century did not extend the new roof, but converted the upper part into chambers for the use of the Master. The quire occupied 74 feet of this length. The width is 25 feet. There were originally five windows on each side, or there may very probably have been six, for there is the proper space for one to the north and another to

the south in the secularized part above-mentioned. There now remain five windows on the south side and four on the north, but traces of the fifth are manifest over the entrance to Bishop Fisher's chapel. We do not know what was the original state of the east end which is now occupied by a large Perpendicular window. There was a large Early English window at the west end. Portions of the sill and one of the jams of this may now be seen in the wall which separated the Master's parlour from his bed-room. It is quite certain that the walls of this building are mainly those of the chapel of the Hospital; they seem to have been very much out of repair when the executors of the foundress took possession of the site; for the removal of the plaster has shown that although some parts are built with fine squared stones, other parts are patched with clunch and brick, and the whole surface rendered rough to furnish an attachment to the plaster, which was used to hide all the defects.

These two buildings are the only remains of the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist which are known to exist; but it is not improbable that parts of the walls of the first court of the College may have formed portions of the domestic buildings of the ancient house. That court was erected in its present form by Shorton, the first master of the College, A.D. 1511-16; except that the south side was refaced and altered in character in the time of Dr. Powell, who was master from A.D. 1765 to 1775. Baker informs us that the buildings required for the College, including the repair and refitting of the chapel, cost between four and five thousand pounds. He says, "the chapel was leaded, the stalls finished,...in the fifth year of the reign of Henry VIII" (A.D. 1513).

We must now endeavour to determine the use of the earlier of these buildings (B), supposed by Baker, when he wrote the text of his History, to be the chapel of the old house; but in a note added afterwards, to have been the chapel of St. John the Baptist, "whereof mention is made both in Bishop Alcock's register and Caius." But is not this an oversight, and that he had in view St. John's Hostel, which stood near St. John the Baptist's church, on the site of King's College, for I cannot find any notice of it in *Caii Historia*, nor his *De Antiquitate Cantabrigiæ Academiæ*? Or may it have arisen from the mistake made in 1312, when the Master of this house was taxed to a tallage as of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist?

The Hospital of St. John the Evangelist (often called St. John's House) was founded for the "reception of poor;

infirm, and sick persons" by Henry Frost, a burgess of Cambridge, in the reign of Henry II. *i.e.* between A.D. 1154 and 1189, or possibly at a slightly earlier date, for Mr. Cooper (*Ann. of Cambr.* i. 25) places it in 1135. Almost immediately after the foundation, religious brethren, subject to the rule of St. Augustine, were introduced. It is clear from a judicial enquiry concerning its right to the church of St. Peter (now St. Mary the Less), which had been given to it by Henry, son of Segar, that the Hospital existed in the year 1194. (Selden, *Hist. of Tithes*, 386). Before 1197 Hervey, son of Eustace Dunning, gave seven acres of land at Chesterton to sustain "two beds and bed-clothes for the use of the sick in the *stone house* of the Hospital." About 1208 the Bishop of Ely made an ordinance to secure the parson of All Saints' Church from any injury that might be caused to him by the master and brethren admitting the parishioners of All Saints to any sacraments or oblations: and thereupon the prioress and convent of St. Rhadegund granted the master and brethren free and pure chantry in the Hospital for ever. There must, therefore, at that time have been some sort of chapel; but it may have been only the oratory in the Infirmary. In 1280 Hugh de Balsham introduced a community of secular scholars into the House, but they could not agree with the regular brethren, and were soon removed to form St. Peter's College.

At a little after the middle of the xvth century, when John Dunham the younger was Master, and Thomas Rotheram was Chancellor of the University, the Hospital was admitted to the privileges of the latter body; as is shewn by the "letter of privilege" entered upon the old cartulary preserved amongst the muniments of the College. (Baker, *Hist. of St. John's College*, 46).

Up to the time of the dissolution, the prior or master and brethren were required to allot a considerable portion of their revenue to the support of sick people in the Hospital. We must therefore now consider what was the kind of building usually provided by bodies established for the especial purpose of receiving and supporting sick and infirm people, or by the monasteries for the reception of their sick, infirm, and aged monks. It was usually a large, long hall, lighted by windows on each side, or even divided into three parts by arches (resembling the nave and aisles of a church), and then often furnished with aisle and clerestory windows. In this hall the beds of the sick were arranged along each side throughout the greater part of its length; but at the eastern

end a small space was shut off by a screen, and provided with an altar and the other requisites for saying mass. Thus the sick could be present at the service without removing from their beds. Prof. Willis has proved that what used to be called the Saxon Church at Ely was the infirmary of that great House. The remains of a similar building can be traced at Peterborough, and on the sites of other monastic houses. I have seen such an arrangement in several old hospitals which still exist, only that now the altar has become a communion-table, and the beds for the infirm have been separated by wooden partitions, so as to form little chambers or cells, one for each inmate. My friend Mr. E. A. Freeman tells me that there are a great many hospitals with a chapel at one end opening into the domestic part of the building. The chapel is often a mere oratory, just large enough for an altar. A similar arrangement was frequent in domestic houses where some ordinary room occupied the place of the infirmary, and like it opened into the chapel. He refers to St. Mary's Hospital at Chichester as a fine example, in which the oratory was large enough to form a sort of chapel with stalls on each side, and I quote the following short account of it from the *Archæol. Journal* (x. 267). "It consists of a lofty hall. At the eastern end there is a chapel, accessible only through the hall, being separated from it by an open screen. The hall has side aisles, in which are constructed small distinct dwellings opening into it for the poor inmates." Such an arrangement is also not unfrequent in the Roman Catholic countries of the European continent, at the present day. The old Hospital of St. Thomas at Northampton had a very small space of this kind at its east end, only affording room enough for the priest who said mass.

When these remains were first exposed, the idea occurred to me that they were part of an infirmary, such as has just been described, provided by the Hospital for the use of the sick people brought to it; and I am very happy to learn that Professor Willis formed the same opinion. The Hospital contained a very small number of brethren (not more than five or six), and it is therefore quite possible that they may not at first have possessed any chapel for their devotions, other than that provided for the benefit of their patients. It will be recollected that the date of their foundation was probably considerably before 1195, and that this infirmary must have been built almost immediately after their establishment, perhaps even by their founder.

If, as I firmly believe, this was really the Infirmary, the

character and arrangement of the windows is such as we should expect. The most eastern is highly decorated as being next to the altar; it and the three following belonged to the oratory; those to the west of the space that is there found were the lights of the secular part, or infirmary proper. The screen which separated these two parts of the chamber was apparently placed close to the fourth window, and to the east of the doorway of which traces exist between the fourth and fifth windows. Or, if the oratory was used by the brethren as their chapel, this door may have opened into the oratory itself, so as to admit them without their passing through the secular infirmary in which lay the sick.

Some persons have surmised with much show of reason that this was not the infirmary, but the first chapel of the House: but it must be remembered that the Hospital is not supposed (Cooper's *Mem. Camb.* II. 58) to have at first had any ecclesiastical character, although it was very soon found requisite to add the brethren, for the purpose doubtless of superintending it. This may or may not be true, for I know of no documentary evidence in proof of it. I believe that this room never was properly a chapel, but an infirmary, and that the only sacred part of it was the oratory at its end. There was therefore no desecration in the uses to which the major part of it was finally applied, whatever we may think of those of the eastern end. If this was the chapel of the house, it seems unaccountable that they should have had another chapel erected for their use as early as the last quarter of the XIIIth century: but if the older building was the infirmary, nothing is more probable than the desire to possess a chapel distinct from it. We cannot avoid some wonder when we find that so large a chapel was built for so small a society.

Let us endeavour now to trace the history of the infirmary after the dissolution of the Hospital. It is not known to what use, if any, it was applied by the earliest members of the college; but in 1560 Fisher's and Ashton's chapels were deprived of their altars; the upper part of the former was turned into a chamber for the advantage of the master; the infirmary converted into a stable for the master's horses, and its eastern part (the oratory) made into a store-house for the college. This happened when Leonard Pilkington was master (Baker, 153). That this was the position of the stables in 1574 when Caius wrote his work, *De Antiquitate, &c.*, is shewn by Baker (43) from the college books: and Caius (106) says that the stables were in the ancient chapel of the hospital.

His words are: "Vetus sacellum fratrum Sancti Joannis Evangelistæ (quod jam Collegii Sancti Joannis stabulum est").

In 1587-8 the horses and goods were removed and the building divided into three floors of students' rooms, as it continued to be until 1863. The words quoted by Baker (184) from the *Liber thesaurarii* are, "Hospitium novum intra præcinctum collegii, ubi olim erat hospitale D. Johannis, &c."

This concludes all that I have to state concerning these interesting and ancient buildings, of which every trace must unfortunately soon be removed. In one point of view we may well rejoice that the Infirmary is gone, for as students' rooms it was a disgrace to the College.

CHARLES C. BABINGTON.*

29 Feb. 1864.

POSTSCRIPT: It may be interesting to record in connection with the alterations now in progress that the removal of the panneling of the Combination Room and the Master's Dining-room has shown that the former room once had a large central window opening towards the west with a door on each side of it in the western wall; one door continued in use until the room was dismantled recently, and was the entrance from the second court, the other had long since been closed but originally opened into the space now occupied by the north side of the Second Court. It also appeared that the Dining-room had a corresponding large window opening towards the west. These two windows must have been closed at the time when the gallery was erected which some persons suppose preceded the Second Court, certainly could not have continued after the erection of the north side of that Court.

* The Editors of *The Eagle* desire to express their thanks to Prof. Babington for permission to reprint this paper, which originally appeared in the "Antiquarian Communications" (Vol. 2. p. 351) of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, and also for kindly allowing them to make use of the illustrations which are his property.



GLASS PAINTING:

PAINTED windows are allowed to be the richest and most magnificent application of art to the interior decoration of monumental buildings. Who has not stood magic-stricken in one of our ancient cathedrals before an array of gorgeous windows, pourtraying the legends of saints and martyrs, dazzling the eye with their brilliant and ever-varied colours; beautiful at all times, when the bright sun pours his rays upon them, and

Fills the church with gold and purple mist;

or when the peaceful twilight hour invites to contemplation as its mysterious shadows fall around us?

To the archæologist they possess an additional interest; all the old painted windows have something characteristic of the period to which they belong. The modifications which successively appear in them offer points of the deepest interest for observation and comparison, while they are at the same time the seals of their respective æras. These distinctive marks exist not merely in the painting, but also in the general conception of the entire work. It is not difficult to assign reasons for the favour which has so generally been bestowed upon glass painting; the brilliancy and liveliness of the colours of which this substance is susceptible on account of its transparency will always secure it a high degree of esteem from lovers of the fine arts; indeed, detriment to glass painting is rather to be feared from the opposite extreme—indiscriminate praise, as it is no uncommon thing to hear persons unacquainted with the subject speak in very high terms of examples whose debased style is only exceeded by the poverty of their colours.

The art of painting on glass by no means consists in the mere application of the colouring materials to the surface of the glass, by methods similar to those employed in oil painting. The colours used are of a peculiar kind, and possess the power of vitrifying at a high temperature, and of

fixing themselves unchangeably on the glass ; consequently the glass, after the paint has been applied, must be exposed to a certain heat in a furnace adapted to this purpose. Appropriate means must also be employed in the application of vitrifiable colours.

A painting on glass—as, for example, a church window—always consists of a great number of pieces of coloured glass, whose various hues illuminate an ornamental pattern or an historical subject. These pieces of glass are either symmetrical or irregular, so as to agree with the sentiment exhibited in the composition itself. After they have been arranged in their proper places, they are encased in lead, and united so as to form one complete piece. These pieces are united by an iron frame-work called the arming. Thus the arts of the painter, chemist, and glazier are severally called into requisition.

A very general notion prevails that the artists of modern times, having lost many of the receipts of the ancients, are unable to equal the intensity of their colours. On this subject a modern German writer makes the following remarks: “A very natural question presents itself to the mind, with regard to the erroneous belief which universally prevails, that the secrets of the art which were known to the ancients are lost. Are we capable, if not of surpassing, at least of resuming and continuing their labours? When we compare the glass of the old church-windows, of any period whatever, with the glass of our manufactories, we cannot for a moment doubt that our system of manufacturing it produces far more perfect results, certainly as far as regards its transparency, whiteness, and clearness, and generally with respect to all those qualities which are peculiar to glass. Besides, it is allowed that the methods of working have been considerably improved. And if, on the other hand, we compare fragments of old painted glass with that which we manufacture at the present day, it will appear in the most convincing manner, that our painted glass is not in the slightest degree inferior in point of colour to that of the ancients. There was a time when the manufacture of coloured glass was discontinued; because, in consequence of the decline of the art of painting on glass, this article was of no further use; but none of the secrets of the colouring were lost. Persons who were little aware of these circumstances, mistaking the effect for the cause, maintained that the reason why the art yielded nothing more was, that the painters on glass no longer understood how to produce the ruby of the

ancients. But this assertion was very soon shewn to be false; for as soon as the determination to restore painted windows manifested itself, the glass-house of Choisy in France, among others, proved by the most successful results, that the art of manufacturing coloured glass was in no way lost, but only asleep. In fact, we possess a multitude of receipts of the ancients, according to which coloured glass was produced in former times."

This beautiful art, doubtless, had its origin in the symmetrical arrangement of pieces of glass of various forms and colours, combined with more or less skill, being in fact transparent mosaics. It was with windows such as these that the ancient basilicæ was adorned; two centuries later they are mentioned by Gregory of Tours, and Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, extols in several passages of his poems the brilliancy of the coloured windows of his time.

The charm of these beautiful mosaics naturally induced a wish to trace upon them figures and subjects—to invest their magic hues with form, and, as it were, breathe life and soul into them; but the question, at what period the art of glass-painting with enamel colours was first introduced, has been the subject of much controversy.

Though no examples of the first attempts of painting objects on glass remain to us, we must not forget that this art originated at a time when taste had not yet been refined by long practice; hence the preference would naturally be given to that kind of painting which was most capable of seducing the eye by the brilliancy of its hues. Devoid of grace and beautiful outline, the sole charm of the glass painting of this early age lay in a skilful combination of colours, and thus was little, if at all, in advance of the mosaics which had preceded it.

Anastatius Bibliothecarius, who wrote at the end of the ninth century, in his life of Leo III. relates that this pontiff caused the church of S. John Lateran to be decorated with coloured glass, *Fenestras de absida ex vitro diversis coloribus conclusit*; but we cannot infer from these words the existence of any painting whatever upon the windows employed. We must therefore consider it as very nearly established, that painting upon glass was unknown in the ninth century; for had it been known, the popes, so zealous in ecclesiastical decoration, would not have failed to welcome with delight this new means of embellishment, and Anastasius would surely have alluded to so splendid a style of ornamentation.

As times of war and calamity are invariably unfavourable

to the development of the arts, we cannot with any probability assign to the tenth century so important a discovery. On this account Leveil, Alexander Lenoir, Langlois and M. de Caumont have expressed their opinion that painting on glass was unknown till the eleventh century. In support of these writers two circumstances concur, which, though not in themselves conclusive, certainly favour their assumption in a high degree. The eleventh century was a time of revival; men, recovered from the agitations of the preceding age, began to vie with each other in their exertions to restore and embellish the ecclesiastical edifices; it was a period when art opened for herself new paths, created a new style, and strove to exhibit to the world organized productions entirely distinct from those which had hitherto appeared. In the next place, it is a fact, acknowledged by all archæologists, that no painted glass is now known to which can be assigned, with certainty, an earlier date than the eleventh century.

The general design of painted windows in the twelfth century consisted of small historical medallions of various forms, symmetrically distributed over mosaic grounds, comprised of coloured glass borrowed from preceding centuries. This ground is arranged in square or lozenge-shaped panels, filled with quatrefoils, trefoils and other ornaments; the whole design is surmounted with borders of varied patterns, of scroll-like foliage, interlacings, palms and other leaves of different kinds. The subjects of the medallions are from the Old or the New Testament, or more often from the legendary history of the saints. The principal outlines of the design, both of the medallions and of the grounds, are formed by the lines of lead used for holding the different pieces of glass together, and which thus formed a black boundary to each subject. The pieces of glass are in general coloured, rarely plain. Upon these, which are always of small size, the folds of the draperies, the details of the ornaments are portrayed by a reddish or bistre colour laid on with a brush. The flesh tints themselves are not expressed by any application of colour; but a glass lightly tinted with violet forms the ground, and the features are indicated with the same bistre enamel. We soon after find upon some windows the small medallions with subjects replaced by isolated figures of larger size, with a back ground of mosaic. A few beautiful examples of this date still remain.

The following is a description of a window of the twelfth century:

It is divided into three compartments, of which the

top and bottom are square, the middle circular; the ground is a rich blue, relieved by ruby introduced among the foliage in the border, and sparingly in the medallions. The subject in the top compartment is, the Magi on their journey to Bethlehem, guided by the star. They are on horseback, and their steeds caparisoned in the *Norman fashion*.* In the lowest compartment they are in the act of adoring the Saviour. The virgin sits in a shrine consisting of a rude entablature supported by columns; this shews that the influence of classical architecture had not yet wholly ceased. In the middle and circular compartment they are represented standing before Herod, who is seated on a throne with an attendant or courtier behind him. The dresses of the figures are principally green and yellow, and not the slightest attempt at perspective or back-ground is perceptible.

The windows of the thirteenth are generally lighter than those of the preceding century, and more in accordance with the elegant Lancet style of architecture which then prevailed. There is much similarity, however, between the work of the early part of this century and that of the Norman period. The mosaic grounds with rich borders continued in use, but were afterwards changed for those composed of a trailing pattern of ivy, oak or trefoil, pencilled in bistre on a white ground, and borders of foliage, or heraldic devices in rich colours. Panels in the form of the vesica piscis, quatrefoil, etc. enclosing subjects from Holy Writ, and the lives of saints become general at this period. Occasionally we meet with windows composed entirely of foliage, geometrical forms, and bands of bright colours.

Description of a window of the thirteenth century:

In this window the border occupies a very conspicuous position, being one-fifth of its entire width. This border is enclosed in lines of violet glass, between which is an elegant pattern of scroll work sketched in bistre. In the interior of the window a pattern composed of the circle and lozenge united is displayed, this is formed by the lead work, the decoration of the glass being of the same simple character as that of the border. The center of each circle is adorned with quatrefoils in blue and ruby. In fine contrast to this simple ground-

* These early artists seemed quite unconscious of the absurdity of anachronism. I have seen in a capital of a manuscript of the thirteenth century, a representation of the sacrifice of Isaac, in which, Abraham, armed cap-à-pié as a Norman knight, is about to slay his son with a crusader's sword!

work, brilliant panels in the form of the vesica are placed at equal distances from one another; the subjects are, Christ, bearing in his hand an orb; David playing upon the harp. The general effect of the figures is stiff, though a remarkable improvement upon the preceding example can be observed in the drapery. The chief merit of the painted windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is their perfect harmony with the architecture of the building in which they are found. When viewed at a certain distance, they present a magnificent decoration of the most lively colours, distributed in a manner worthy of the most skilful workers in mosaic. Upon a closer inspection, we obtain a complete view of the forms of the various ornaments which contribute to the general effect: the naïveté of which makes us feel less regret at the imperfection of the execution. How greatly does this skilful arrangement and combination of colours, filling the interior of the temple with mysterious light, contribute to the solemn grandeur of the architecture.

It is observable, that in the styles of these two centuries, the art of drawing played only a subordinate part, while great prominence was given to the mosaic patterns which were of infinite variety and rich in detail. In proportion as the taste for correct drawing was carried to perfection, the simple arrangement of glass lost its importance, and was finally eclipsed by the art of oil-painting.

The fourteenth century is by some considered, the finest epoch in the history of the art. In this century strivings after effects of a higher kind are observed, and an endeavour to copy nature with more fidelity. Here we first find attempts at chiaroscuro, and the introduction of lights and shadows into the ornaments and draperies. Instead of the small panel compartment, the whole light is now generally occupied by one or two figures of saints, kings or founders standing on pedestals or battlements, under elaborate canopies, which are supported on each side by columns or niches; these are surrounded by rich borders of ivy and oak, tinted yellow on grounds of ruby, blue and green. The grounds are generally richly draped in deep brown on ruby, blue and purple; the pedestals and capitals are shaded in brown, and tinted in parts with yellow. We can perceive, as a consequence of this progress in the art of design, the efforts of the glass painter to create an individual work, yet without an absolute neglect of the general effect to be produced. If he fell short of the elaborate detail of the following century, he had, at least, given up the small medallions of the two preceding.

Regarding painted windows only in the light of a monumental decoration, we may say that the glass pictures of the fourteenth century produce a less striking effect than the brilliantly coloured mosaics, relieved by historical medallions of the thirteenth. On the other hand, the architectural ornaments employed at the later date, to form a frame for the figures, are often very favourable to the decoration of the edifice, of which they appear to prolong the extent.

Description of a window of the fourteenth century :

The subject of this window is S. John Baptist, who, clad in a tunic of camel's-hair with a cloak or outer garment of a blue colour, is represented standing beneath a very beautiful canopy. Around his head is the nimbus or halo of glory ; in his left hand he holds the Word of God and the Lamb and Flag, while his right is raised as if in the act of exhortation.

The most cursory comparison of this figure with those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, will shew how greatly the art of drawing had advanced since that time, how rigidity of outline had yielded to a grace and dignity which leave little to be desired. The canopy, as is usual in windows of this period, is very elaborate, and represents a building of the Decorated style, whose crockets, finials, flying buttresses and windows produce a magnificent effect. This is supported on either side by buttresses with niches containing statues. The ground of the canopy is a rich brown tint, which throws into bold relief the foliage of the vine in ruby glass ; the entire window is surrounded by a narrow border of white, and the ground of the same immediately above the canopy is light blue.

The tendency of the artist on glass to produce individual works is more and more observable from the beginning of the fifteenth century. The decorations which like frames surround the figures and subjects, and which are always borrowed from the architecture of the time, are increased from day to day, and present a great complexity of lines and ornaments, which have often a very striking effect. During a great part of this century the legends painted on the phylacteries explain the subjects, most commonly by a verse of Scripture. The blue or red hangings introduced behind the figures, are of damasked stuffs of great richness. Borders are rare, and when found, consist of branches of rather meagre foliage, painted upon long strips of glass. The artists make frequent use of *grisailles*, which admit a deal of light into the edifices, and produce none of those fine effects of the coloured mosaics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Description of a window of the fifteenth century :

The window selected as an example of this style is divided by a mullion, but it is not the less, on this account, to be treated as a single picture. By a judicious division the subject, which represents the interior of a perpendicular chapel, and by placing one figure in each compartment, the artist has succeeded, to a great extent, in overcoming what might seem a serious obstacle to his design. The subject occupies the entire width of the window, and its receding pillars and vaulted roof shew how well the art of perspective was then understood. In the compartment to the left, the Virgin Mary is represented kneeling before our Saviour, who stands in the right compartment bearing a small cross; a little above him is the legend, *salve, sancta parens*, on a small scroll. The robe of the Virgin is dark blue, that of our Saviour, violet, and a nimbus appears above the head of each. The floor of the apartment is a tessellated pavement in two shades of chocolate colour; at the left is a door opening into another chamber, beyond it, a reading stand, upon which lies an open book. Yellow and white are the prevailing colours, and the general effect is poor compared with the rich tints of the preceding centuries.

But in the middle of this century, that revolution of glass painting set in, which gradually and insidiously proved its ruin. Several circumstances at that time concurred in materially influencing the art. Its formidable rival oil-painting had been greatly improved at the close of the preceding century by John and Hubert Van Eyck; and, by the brilliant success of its productions, as well as the singular patronage bestowed upon it by those in power, was awakening very strong prepossessions in its favour. All these arts, which have drawing for their base, as engraving on copper, &c., were daily growing into influence, and thus sharing the consideration that had been formerly given exclusively to glass painting. These, however, were all external influences—the seeds of insidious decay lay concealed in the practice of the art itself; the improvements in chemistry had increased the painter's resources in supplying him with a greater variety of enamel colours, and the quantity of these at his disposal enabled him to give up glasses coloured in the mass, and to paint upon a single white sheet of that material with enamelled colours laid upon the surface. Thenceforth glass was nothing more than a material subservient to the painter, as canvass or wood in oil painting. Glass painters went so far as to copy on white glass as upon canvass, the master-

pieces of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and the other great painters of Italian Renaissance. Claude, Bernard Palissy, Guillaume, Jean Cousin, Pinaigrier and many others distinguished themselves in this style of painting, and produced works of great correctness of drawing and remarkable execution. But the era of glass painting was at an end. From the moment that it was attempted to transform an art of purely monumental decoration into an art of expression, its intention was perverted, and this led of necessity to its ruin. The resources of glass painting were more limited than those of oil, with which it was unable to compete. In the sixteenth century the art was in its decline, and towards the middle of the seventeenth was entirely given up.*

It has been observed, with truth, that the arts in any great epoch of history exert in a high degree a mutual influence upon one another. Perhaps this was never truer than in the case of three of the most important arts of mediæval times; glass painting, architecture, and illumination or missal painting. These arts, the offspring of troublous times, when war and devastation had smothered the taste for the classic models of Greece and Rome, gradually developed their several beauties, and were never more flourishing than in those ages which we commonly esteem barbarous; but at the revival of learning throughout Europe, having passed the meridian of their splendour, they became debased, and eventually extinct. Nor does this parallelism hold good merely of their rise and extinction, it is also true of the intermediate stages of their developement; by following the progress of Gothic architecture through the Norman, Early-English, Decorated, and Perpendicular periods, we shall find that glass painting and illumination alike received their tone from the prevailing style.

If it be painful to trace a beautiful art in its decline and fall, to see weak and tawdry examples usurp the place of

* Before leaving this part of the subject, the writer would gratefully acknowledge the assistance he has received from M. Jules Labarte's work, *The Arts of the Middle Ages and Renaissance*. He trusts that no material inconvenience will be felt from the absence of plates in the perusal of this article.

A general description of the style of each period has been preferred to a particular description of existing specimens, as those who desire to pursue the subject further, can select their own examples, while the mechanical practice of the art has been very briefly touched upon, because uninteresting to the general reader.

pure and noble ones, it must surely be a cause for deep gratitude that we live in an age when purity of style is advancing to its rightful position ; when we see around us daily proofs that the cold apathy and neglect, which for centuries have been shewn to ecclesiastical architecture and decoration, are gradually disappearing, and ere long will cease to exist. It is not likely that we shall witness in our time the beautiful windows in a cathedral blocked up to afford space for the erection of mural monuments with their laudatory and fulsome epitaphs, which could so justly provoke the censure of an Addison or the satire of a Pope. The rage for *cleanliness*, so developed in the last century in white-washing alike oak, stone, and marble has now quite gone out of fashion, but yet gives abundant employment to the careful hands which are gradually removing it from roof and pillar, and revealing somewhat of their pristine beauty.

But to come nearer home, and approach a subject which more immediately concerns ourselves ; in a few years we shall possess one of the most beautiful college chapels in England, and what true-hearted and loyal Johnian does not breathe the aspiration, that it may be the *most* beautiful—not only in its architecture, but also in the details of its decoration, in its painted windows, stone and wood carving, metal work and encaustic tiling ? How great will be the encouragement and example which this our work will afford to our own age—how eloquently will it speak to future generations, of the love we bore to Him *from whom we live and move and have our being*, when we, scattered far and wide, lie silent and forgotten in the grave.

ΥΑΛΟΣ.





THE FAIRY DANCE.

"Peace, peace Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing."

SEE, they come, the fairy band,
Tripping lightly, hand in hand :
From the mountains, from the vales,
From the streams and heathy dales.
Free from carking care and woe,
Happy and secure they go !
Innocent of every guile
Save the weary hours to while :
With tale and dance and fairy song,
They the kindly hour prolong.
Now it shames not sober night
To bestow her silvery light,
Nor do envious clouds o'erspread
The moon's fair splendour overhead.—
See they to the greensward hie,
Dancing lightly, merrily !
They nor brush the dewy bead
From the herbage when they tread,
Nor the sleeping rose-bud wake,
Nor the cradled lily shake.—
When men in deepest slumber lie.
Then they dance right merrily !—
Luckless wight ! whoever should
Dare within their ring intrude !
Eftsoons he mourns his withered sight,
Groping in perpetual night ;
And he hears their laugh and taunt
With their angry words, "Avaunt !
In the night of blindness look
Into every shady nook.
Seek for fairy dance and ring !
At your hard fate wondering,
That no moon her light doth lend you,
Nor the stars above befriend you !
And this friendly warning take
For your own and others' sake—
Let no mortal rashly pry
Into fairy mystery,
Lest he lose his voice and sight.
And now we wish you, Sir, good night!"



ROME.

THE modern city may be described as consisting of two divisions, one being that portion which lies along the banks of the Tiber, on the flat formerly known as the Campus Martius, and which is now devoted to purposes of trade and industry, while on the higher and more wholesome regions to the North and East, we have established what is known as the foreign or the English quarter. The former portion of the town is mainly occupied by the native inhabitants, and consists almost entirely of indifferent shops, and of booths and stalls where in the open Piazza a variety of goods may be seen exposed for sale. The General Post Office and the theatres, as well as the Pantheon and the Mausoleum of Augustus, lie in that direction. Between the commercial quarter and the more fashionable neighbourhood the Corso forms a boundary line. This would be a dingy street enough in Paris or London, but it is the best they have at Rome. The foreign district consists of some very fair buildings, and two beautiful piazzas; but the crowning glory of all is the Pincian Hill, from the summit of which you obtain a view reaching far over the mass of houses and away to the dome of St. Peter's, across the distant Tiber. On the Hill itself lies a series of beautiful pleasure grounds which are embellished everywhere by various works of art. Among a range of busts we may recognise the faces of Virgil and Cicero, and of Tasso, Ariosto and Dante; for the Romans glory not less in the ancient than in the modern triumphs of their country.

You should visit these haunts in the afternoon, two hours before sunset, if you would witness to perfection the outpouring of all the life contained within the city. You will meet men of every rank and condition in the Church, and of every order and dignity in every Peerage in Europe. But the mass of pedestrians consists of citizens of the humbler sort, who choose these hours for their recreation in the

pleasure grounds. As you watch the crowd, the expression on every face, and especially among the women, is beautiful in the extreme. It is that of light-hearted innocent mirth and exuberant spirits. They seem to enjoy the air and the sun with an almost childlike appreciation. The young Italians are, most of them, as fine fellows as any I have ever met. Their figures are tall and powerful, their faces dark and handsome, their voices rich, deep and melodious. From my own observation I was led to conclude that as stout an army might be formed out of the resources of Rome as could be raised in any other country.

This lounge on the Pincian seems to be the chief amusement of the people; and on a fine day in such a climate the joys of sight are almost enough to live upon. Under the splendour of that sun the whole land looks as much more lovely than other lands, as the skies above it are more blue than other skies. But in addition to these pleasures a military band may be heard every day. I have sometimes thought that the constant enjoyment of such warlike demonstrations must in its tendency have an ennobling effect on the character of a nation. And in Rome there is no lack of military pageants of the most inspiring description. Often, as you walk, you hear a noise like thunder in the distance—on come the pioneers with shouldered axes, next, four deep and four abreast, the drummers, each rattling on his drum; then, under their brazen eagles, troop by troop, the soldiery, and each troop, preceded by a band, till there is nothing, as far as ever you can hear, but the roar of military music. As you listen, it is as if the whole force of the senses was absorbed into the power of hearing. You know nothing, think nothing, feel nothing, except that if at that moment you were bid to ride up against an army you should be proud to do it. Such are the infantry, loud and stirring in their warlike summons. The music of the cavalry is of another sort. They roll softly on their drums, and blow out from their fifes a melody so sweet that the very horses seem to feel it; for, as they walk, they need no hand upon the bridle, but are soothed by the sounds which float over their heads. You see them filing away, up one street and down another, while the low seductive strains allure you into dreams of military glory. Watch those ordered lines and faultless discipline, and you shall discern, flashing out on every aspect both of horse and man, the pent-up force and fire, ready at any moment, like a great torrent, to burst out and to destroy:—Now you have it—one measured stride of many horses—

one lengthened cry from many lips—a roll, rush and roar till the great battle is fought and won and Italy is free ; and you also would be there, for it seems as if there could be nothing more for human ambition to desire than to fight or fall with such company and in such a cause. These are the fancies which come swimming across your brain, when suddenly you see the soldiers sink their arms, the crowd heaves back and every carriage yields the way, for, in a splendid chariot and drawn by many horses, the Pope himself approaches. On this side and on that all kneel to receive the blessing. The Holy Father is still loved and revered by the people, much as they detest his Government.

If you wish to obtain a glimpse of the Academic world, you might walk in the afternoon on the Via della Porta Pia, which is to Rome what the Trumpington road is to Cambridge. When you reach it, you leave the town behind you and see the Sabine hills before. The students go in procession as far as the gate, after which they disperse in twos and threes, and talk, it seemed, a good deal about examinations. And to stimulate their zeal the example is not wanting of wise men in prosperity. You may observe the Cardinal's carriage driving till within a decent distance from the town, when the horses are stopped, and the illustrious occupant descends to walk, two footmen also dismounting to follow him. All whom he passes lift their hats and hold them down until his Eminence has gone by.

Towards sunset every one hastens home and shuts the windows for fear of the Malaria. It is however at this hour that funerals take place, as it were to complete the dismal character of the twilight. Often at dusk you catch sight of a line of torches in the distance, shaking along the winding street. As the procession draws more near, you recognize, first, two by two, in long serge gowns and sandalled feet, the bearded friars ; then come the priests with their pale shaven faces and robes of white, walking before the bier : last of all go the mourners, who are closely disguised in red gowns and masks. One low unanimous chant comes rattling and rumbling from every mouth—It is the prayer for the soul of the departed. Sometimes it swells out into a wailing cry, then sinks again into a hoarse sepulchral murmur. The voices go up and the mourners walk in the gloomy twilight. Nothing is seen but gaunt spectral figures and eyes which stare out grim and ghastly as the torches flash across the masked faces. All who meet them lift their hats, as they catch sight of the silver cross borne aloft at the head of the procession.

At sunset also the Ave Maria or l'Angelus is performed; and from this point the hours of the ensuing night and of the following day are numbered. Supposing, for example, that the sun sets at six o'clock, eight is described as two at night, and so on up to twenty-four o'clock on the next day.—On this system there is a ringing of bells and a striking of clocks all day and night, which, no doubt, are so many calls to some religious duty. By a curious regulation every clock in the town is stopped on Good Friday afternoon and throughout the following Saturday, that is during the hours in which our Lord lay dead. When you first notice this strange and unexpected silence, the sensation is appalling: it is as if you were in an enchanted city, or as if time itself had stood still. This is one instance of the way in which every thing else is made strictly subordinate to sacerdotal purposes: and the result is that with all its cosmopolitan characteristics, with all its various attractions for artists, scholars, antiquarians and historians, nevertheless, Rome is pre-eminently an ecclesiastical city, and of its many fascinations the religious influence is the strongest and the most pervading, being one which at no time or in no place are you suffered to forget. Dive into the depths of the old town and seek out any famous locality, you will only recognise it by a Christian Church reared over the ruins of the ancient edifice, or you will notice with sudden surprise a crucifix, nestling among the stones and arches. In every nook of the Colosseum you may observe a cross and shrine; the Pantheon is now a Christian temple; the Mamertine dungeon has been made the vault of a Church, and you can hear the ringing of convent bells all round the Forum, and high over the Palace of the Cæsars. Visit the Picture Galleries, and you will see all the power and passion of gods and men revealed before you, all that has ever been done and suffered since the world began: but everywhere the most lifelike and the best remembered picture always is the soft sweet face of Jesus, and, with a beauty surpassing human loveliness, that of Mary the Mother of the Lord.

On an enthusiastic nature the universal presence of one great idea must have an immense effect. Imagine that you are a stranger in a foreign town, and neither understand the language nor know the faces of those around you: you go about all day among new people and great sights, till at last you are almost crushed by a sense of your own insignificance. But nearly in every street there is a Church, where you have only to enter and you will feel that you are in a presence where every want of your nature is either quieted or supplied

and where your own individuality is as fully recognised as if you were among those who had known you all your life. To take a particular instance in which this contrast is most strongly felt—go to the General Post Office during the hours in which the letters are being distributed, and you will find the windows besieged by a vast and varied crowd, all madly pushing and shouting to obtain their due, and who, in the struggle, neither give nor expect quarter. It is the strife of the world, every one for himself; and as you stand looking on, if you don't mind what you are about, the diligence will knock you down. But you have only to walk a few yards and you are in the French Church of S. Louis: no sound reaches from the noisy world without: if you catch a single word, it is where the people are kneeling on the ground and praying, sometimes in an audible whisper. The monuments of dead soldiers are about you, and as you walk up the darkened aisles you feel as if the strifes and competitions of the world were ended for ever. You no longer suppose that you are in a foreign town: you are nowhere in particular, for you can almost believe that you are in heaven. And the institution of the Confessional adds to this sense of universal sympathy, as if one could at no time be left entirely alone. In the Chapel of the Confessional at St. Peter's, every one, to whatever nation in Christendom he belongs, will find a place where he may receive in his own language the counsel and consolation of the Church. On the first Sunday afternoon on which I visited the Cathedral, I noticed among the penitents who occupied the various boxes, one woman in particular, who knelt with her sobbing lips pressed close against the auricle, bending down under the sweet face of a suffering Jesus. I looked to see the denomination of the box, and it was—"Pro Anglica Lingua." On such an occasion the temptation to offer oneself for the "sacrament" in question is very great, no doubt on the same system that people who approach the brink of a precipice feel a dizzy longing to fling themselves over.

Vespers are beautifully performed on Sunday afternoon. I watched the dark-eyed priests going up to the altar in their stoles of white, and heard the music and the hymns streaming from the chorus of boys. Then the organ was silenced, and the prayers and praises were sung in Latin, so sweetly that they left no music to be desired, and so loud that each single voice alone might have reached thro' the length and breadth of the vast Cathedral. But they were undivided and went out in one great roar thundering thro' dome and aisle, till

every crevice and corner recognized the present God. "Thou art Peter and on this rock will I build my Church." We were standing upon Peter's grave,—this was that Church, against which the gates of hell had *not* prevailed, for to that hour it was believed that what his successors willed on earth, the same should be done in heaven.

The daily services are performed in a chapel apart from the body of the Cathedral, but the famous ceremonies on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day and other great holidays, take place at the High Altar and directly under the dome. I went to see the celebration on Christmas Day. The central aisle was occupied by soldiery, who formed in two lines a pathway to receive the procession of the Pope and Cardinals. On this occasion official persons are expected to appear in full uniform. Military men displayed their stars and medals, while civilians were dressed in black evening suits. The ladies sat alone, apart from the crowd, on both sides of the altar, all dressed alike in black gowns, with bare heads and veils; such being the costume which they are appointed to wear, and without which they cannot obtain admittance to the seats reserved for their use. Then the music and the chants began, simple, grand and mournful, never loud, but reaching everywhere, and so sweet that no believer could listen to them without tears. As the sound of the organ swelled up and floated down the aisles, at last it was answered by the soldiery with a gentle blowing of silver trumpets, here and there and everywhere, till the whole Cathedral was filled with exquisite melody—

Hark, the Herald angels sing
Glory to the new born King.—

The angels themselves could never have sung more sweetly. It was a fit commemoration for the first day of that grand simple life, made up of sorrow and suffering and peace at last. The service was not meant to be mournful, but in its effect it was so, owing partly to its own exquisite sweetness, and partly to the remembrance that all was in honour of the birth of a little child, who was only allowed to grow up in order to renounce his life for men. And here in turn was a world devoted to him—Bishops and Cardinals grown old in every earthly honour, dedicating all their gifts of fame and fortune—ladies, many of them amongst the noblest in Europe, seen now in the lowly garb of nuns, and who were supposed to be offering to the Lord their purity, the best thing that they had: the soldiery too were present, to consecrate all

their strength and valour to the same great service. When the celebration was over, the Pope was borne down the aisle under a silver canopy, and so slowly that he appeared to float over the heads of the people, while with closed lips he waved a benediction. Soon the whole Piazza outside resounded with the rolling of drums and the rattle of wheels, as the carriages of the Bishops and Cardinals drove away, making a long line of purple and gold, up the street and across the Tiber, while the flags flew and the music played and the people rejoiced, the great Cathedral all the time standing out gigantic against a perfect sky.

Pilgrims go from all parts of Europe to witness these celebrations at Rome; they are rewarded for their labour, and no wonder, for if the service had such an effect on me, how much greater must be its force for a true disciple of the "Catholic Church": I should gladly see the Papal power overthrown to-morrow, and yet I thought the services of Christmas Day and Easter Sunday the most sublime acts of devotion which I had ever known.





A FEW WORDS ABOUT CHURCH PSALMODY.

FEW things are easier to a musician than to write a Psalm-tune; few things are more difficult than to write a *good* one. Apparently one of the easiest forms of Musical Composition, it is in reality one of the hardest. The truth of this assertion is perceived at once when we look at the vast number of Psalm-tunes issued from the press every year and see the loose, vague, unmeaning character of the great part of them. The difficulties of Psalm-tune writing are of quite an opposite character to those belonging to other forms of Musical Composition: in the one the writer is curbed and checked at every turn, in the other he is bewildered by the absence of any kind of restraint. Thus each requires abilities of a very different order; the one requires persevering plodding industry, the other natural musical genius of no common quality. In other forms of Musical Composition the composer chooses the words that happen to suit his fancy best, he may repeat particular clauses and words just as he pleases, and provided he renders the spirit of the words, he may take many little liberties with them. His fancy must not be curbed nor his imagination restrained in the slightest degree—the one great thing to be considered is the *musical effect*. But it is not so with the Psalm-tune writer. A few *fixed* forms of words are given to him to which he is to write music. He may not repeat clauses or words, he may not in any way alter them, if he would perform his task properly he must write no more or no less than one note to one syllable,*

* It is gratifying to find that the views on this subject which the writer expressed in a former number of *The Eagle* are confirmed and borne out by the writers of the Reformation age. Here is a passage from Bishop Coverdale: "And at the quire door, beside the table of the Lord, stand two good sober singing men which (commonly a quarter of an hour afore the sermon) begin a psalm, and all the people, both young and old, with one voice do sing with them, after such a fashion that every note answereth to a syllable and every syllable to one note commonly and no more, so that a man may well understand what they sing."

and he must render the spirit of the words generally. But a very limited range is allowed to his fancy beyond which it is not on any account to stray. There must be no new or startling effect in his music, it must be uniform and sober throughout, never gay or boisterous, but cheerful and dignified. The harmonies which he uses must be of the simplest character possible, but they must never degenerate and become poor and barren. In all this, if there is Scylla on the one hand, Charybdis is on the other, and it is no easy matter to steer between them. Now with all these restraints and checks which ought to be absolutely binding and imperative (for to break them is to sacrifice a great principle) it is no easy task to write a *good* Psalm-tune. It requires a thoroughly sound and accurate knowledge of the progression, combination and effect of musical sounds. To acquire such knowledge requires years of patient study devotedly applied to this one object. A slight knowledge of the general rules of Harmony and thorough bass is not a sufficient qualification for the task of Psalm-tune writing. There is a distinctive and individual character in Psalm-tunes, and they ought to be studied as such. Psalmody is an art in itself, and in order to excel in it, it must be thoroughly worked out. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," says the proverb—and so it is in this case. It is impossible to over-estimate the harm which a slender and superficial knowledge of the subject together with a fair proportion of assurance, has done to the cause of Psalmody for the People. Many conclusions have been jumped at and many unwarrantable assumptions made, which a little more thought would have shewn to be altogether false. But it is the fault of the age. Sensationalism and showiness now pervade almost everything that is said or done, and Psalmody has not escaped the disease. The style that is in greatest repute now is gaudy and flaring: its chief characteristic is showiness under the garb of simplicity. If this showiness lay on the surface there would not be so much danger in it; but it lies deeper, it lies close to the root and is gradually eating it away. The showiness of the old *part-tunes*, as they were often called, was merely froth on the surface, and as such was soon perceived and easily taken away. But in the style of Psalmody now in fashion there is absolute rottenness. For this there is no cure or remedy, the only thing to be done is to throw it completely away. We shall see the truth of these remarks by comparing the two styles briefly. No feature was more marked in the Psalmody of the 18th century than the showiness and elaboration of the

St. Michael in Hymns Ancient & Modern.

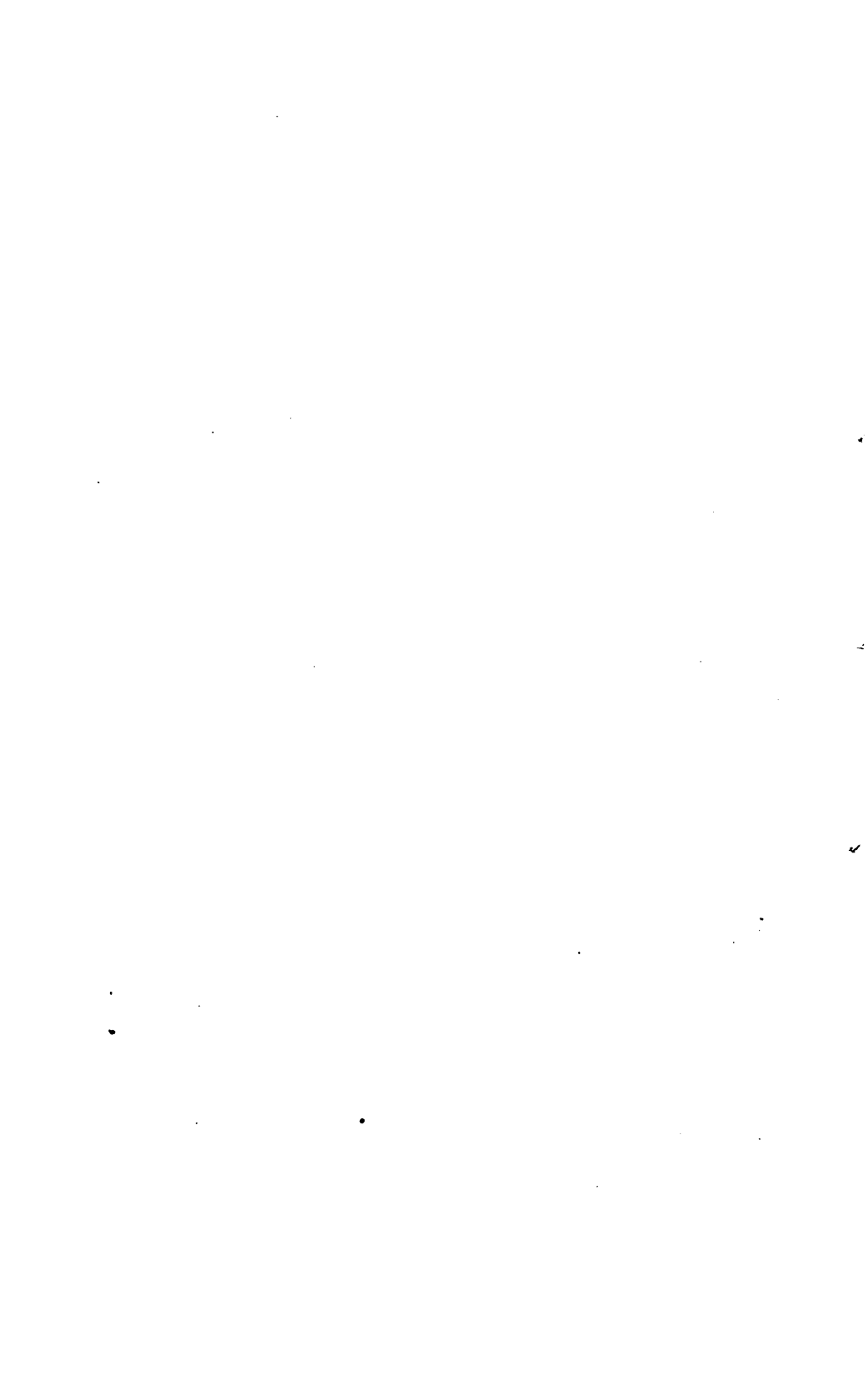


St. Michael in Old Church Psalmody.



Rockingham.





top part. Bad taste corrupted the old tunes by filling up their intervals with passing notes, appoggiaturas, turns and other forms of embellishment or vulgarity, and all the new tunes of that period were written in this ornate and elaborate style. But while the top parts were dressed out in this fashion, the harmonies of the tunes were utterly poor and barren, the bass going from tonic to dominant and from dominant back again to tonic in the most monotonous manner imaginable. The character of these tunes is perceived at a glance; they are vulgar and pretentious, they make a show of being rich and fine whilst in reality they are poor and scanty. It is an easy thing to strip them of the finery which hangs upon them and to substitute something plain and simple: we still have poverty and barrenness, but it is at least thorough and genuine. Not so, however, with the fashionable style of Psalm-tunes. These tunes, as often as not, are syllabic in the Cantus and in the settings of old tunes their top part is preserved in its syllabic integrity. But this is merely a cloak to cover either the complication or the feebleness which lies beneath. In the former case the parts are far from being simple, in the latter they descend to the other extreme of tameness and monotony. Here it is not the superstructure but the foundation itself which is faulty. What is to be done then if we do not wish to abandon the thing altogether? Nothing, but to remove the present foundations and to substitute firmer and stronger ones, which is in every case a most perilous and hazardous undertaking.

One of the great cries in these days is for simple and easy psalm-tunes. Musical men, as they are called and not seldom too, unmusical men, have answered to this call in a manner that is truly wonderful and surprising; the public has been deluged with a flood of tune books which are said to contain simple, easy, and congregational tunes. Let us now look into some of these books. To attempt to deal with any quantity of them would be absurd, so we will choose three as representatives: *Old Church Psalmody*, by the Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1847; *A Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, by the Rev. W. Mercer and J. Goss, Esq., 1852; *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, under the Musical Editorship of Dr. W. H. Monk, 1861. Now in order to know whether a Psalm-tune is simple or not, we must have a definition to refer to, which we may apply as a test. It is tolerably evident that *a simple Psalm-tune is one which consists of as many simple (i.e. fundamental) chords as possible*. Here is our definition, our test. When it is applied to the tunes in

the books under consideration it is found at once that those in *Old Church Psalmody* are simple, and that those in Mr. Mercer's *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, and in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, are far from being so. The editors of these two books have signally failed in supplying the public with simple, easy tunes, and the books are not calculated to promote true congregational singing. For a confirmation of these views we can only refer our readers to the books themselves. Take any tune and refer it to the definition, and the same result will be obtained in nine cases out of ten, viz.: that it is not simple. As a few instances taken at random we will mention the tunes to Hymns 116, 166, 171, 175, 248 in Mr. Mercer's book, and Nos. 12, 14, 15, 17, 60, 77, &c., &c., in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Again take any tune in *Old Church Psalmody* and generally by far the greatest part of the chords in it will be found to be fundamental, for instance Luther's "Turk and Pope" Tune, Saxony, Selnecker. But why, it may well be asked, is it that the editors of the *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, and of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have thus failed in attaining their object? It is not from want of musical knowledge or skill, the names of Mr. Goss and Dr. Monk testify to that, but it is through want of thought, and of comprehension of their task. Doubtless they saw the lamentable state into which Church Psalmody had fallen and were anxious to improve and correct it. Why then did they not turn and look at the tunes of the 16th and 17th centuries, which are the models of simplicity? Why did they not take as patterns, tunes which are known and recognised as simple tunes, written in an age when Psalmody for the people was most extensively practised and best understood? If they had done this they would have gone to their task with some knowledge of its real nature, and would have had experience to guide them in difficulties. Instead of this they have been guided mainly by their own private views, and by their likes and dislikes, unassisted by advice from any other quarter. The result is that they have produced a mongrel unmeaning kind of tune, essentially *secular* and *un-ecclesiastical*, devoid of all method or design in composition, and of all principle in harmonization. The editor of *Old Church Psalmody*, on the contrary, as we gather from the preface to his book, made the old tunes his particular study, so that he became really acquainted with the art and was competent for the post which he undertook. The prefatory remarks to his book are well worth reading, they contain a great deal in a

condensed form. They will be made the basis of a few remarks on the differences of style between the old masters and the young ones.

With the old masters the *beau-ideal* of psalmodic excellence, to use Mr. Havergal's words, was *the tuneful progression of the parts*. To this generally they made everything else subservient; their great aim was to make their parts "sing well." They endeavoured to make each part in itself a melody, so that their tunes were combinations of melodies; they were melodious all through, and this produced a richness and fullness of harmony which no other method of writing can accomplish. This is greatly neglected by modern harmonists; their parts do not seem as if they were intended to be sung by voices, they appear to be written for the organ or piano-forte. This is a monstrous blunder. There is a great and wide difference between parts proper for voices and those for an instrument. That which sounds well on the latter would have but a poor effect on the former; what is most smooth and flowing on an organ or pianoforte makes but a poor sound when sung by voices. Inattention to this point has been mainly the cause of the frivolous and empty arrangements of tunes which are seen now-a-days. In modern settings everything seems to be sacrificed in order to gain a certain superficial neatness and elegance to the entire loss of all body and breadth of sound. This smoothness is gained by the use of half or inverted, instead of the full, simple chords. "When chords are taken from their original position, from their proper and firm foundation, they lose their clearness and stability according as the distance of the lowest note from the fundamental tone is increased. But in the same proportion they have a mobility which is foreign to the original chords."* By the use of inversions, therefore, smoothness and mobility is gained at the expense of simplicity and solidity, and as simplicity in Psalm-tunes ought never for any reason to be sacrificed, the exchange must be regarded as a great and fatal error. Another point to which the old masters were most attentive was to make the extreme parts move in contrary motion; when this was impossible, in oblique motion; direct motion between the extreme parts, unless absolutely necessary, they took the greatest pains to avoid. In modern tunes, direct motion, if anything, is the most

* *Mars's Musical Composition*, pt. 1., page 133 of the American Edition.

common. It is strange that such a fundamental point should be so much neglected: one of the first things that any book on thorough-bass tells us is that "contrary motion between the extreme parts is much the most effective and admired." But it is one of the evils which the frequent use of half chords brings with it, it is necessary in order to gain that smoothness and mobility which is so fatal to Psalmody. With direct motion between bass and treble there can be no *counterpoint* (literally) or *antithesis* between the parts, and consequently no life or energy in the whole.

Another characteristic of the old tunes is, "*Frequent interchange of major and minor chords.*" Here again we see a great difference between ancient and modern tunes. In modern tunes in major modes we seldom meet with a minor chord, in old tunes they were very common. The major diatonic scale produces three minor as well as three major chords; we have a minor chord on the supertonic, the mediant and sub-median. By neglecting to use these chords modern harmonists but inadequately represent the scale in which they write, and this gives to the whole tune a slipshod, unstable appearance. Besides the constant iteration of major tones falls upon us, a minor chord is quite a relief to our ears. But another great difference between ancient and modern tunes consists in the few discords which are found in the one compared with the great quantity with which the latter abound. This immoderate use of the discords is perhaps the greatest blemish in modern psalmody. It is the monster blunder which modern harmonists make; they hang millstones round their own necks. This is not the place to expatiate upon this great mistake in modern psalmody, it will be sufficient to point out how it acts, and the reader can follow it out for himself. In all discords, except the sixth on the supertonic, there are at least two sounds which have a fixed progression; do what he will with the sonance, the composer is bound to resolve the dissonance and thus that which he took to assist him, proves in reality a great and heavy burden, and in addition to the necessary restraints imposed upon him by the fixed form of the words, he adds other unnecessary ones to them. In this way phrases become stale and hackneyed and a stop is at once put to all freedom of expression and simplicity of harmony. One of the great complaints against modern psalm-tunes is that they are all the same over and over again, and this immoderate use of the discords is the real secret of it. Composers unwittingly bind themselves in chains which they

can neither break nor unfasten. But this is not the only evil which the constant employment of discords brings with it. Concorde have three different sounds, discords generally four (some five), and generally the concord into which a discord resolves loses one of its sounds, and has therefore only two different sounds. This gives to the whole tune at once a patchy and un-uniform appearance: alternately strong and weak there is no certainty or solidity about it. These are some of the leading points in which modern tunes differ from those of the reformation age, there are many other little differences which it would be needless and confusing to mention in a paper of this kind. These differences of style are in reality so many faults and errors, they are transgressions, not of arbitrary rules, but of the *first principles* on which Psalmody for the people is really founded, and which are so grievously neglected and overlooked in the present day. All these faults and errors are committed in Mr. Mercer's *Church Psalter and Hymn Book* and in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. There are besides many other little laxities and irregularities which, to say the least of them, are extremely slovenly and un-scholarlike.* However simple at first sight the tunes in these books may appear to be, when we examine them a little closely and test them, we find that they are far from being so; there is no dignity or individuality of character about them. It is not too much to say that these two books have done a great deal to corrupt and vitiate the taste of the people, and to damage and injure the cause which they profess to maintain.

But besides the want of reflection and thought shewn by the editors of these two books, there is another charge of a different kind to be brought against them, viz.: Want of honesty in making quotations. Mr. Mercer in his book has placed Mr. Havergal's name to thirty-nine tunes, of which fifteen only are correctly quoted in respect of the harmony. In *Hymns Ancient and Modern* Mr. Havergal's name is placed to six tunes, two of which are correctly quoted. Strictly speaking not one is correctly given in either book;

* Such as *major* thirds between the extreme parts, the use of pedal notes, great inattention to the preparation, as well as, sometimes, to the resolution of discords, frequent use of the un-ecclesiastical chord $\begin{smallmatrix} 6 \\ 4 \end{smallmatrix}$ and some others which the reader can easily discover for himself.

for the initial note of every strain is changed from a semi-breve to a minim. And nothing is said in the preface of these alterations. This is a practice which cannot be too strongly condemned; no consideration can be pleaded as an excuse for it.

Modern composers and arrangers of psalm-tunes appear to be ignorant of what they are doing, they do not seem to see the object at which they are aiming; at all events they do not take a straight aim. They are deceived by the apparent easiness of their task whilst it is in reality a very hard one to perform satisfactorily. The distinctive characteristics of psalm-tunes from other forms of music appear to be unheeded, and consequently no *principle* is followed either in their composition or arrangement. This neglect of their real character is one of the chief causes of the present unsatisfactory condition of psalmody. The art and science of simple harmony, or which is the same thing, ecclesiastical music, was the only kind of music generally known during the period when psalmody was best understood. Modern progress has caused that art in a great measure to be forgotten. It can only be acquired now-a-days by the greatest diligence.

Spenser had a very correct notion of what was rich and full harmony.

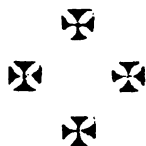
“The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
 The angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th’ instruments divine response meet.
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the water’s fall;
 The water’s fall with difference discreet
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.”

Here is a combination of melodies, each part in itself is melodious, and the harmony therefore is rich and full, not poor and meagre. If however Spenser had told us of peacocks in the Bower of Bliss, the mention of those beautiful but tuneless creatures would have destroyed all notions of harmony. Nevertheless, if we take to pieces many modern psalm-tunes, we find the peacock’s note somewhere, generally in the counter.

That the reader may be able to compare the two styles of harmony and have them side by side, subjoined is a tune, St. Michael, as it is set in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and

in *Old Church Psalmody*. The following setting of Rockingham is an attempt to place that popular, but un-ecclesiastical tune on firmer and surer foundations than those on which it usually stands.

T. K.





A VALENTINE.

O how shall I write a love-ditty
To my Alice on Valentine's day?
How win the affection or pity
Of a being so lively and gay?
For I'm an unpicturesque creature,
Fond of pipes and port wine and a doze;
Without a respectable feature,
With a squint and a very queer nose.

But she is a being seraphic,
Full of fun, full of frolic and mirth;
Who can talk in a manner most graphic
Every possible language on earth.
When she's roaming in regions Italic,
You would think her a fair Florentine;
She speaks German like Schiller; and Gallic
Better far than Rousseau or Racine.

She sings—sweeter far than a cymbal,
(A sound which I never have heard),
She plays—and her fingers most nimble
Make music more soft than a bird.
She speaks—'tis like melody stealing,
O'er the Mediterranean sea.
She smiles—I am instantly kneeling
On each gouty and corpulent knee.

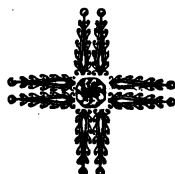
Tis night! the pale moon shines in heaven,
(Where else it should shine I don't know),
And like fire-flies the Pleiades seven
Are winking at mortals below.
Let them wink, if they like it, for ever,
My heart they will ne'er lead astray;
Nor the soft silken memories sever,
Which bind me to Alice De Grey.

If I roam thro' the dim Coliseum,
Her fairy form follows me there;
If I list to the solemn "Te Deum,"
Her voice seems to join in the prayer.
"Sweet spirit" I seem to remember,
O would she were near me to hum it;
As I heard her in sunny September.
On the Rigi's aerial summit!

O Alice where art thou? No answer
Comes to cheer my disconsolate heart.
Perhaps she has married a lancer,
Or a bishop, or baronet smart;
Perhaps, as the Belle of the ball-room,
She is dancing, nor thinking of me;
Or riding in front of a small groom,
Or tossed in a tempest at sea.

Or listening to sweet Donizetti,
In Venice, or Rome, or La Scala;
Or walking alone on a jetty,
Or buttering bread in a parlour.
Perhaps, at our next merry meeting,
She will find me dull, married, and gray;
So I'll send her this juvenile greeting
On the Eve of St. Valentine's day.

"DUODECIMO DIDDLEB."





LADY MARGARET.

(Continued from p. 136.)

IF any of our readers have taken any interest in the naked facts which we have brought together concerning our Foundress, we must apologise to them for not having continued her life in the last number of *The Eagle*. We can only assure them that there was a sufficient reason, and that to some extent the same reason caused the article in the Easter Term to come to such an abrupt conclusion. We had however arrived at an important epoch of her life, when she formally, and we may say publicly, dedicated herself to God.

The chief events in this period of Lady Margaret's life are her charities, but before recording these, we propose to lay before our readers a few of the letters she wrote, as they exhibit many of the leading points of her character better than anything else, and moreover these letters were written in the last decade of her life.

The first letter given below was addressed to the Earl of Ormond, the Queen's Chamberlain, apparently whilst the Earl was abroad on some embassy. He was in France in 1495-96, and we may assume this to be the date of the letter.* The object of the letter seems to have been to thank the Earl for a pair of gloves which were however too large for her, and she accounts for it by supposing that the ladies of the country in which he then was were as great physically as they were high in rank. She then acquaints him that the king and royal family were well; the queen she says had been ill, but she hoped she would soon be completely restored, at least this seems to be the meaning of the latter part of the passage, which is however very obscure.

My lord Chambyrlayn y thanke yow hertyly that ye lyste soo sone remēbyr me w^t my glovys the whyche wer ryght good save

* The original is in the tower, and we give a literal reprint taken from the *Excerpta Historica*, p. 285.

they wer to myche for my hand. y thynke the ladyes ȳ that parties be gret ladyes all, and acordyng to ther gret astate. they have gret personage. as for newes her y ame seure ye shall have more seurte then y can send yow. blessed be god the kyng the quene and all owre suet chyldryn be in good hele. the quen hathe be a lytyll crased but now she ys well god be thankyd. her sykenes ys soo good as y wuld but y truste hastily yt shall w^t godde grasse whom y pray gyve yow good sped ȳ your gret maters and bryng yow well and soone home. wrety at Shene the xxv. day of aprell

M. RICHEMOND.

To my lord
The quenys
chambyrlayn.

The following letter* from Lady Margaret to the mayor of Coventry contains nothing of special interest, as we do not possess the remainder of the correspondence. It is written from Colyweston in Northamptonshire, a favourite residence of Lady Margaret, as we have previously noticed.

By the Kinges Moder

Trusty and welbeloved, we grete you wel. And wher we of late, upon the complaint of oon Owen, Burchis of the Cite ther, addressed o^r other lettres unto you, and willed you by the same and in o^r name, to call afor you the parties comprised in the same complaint. And therfore to order the Variaunce depending betwixt them according to good conscience. Albeit as it is said, the said Owen can or may have no reasonable aunswer of you in that behalve to o^r mervall. Wherfor We wol and in the Kinges name commaunde you esoones to call befor you the said parties, and roundely texamyn them. And therupon to order and determyne the premisses, as may stande w^t good reson, and thequytie of the Kinges laws. So as no complaint be made unto us hereafter in that behalve. Indevoyring you thus to do, as ye tendre the kings pleas^r and o^rs, and the due ministracon of Justice. Yeven under o^r signett at our Manoir of Colyweston, the last day of September.

To oure trusty and welbeloued, the Maior of the Cite of Coventr, and his brethern of the same, and to eny of them.

The following correspondence between Henry VII. and Lady Margaret exhibits in a marked manner the strong affection they had for each other. It will also be noticed how the love of the mother is blended with the devotion and loyalty of the subject. There is another point we would draw attention to, which is shewn both in these and the previous

* The letter is printed in Hymers's edition of Bishop Fisher's Sermon, p. 167, and the original is kept in the archives of the corporation of Coventry.

letters: Lady Margaret to a great extent managed her own property and transacted her own business. The claim upon the King of France* alluded to in these letters, was for money advanced by the Duchess of Somerset, (Lady Margaret's mother), to the Duke of Orleans, when a prisoner in England, which money, it is shewn from the following letter,† she had given up to her son. He appears not to have been able to get it, as it was demanded of Louis by Henry VIII.

My oune suet and most deere Kynge and all my worldly joy, yn as humble maner as y can thynke y recommand me to your Grace, and moste hertely beseche our lord to blesse you; and my good herte wher that you sa that the Frenshe Kyng hathe at thys tyme gevyn me courteyse answer and wretyn . . . lettyre of favour to hys corte of Parlyment for the treve expedicyon of my mater whyche soo long hathe hangyd, the whyche y well know he dothe especially for your sake, for the whyche my ly beseche your Grace yt to gyve hym your favourabyll thanks and to desyr hym to conteneu hys . . . yn . e . me. And, yeve yt soo myght leke your Grace, to do the same to the Cardynall, whyche as I understond ys your feythfull trow and lovyng servant. Y wyssse my very joy, as y ofte have shewed, and y fortune to gete thys or eny parte therof, ther shall nedyr be that or eny good y have but yt shalbe yours, and at your comaundement as seurlly and with as good a wyll as eny ye have yn your cofyrs, as wuld God ye coud know yt as verily as y thynke yt. But my der herte, y wull no more encombyr your Grace with ferder wrytyng yn thys matter, for y ame seure your chapeleyn and servante Doctour Whytston hathe shewed your Hyghnes the cyrcumstance of the same. And yeve yt soo may plesse your Grace, y humbly beseche the same to yeve ferdyr credense also to thys berer. And Our Lord gyve you as longe good lyfe, helthe, and joy, as your moste nobyll herte can dessyre, with as herty blessyngs as our Lord hathe gevyn me power to gyve you. At Colynweston the xiiijth day of January, by your feythfull trewe bedwoman,‡ and humble modyr,

MARGARET R.¶

* Hymers's edition of Bishop Fisher's Sermon, pp. 162, 164. Miss Halsted's Margaret Beaufort, p. 205.

† The original is in the Cottonian MSS. Vespasian F. xiii. fo. 60, and it is printed in Ellis's Collection of Original Letters; Miss Halsted's Margaret Beaufort, p. 206, and Hymers's edition of Bishop Fisher's Sermon, p. 266.

‡ A bedewoman is a person employed in praying; generally for another.

¶ The signature of this letter is the one engraved with the portrait of Lady Margaret, given with last Easter Term's number of *The Eagle*.

The following letter* is on the same subject as the last, but there is an important clause with regard to altering a license from Westminster Abbey to the University of Cambridge. Lady Margaret originally intended to give most of her money and property to the religious house at Westminster, where the magnificent chapel where she and her son were to be buried was then being built; but having communicated her design to Fisher, the director of her charity, he suggested to her that Westminster was already wealthy enough, being the richest abbey in England; that the Universities were meanly endowed, and that colleges were yet wanting for the maintenance of Scholars.† Lady Margaret was easily prevailed upon to alter her purpose, and this letter allows her to do so.

Madame, My most enterely wilbeloved Lady and Moder.

I Recommede me unto you, in the most humble and lauly wise that I can, beseeching you of your dayly and continuall blessings. By your Confessour the Berrer, I have reseived your good and moost loving wryting, and by the same have herde at good leisure, such credense as he woulde shewe unto me on your behalf; and thereupon have spedde him in every behalve withowte delai, according to your noble Petition and desire which restith in two principall poynts. The one for a general pardon for all Manner causes; the other is for to altre and chaunge parte of a Lycence, which I had gyven unto you before, for to be put into Mortmain at Westmynster, and now to be converted into the University of Cambridge for your Soule helthe &c. All which things, according to your desire and plesure, I have with all my herte and goode wille giffen and graunted unto you. And my Dame, not only in this, but in all other thyngs that I may knowe shoulde be to youre honour and plesure, and weale of your salle, I shall be as glad to plese you as youre herte can desire hit; and I knowe welle that I am as much bounden so to doe as any Creture lyvyng, for the grete and singular Moderly love and affection that hit hath plesed you at all tymes to ber towards me; wherefore myne owen Most Lovynge Moder in my most herty manner I thank you, beseeching you of your goode contynuanee in the same.

And Madame, Your said Confessour hath moreover shewne unto me, on your behalve, that ye of youre goodnesse and kynde disposition have gyven and graunted unto me, such title and intereste as ye have or ought to have in such debts and duties which is oweing and dew unto you in Fraunce by the Frenche Kynge and

* From the archives of St. John's College. Miss Halsted, p. 208. Fisher's Sermon, p. 160.

† Baker's Preface to Fisher's Sermon, pp. 9—11.

others; wherefore Madame in my most herty and humble wise I thanke you. Howbeit I verrayly [thynke] hit will be righte harde to recover hit, without hit be dryven by compulsion and force, rather than by any true justice, which is not yet as we thynke any convenient tyme to be put in execution. Nevertheless it hath pleased you to give us a good interest and meane, if they woule not conforme thayme to rayson and good justice, to diffende or offende at a convenient tyme when the caas shall so require hereafter; for such a chaunce may fall that this youre Graunte might stande in grete stead for the recovery of our right, and to make us free, whereas we be now bounde. And verrayly Madame and I myght recover hit at thys tyme or any other, ye be sure ye shulde have youre plesure therein, as I and all that Gode has given me is and shall ever be at your will and commaundment, as I have instructed Master Fysher more largely herein, as I doubt not but he wolde declare unto you. And I beseeche you to send me your mynde and plesure in the same, which I shall be full glad to followe with Goddis grace, which sende and gyve unto you the full accompyshment of all your noble and vertuous desyrs. Written at Grenewiche the 17th day of July, with the hande of Your most humble and Lovynge Sonne.

H. R.

After the wryting of this Letter, youre Confessour delyvered unto me such Letters and wrytings obligatory of youre duties in Fraunce, which hit hath pleased you to send unto me, which I have received by an Indenture of every parcell of the same. Wherefore eftsoons in my most humble wise I thanke you, and purpose hereafter at better leisure to knowe youre mynde and plesure farther therein.

Madame, I have encombred you now with thys my longe wrytings, but me thynke that I can doo no less, considering that yt is so selden that I do write. Wherefore I beseeche you to pardon me, for verrayly Madame my syghte is nothing so perfit as it has ben, and I know well hit will appayre dayly; wherefore I trust that you will not be displeased though I wryte not so often with myne owne hand, for on my fayth I have ben three dayes or I colde make an ende of this Letter.

To my Lady.

The following letter* was written from Calais, but we have no information why the Countess was there. The date, July 26th, shows that Henry VII. was born on that day, and it is the only authority for the fact.

My derest and only desyred Joy yn thys World,
With my moste herty Blessyngs, and humble Commendations

* Printed in Dr. Howard's Collection of Letters. vol. i., p. 155, from the original. Also Miss Halsted, p. 211, and Fisher's Sermon, p. 164.

—y pray oure Lord to reward and thanke your Grace, for thatt yt plesyd your Hyghness soo kyndly and lovyngly to be content to wryte your Lettyrs of Thancks to the Frenshe Kyng, for my great mater, that soo longe hath been yn Suede, as Mastyr Welby hath shewed me your bounteous Goodness is plesed. I wish my der Hert, and my Fortune be to recover yt, y trust ye shall well perseyve y shall delle towards you as a kynd lovyng Modyr; and if y shuld nevyr have yt, yet your knyvd delyng ys to me a thousand tymes more than all that Good y can recover, and all the Frenshe Kyng's mygt be mine wyth all. My der Hert, and yt may plesse your Hyghnes to lycense Mastyr Whytstongs for thys time to present your honorabyll Lettyrs, and begyn the Process of my Cause; for that he so well knoweth the Mater, and also brought me the Wrytyngs from the seyd Frenshe Kyng, with hys odyr Lettyrs to hys Parlyement at Paryse; yt shold be gretlye to my helpe, as y thynke, but all wyll y remyte to your plesyr; and yf y be too bold in this, or eny of my Desires, y humbly beseche your Grace of pardon, and that your Highnes take no displesyr.

My good Kynge, y have now sent a Servant of myn ynto Kendall,* to ressyve syche Anueietys as be yet hangynge upon the Accounte of Sir Wyllyam Wall, my Lord's† Chapeleyn, whom y have clerly dyscharged; and if yt will plesse your Majesty's oune Herte, at your loyser to sende me a Lettyr, and command me, that y suffyr none of my Tenants be reteyned with no man, but that they be kepte for my Lord of Yorke,‡ your faire swete Son, for whom they be most mete; it shall be a good excuse for me to my Lord and Hosbond; and then y may well and wythoute dysplesyr cause them all to be sworne, the wyche shall not aftyr be long undon. And wher your Grace shewed your plesyr for§—the Bastard of Kyng Edwards, Syr, there is neither that, or any other thyng I may do to your Commandment, but y shall be glad to fulfill my lyttyll power, with God's Grace. And, my swete Kyng, Feldying this berer hath preyed me to beseche you to be his good Lord yn a matter he seweth for to the Bishop of Ely, now, as we here, electe,§ for a lyttyll Offyse nyghe to Lond: Verily, my Kynge, he ys a geud and a wise well rewled Gentyلمان, and full truely hathe served you well accompanied, as well at your fyrst, as all odyr

* Lady Margaret's Father, the Duke of Somerset, was created Earl of Kendal, an. 21 Henry VI. and possessed considerable property in the neighbourhood.

† The Earl of Derby.

‡ Henry VIII.

§ Arthur, Viscount Lisle, and Lieutenant of Calais, by Lady Elizabeth Lucy. (Sandford's Genealog. Hist. p. 421.)

§ Richard Redman, who was translated from Exeter to Ely in 1501. (Athenæ Cantabrigiensis, p. 9.) This gives the date of the letter.

occasions; and that cawsethe us to be the more bold and gladder also to speke for hym; how be yt, my Lord Marquis* hath ben very low to hym yn Tymes past, by cause he wuld not be reteyned with him; and trewly, my good Kynge, he helpythe me ryght well yn seche Matters as y have besynes wythyn thys partyes. And, my der hert, y now beseche you of pardon of my long and tedyous Wrying, and pray almighty God gyve you as long, good and prosperous Lyfe as ever had Prynce, and as herty Blessyngs as y can axe of God.

At Calais Town, thys day of Seint Annes, that y did bryng yn to thys World my good and gracyous Prynce, Kynge, and only beloved Son. By

Your humble Servant, Bede-woman, and Modyer, To the
Kynge Grace. MARGARET R.——

The last letter† we give is interesting, as it shows that Fisher was made a Bishop by Henry himself, and not through his interest with Lady Margaret.

Madam,

And I thought I shoulde not offend you, which I will never do willfully, I am well myndit to promote Master Fisher youre Confessor to a Busshopric; and I assure you Madam, for non other cause, but for the grete and singular virtue that I know and se in hym, as well in conyng and natural wisdom, and specially for his good and vertuose lyving and conversation. And by the promotyon of suche a man, I knowe well it should corage many others to lyve vertuosely, and to take suche wayes as he dothe, which shulde be a good example to many others hereafter. Howebeit without your pleasure knowen I woll not move hym, nor tempt hym therein. And therefor I beseche you that I may knowe your mynde and pleasure in that behalf, which shall be followed as muche as God will give me grace. I have in my days promoted mony a man unavisedly, and I wolde now make some recompencion to promote some good and vertuose men, which I doubt note shulde best please God, who ever preserve you in good helth and long lyve.

On the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (Sept. 8) 1502, Lady Margaret instituted a perpetual public Lectureship in Divinity in each of the Universities, and appointed her confessor, John Fisher, D.D. her first Reader in Cambridge and one John Roper, D.D. in Oxford. Each Lectureship was endowed with twenty marks per annum.

* Marquis of Dorset.

† Ex. Regist. Col. Jo. Printed in Miss Halsted's *Margaret Beaufort*, p. 221, and Fisher's *Sermon*, p. 163.

In each University, the Lady Margaret's Professorship has been held by some of our most distinguished divines. Among the Cambridge Professors we may mention Erasmus; John Redmayn, D.D., one of the compilers of the first edition of the Book of Common Prayer; Archbishop Whitgift; Thomas Cartwright, B.D., the noted Puritan; Bishop Still; John James Blunt, B.D.; and the present occupant of the chair, William Selwyn, D.D. At Oxford, five years before the institution of the Professorship, Edmund Wyleford, B.D., a Fellow of Oriel College, delivered lectures in Divinity at the charge of Lady Margaret, and she must have determined to found the Lectureship at least as early as the year 1500, as Dr. Roper was that year chosen as Reader by the Academicians.

In the year 1504, Oct. 30, she founded a perpetual public Preacher at Cambridge, with a stipend of 10 lib. per annum, whose duty was to preach, at least six sermons every year at several churches in the diocese of London, Ely, and Lincoln. This is now reduced, by Royal Dispensation, to one sermon a year, which is preached before the University, at the Commemoration of Benefactors on the Sunday before Nov. 3. The office of Lady Margaret's Preacher is an annual one, and the election is made in the Easter Term.

In the year 1502, Lady Margaret founded a chantry in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for four chaplains to pray for her soul, the souls of her parents, and all faithful souls.* She also erected an almshouse, for poor women, in Westminster, which in Stowe's time† had been turned into lodgings for the singing men of the College.

Lady Margaret had determined some time before she died to devote the greater portion of her property to religious and charitable purposes, but she appears for some time to have been undecided as to the channel into which her wealth should flow.

We have remarked above that she at one time intended to bestow most of her money on the Abbey of Westminster; and she did vest a considerable amount in that house, as the stipends of the University Professors were paid by the Abbot and Convent, until the dissolution of the Abbey; after which some difficulty was experienced by the Universities in obtaining the money. There was also an attempt made by some of

* Miss Halsted, p. 216.

† Stowe's Survey of London, A.D. 1633, p. 525.

the Oxford authorities to persuade her to found a College there; and St. Frideswide's Priory was pointed out as a suitable nucleus for such a foundation. She had almost decided on this plan, when Fisher turned her attention to Cambridge, and so St. Frideswide's was left for her grandson and Cardinal Wolsey.

Thus it happened that Christ's College and afterwards our own was founded. The usual date given for the foundation of the former is 1505, although it was not perfected, nor the statutes given till the following year. The College was built on the site of an hostel called God's house, of which Henry VI. was the reputed founder. Henry had not completed the foundation, and as Lady Margaret considered herself to be the representative of the House of Lancaster, and heir to all Henry's good intentions, she was the more disposed on that account to act upon the proposal of her confessor, and erect in the place of a small Hostel a large college. The original endowment was made for the support of a master, twelve fellows, and forty-seven scholars, six of the fellows to be chosen from the north, and six from the south of the Trent, with special favour to natives of Richmondshire, the county from which she derived her title. The present foundation consists of a master, fifteen fellows and twenty-nine scholars, the number of scholarships having been lately reduced in order to improve their value. Few ecclesiastical foundations have remained so nearly in their original state as Christ's College, and the wisdom of the foundress and her director, necessarily excites our admiration, when we consider that not only this College, but also the two Divinity Professorships and even our own College, are little changed after the lapse of three-and-a-half centuries from what was intended by Lady Margaret. We include our own College, for although it has been added to more than any other, yet these additions have been tending to bring it to what would have been the original state, had our foundress lived. Lady Margaret personally superintended the building of Christ's, and almost before it was completed she had formed the design of building another College on the site of the Hospital of St. John, which house had fallen into great discredit, and was approaching its ruin, owing to the dissolute lives of the brethren.

Lady Margaret however did not live to see even the necessary legal forms completed, and the History of the foundation of our College, is an account of "many suites

and greate troubles which the Bishop of Rochester did undergoe.”*

Another foundation which Lady Margaret took in hand but which she did not see completed was a free Grammar School at Wimborne Minster in Dorsetshire, where her father and mother were buried. She procured letters patent to found and endow a perpetual chantry of one chaplain, which her executors established by consent of the Dean and Chapter, on the south side of the tomb of her parents. Richard Hodge Rynnes, B.A., was appointed first chaplain, to be continually resident and to teach grammar to all comers in the same manner as at Eton and Winchester; and besides to say daily mass for her Father and Mother. At the reformation the chantry came into the King's hands and was dissolved, but the school was afterwards refounded by Queen Elizabeth.†

Although Lady Margaret died before she was able to complete her benefactions, she out-lived most of those with whom she had been most intimately connected during life. During the year 1503, both Arthur, Prince of Wales, and his Mother, Queen Elizabeth of York, died, the former of consumption, the latter in giving birth to a daughter, the princess Katherine. Towards the end of the year 1504 Lady Margaret lost her husband, the Earl of Derby. He was buried in the chapel in the North aisle of the Church of Burseough near Latham in Lancashire, where is a tomb with the effigies of himself and both his wives.‡

The Countess of Richmond lost about this period many of her warmest friends, and amongst them Sir Reginald Bray,§ who all through life was the most devoted servant of the Countess and her son. The greatest grief however was in store for her; and Lady Margaret had to bear the affliction of seeing her son, “her dearest and only desired joy in this world” precede her to the grave. Henry VII. died at his palace of Richmond, on the 22nd of April,

* See Appendix to Fisher's Funeral Sermon, p. 183. In Baker's Preface to the Sermon, a full account of the foundation of the College is given. In fact, this Preface is nearly the same as the first chapter of his history of the College, a book, which we understand is shortly to be printed by the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor.

† See Hutchins's Dorset. Ant. Wimbourn, p. 81.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, vol. II. p. 249. Seacombe's Memoirs of the House of Stanley.

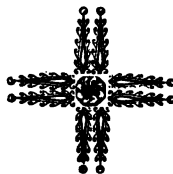
§ Testamenta Vetusta, p. 446.

1509, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign, and was buried in the magnificent Chapel which he had built at Westminster. He appointed his Mother executrix of his will; and her first act after his death was to draw up a list of persons to act as councillors to her grandson the young King. She however survived her son by but three months and died at Westminster on the 29th of June, 1509, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. She was buried at the east end of the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel where a monument of black marble and touchstone has been erected, on which is an image of copper, gilt. Her tomb was the production of the Florentine sculptor, Piecho Torregiano, and we imagine, by comparing the effigy with existing portraits of Lady Margaret, that the artist has here preserved her features in a very successful manner. A visitor to Westminster Abbey may notice a great resemblance between the effigies of Henry VII. and his Mother, which is a partial proof that the casts are both good likenesses.

Her epitaph, which we give below was written by Erasmus who received for it a reward of twenty shillings.

MARGARETAE. RICHEMONDIAE. SEPTIMI. HENRICI.
MATRI. OCTAVI. AVIAE. QVAE. STIPENDIA. CON-
STITVIT. TRIB. HOC. COENOBIO. MONACHIS. ET.
DOCTORI. GRAMMATICES. APVD. WYMBORN. PERQ:
ANGLIAM. TOTAM. DIVINI. VERBI. PRAECONI. DVOB.
ITEM. INTERPRAETIB: LITTERAR: SACRAR: ALTERI.
OXONIIS. ALTERI. CANTABRIGIAE. VBI. ET. COL-
LEGIA. DVO. CHRISTO. ET. IOANNI. DISCIPVLO. EIVS.
STRVXIT. MORITVR. AN. DOMINI M. D. IX. III. KAL.
IVLII.

(To be continued.)





CHARADE.

HE marched beside
The armèd band,
With martial stride
His sword in hand.
In tunic gay
And gaiters tight,
He seemed to say
My *first* was right.

He came and steered
Our outrigged four:
Right well we feared
To ply the oar
Or move,—until
We heard him call
In accents shrill
My *third* on all.

But (shame! be cried)
He did amiss
When once he tried
To steal a kiss
From one so prim
Demure and staid;
Nor *stayed* for him
My *second* maid.

He raised the glass
To drink her health,
Too oft, alas!
For health or wealth.
He drained the bowl
Of circling foam,
Nor dreamed my *whole*
Would bring him home.

W. A. W.



MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

O BID me not forget thee!
Tho' sea and land may sever,
And hide thee from my longing sight,
My heart is thine for ever.

The love which with my life has grown
Can ne'er forgotten be:
As long as love and life remain,
I'll love and live for thee!

Thy form engraved upon my heart
No time can e'er efface;
Still, as in former days, I see
Thy tenderness and grace.

As upwards fly the sparks of fire;
As streams flow to the sea;
My thoughts to thee alone aspire;
My spirit flows to thee!

MEMOR.



OUR CHRONICLE.

THE Term which is now drawing towards its close has been a very ordinary one in everything but its length and wintry character; but it may become a memorable epoch in the history of the University, if ever a time arrives when the "sweet girl graduate" is a reality, as a Grace of the Senate has been passed, for allowing girls to become candidates in the non-gremial examinations. This is doubtless considered by many to be only the thin end of the wedge, but if so, we imagine that it is so very thin, that if an attempt is made to drive it farther at present, it will only break off. We do not expect to live to see the day when the University Race will be rowed in crinolines, or when the names in the tripos lists will have Da prefixed. We had, by the way, an unprecedented commencement to the Mathematical Tripos List this year, and our only regret in seeing a young nobleman Senior Wrangler was that he was not a Johnian. It was however a very successful year for the College, as we had fifteen wranglers, and amongst them the second, Mr. A. Marshall. We had only six candidates for the Classical Tripos, and they were divided equally between the three classes. We had one double first, Mr. M. H. L. Beebee, who was eighteenth wrangler and bracketed fourth in Classics.

Mr. W. H. Besant, Mathematical Lecturer of the College, has been appointed Deputy Esquire Bedell to assist Mr. Hopkins. The Electors were those Members of the University whose names are on the Electoral Roll. The result of the voting was as follows:

Mr. Besant, St. John's College 90.

Mr. Webster, Trinity College 74.

Mr. C. B. Clarke, Queens' College 13.

The Burney Prize has been adjudged to J. B. Pearson, B.A., the College Lecturer in the Moral Sciences. The subject of the essay was—"A consideration of the proofs that the Author of Nature is a Being endued with liberty and choice."

The election to the Bell Scholarships took place on Friday March 31st : they were adjudged to

1. W. R. Kennedy, King's College.
2. W. Griffith, St. John's College.

A bill has been laid before the House of Lords, during the present session, for making alterations in the government of certain public schools, in accordance with the recommendations of the Commission which has recently enquired into their state and efficiency. The changes proposed seem to be of a most sweeping description. At St. John's we are chiefly concerned with Shrewsbury School, the welfare of which from its long and intimate connections with the College, cannot fail to be a subject of some interest to every member of the College. In the case of this school the Bill proposes to deprive the College of its right to the appointment of the Head and second masters, and to vest that power and the entire management of the School in the hands of a Committee of thirteen, in which it is almost certain that the representatives of the Corporation of Shrewsbury would have supreme power. The effect of these changes would most certainly be to make the School no longer a classical School of the highest reputation, but an ordinary second-rate country Commercial School. It is to be hoped therefore, that this ill-advised scheme may not pass into law, but that if the Bill pass at all it may receive such modifications as may at least remove some of the more serious objections to its provisions. We are glad to hear that the College has presented a petition to the House against those clauses of the Bill in which it is interested.

It is just three years ago, and the time seems much shorter, that we informed our readers of the sudden death of our late Senior Dean, the Rev. Basil Williams, Vicar of Holme on Spalding Moor, who had held the living little more than six months; and it is now our melancholy duty to Chronicle the equally sudden death of his successor, the Rev. William Charles Sharpe, also late Senior Dean, who died of apoplexy on the 5th of March.

It is a very remarkable as well as a very solemn fact that of the Master, President, Tutors, and Deans of the College of nine years ago, one only, the Rev. Canon Atlay, is now alive.

The College, and we may say the whole University is about to sustain a great loss by the departure of the Rev. A.

V. Hadley from Cambridge. Mr. Hadley has been appointed a Government Inspector of Schools, and will resign his duties as Tutor and Lecturer at the end of this Term. The Rev. H. R. Bailey, Classical Lecturer, will succeed Mr. Hadley as Tutor, and Mr. G. Richardson has been appointed Mathematical Lecturer.

The Fellowship held by Richard Horton Smith, Esq., M.A., has become vacant since the publication of our last number.

The following is the list of gentlemen who obtained a first class in the last Christmas Examination.

THIRD YEAR.—1st Class.

Marrack	Pryke	Dewick
Hill	Haslam, J. B.	Hewitt
Stevens	Rowsell	Covington
Pulliblack	Jamblin	

Suspension List.

Burrow	Brayshaw	Hart, H. G.
Miller	Marsden, M. H.	Smith

SECOND YEAR.—1st Class.

Humphreys	Groome }	Thorpe, C. E.
Charnley	Hope }	Cox
Blunn	Landon	Sandys
Fiddian	Beaumont	Fisher }
Carpmael }	Green	Robson }
Chaplin }	Taylor	Poole, T. G.
Gwatkin	Chabot }	Poole, F. S.
	Forbes }	
	Thornley }	

Suspension List.

Bray }	Andrews }	Scaife
Laycock }	Judson }	Child
Hamond }	Tunncliffe	Palmer
Souper }	Hoare }	Hodgson }
Barrett	Roe }	Oldacres }
Radcliffe	Watson, A. W.	Maples

FIRST YEAR.

[Arranged in each Class in the order of the Boards.]

1st Class.

Verdon	Bourne	Pearson, E. L.
Obbard	Wilkins	Smales
Haslam, S.	Stoddart	Charlton, J.
Sparkes	Moss	Lester
Griffith	Laidman	Atkinson
Fynes-Clinton	Bulmer	Ellis
Watson, F.	Watson, A. M.	Braithwaite
Lloyd	Marshall, F.	Ashe
Moulton	Buckler	Gannon
Holditch	Marsden, R. G.	Corr

Suspension List.

Whiteley	Almack	Brewer
Collard	Bonney	Smith, H. J.
Luck, R.	Mercer	Bower
Prevost	Woodhouse	Ladyman
Stokes	Stanhope	Low, A.
Pitman	Steele	Evans, R. H.
Redhead		

We have great pleasure in informing our readers that the High Steward of the University, the Earl of Powis, has signified his intention of making to the College the munificent present of stained glass for the five windows in the apse of the new chapel. Lord Powis having proposed to leave the selection of the designs to a committee to be composed of the Master, the President, and certain members to be named by the resident Fellows, the following gentlemen have been nominated to carry out this object,—the Rev. G. F. Reyner, the Rev. H. R. Bailey, the Rev. T. G. Bonney, the Rev. H. Russell, and C. E. Graves, Esq. The offer of Lord Powis will necessitate some alteration in the plan originally proposed when the Bachelors' and Undergraduates' subscription was set on foot, and their contributions will have to be applied to providing stained glass for windows in some other part of the Chapel. This subscription is progressing very satisfactorily, especially

among the resident members of the College. It is to be wished that the names of a larger number of non-residents appeared in the list. The committee has been increased by the addition of the following gentlemen, who will enter on their duties at the beginning of next term :

W. BONSEY.

E. A. B. PITMAN.

C. W. BOURNE.

A. S. WILKINS.

S. HASLAM.

We are requested to inform those to whom no circular has been sent, that the treasurer (C. Hoare, St. John's College), will be happy to receive further contributions, or any corrections of the subjoined list of subscriptions and donations already promised, amounting to nearly £740., of which £176. 17s. 6d. has been paid. The committee have determined to invest the money in the Indian five per cents, and wish to direct attention to the fact, that prompt payment of subscriptions will considerably augment the amount of interest received.

DONATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
J. Alexander	3	3	0	H. M. Loxdale	10	0	0
H. H. Allott	5	5	0	E. T. Luck	10	0	0
W. O. Boyes	3	3	0	R. G. Marsden	3	3	0
F. P. Burnett, B.A.	5	0	0	C. Morice	1	0	0
A. G. Cane	5	5	0	G. J. Peachell, B.A.	1	1	0
H. Chabot	1	1	0	H. Robinson, B.A.	3	3	0
A. D. Clarke, B.A.	5	5	0	J. P. Seabrook	3	0	0
G. Dashwood	5	5	0	W. Selwyn, B.A.	1	0	0
W. Durien	5	5	0	A. Smallpeice, B.A.	5	5	0
Lieut. Gardiner, B.A.	5	5	0	W. F. Smith	10	0	0
J. George	3	3	0	R. S. Stephen	3	3	0
C. Hockin, B.A.	20	0	0	J. J. Thornley	0	10	0
E. K. Kendall, M.A.	2	2	0	C. E. Thorpe	1	1	0
H. Lee-Warner, B.A.				R. Trousdale	2	0	0
(2nd donation)	5	0	0	W. A. Whitworth, B.A.	5	0	0
J. E. Lewis	1	1	0	T. Whitby, B.A.	1	1	0

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(to be paid in three years.)

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
F. Andrews	6	6	0	W. F. Barrett	6	6	0
H. H. Bagnall	9	9	0	E. Beaumont	6	6	0
S. B. Barlow, B.A.	9	9	0	J. Blanch, B.A.	6	6	0

	s.	s.	d.		s.	s.	d.
G. W. Bloxam	3	3	0	R. G. Marrack	6	6	0
J. H. Blunn	2	2	0	M. H. Marsden	6	6	0
E. Bray	6	6	0	R. B. Masefield	6	6	0
T. W. Brogden	6	6	0	J. Massie	6	6	0
E. Carpmael	6	6	0	E. Miller	3	3	0
E. Cargill	1	11	6	W. Mills, B.A.	9	9	0
W. H. Chaplin	3	3	0	R. H. Morgan	10	10	0
W. Charnley	3	3	0	H. W. Moss, B.A.	31	10	0
W. H. Child	3	3	0	J. B. Mullinger	3	3	0
O. L. Clare, B.A.	15	15	0	H. Newton, B.A.	15	15	0
W. T. Clark	3	3	0	G. Oldacres	6	6	0
J. S. Constable	1	10	0	J. Payton	3	3	0
S. W. Cope, B.A.	9	9	0	J. B. Pearson, B.A.	10	10	0
C. C. Cotterill	6	6	0	T. N. Perkins	3	0	0
W. A. Cox	6	6	0	T. G. B. Poole	3	3	0
W. Covington	3	3	0	W. E. Pryke	6	6	0
A. Cust, B.A.	6	6	0	J. Pulliblack	6	6	0
E. S. Dewick	3	3	0	H. Radcliffe	6	6	0
R. H. Dockray	6	6	0	T. Roach, B.A.	3	3	0
A. Farbrother	3	3	0	F. Robson	3	3	0
A. Forbes	6	6	0	C. F. Roe	6	6	0
E. H. Genge	3	3	0	R. H. Rowband	6	6	0
Govind-Withul	3	3	0	H. Rowsell	6	6	0
W. H. Green	3	3	0	C. D. Russell, B.A.	6	6	0
H. G. Hart	9	9	0	J. E. Sandys	4	10	0
W. E. Hart	6	6	0	T. Scaife	3	3	0
P. F. Hamond	10	10	0	B. P. Selby, B.A.	6	6	0
C. E. Haslam	3	3	0	F. A. Souper	6	6	0
J. B. Haslam	6	6	0	A. J. Stevens	6	6	0
H. M. Hewitt	10	0	0	F. S. Stooke	3	3	0
E. Hill	6	6	0	H. W. Street	6	6	0
C. Hoare	15	15	0	C. Taylor, B.A.	31	10	0
T. Hodges, B.A.	1	11	6	J. Taylor	6	6	0
J. W. Hodgson	6	6	0	E. S. Thorpe	9	9	0
D. Hooke	3	3	0	J. Toone	6	6	0
C. A. Hope	6	6	0	C. S. Towle	6	6	0
E. B. I'Anson	6	6	0	W. W. Unett	9	9	0
J. N. Isherwood	3	3	0	C. Warren	9	9	0
T. Johns	3	3	0	H. Watney	9	9	0
C. N. Keeling	3	3	0	A. W. Watson	6	6	0
P. H. Kempthorne	6	6	0	G. A. Willan, B.A.	3	3	0
T. Knowles	6	6	0	H. J. Wiseman, B.A.	6	6	0
F. G. Maples	6	6	0	A. Wood, B.A.	9	9	0

The loss which the College Company of the Rifle Corps has experienced by the resignation of their Captain, Mr.

Bushell, is soon to be followed by the retirement of Lieut. Col. Baker from the command of the Corps. At a General Meeting of the Corps held in the Town-Hall on March 10th, Colonel Baker stated that he intended resigning his Commission at the close of the year. We expect that his successor will be elected at the end of next Term.

We are glad to learn that it is proposed to present to Colonel Baker some appropriate gift in recognition of the invaluable services he has rendered to the Corps. For this purpose a Committee has been formed, consisting of the following gentlemen:

The Ven. Archdeacon Emery, Corpus Christi College,
Hon. Chaplain C.U.R.V.

Rev. J. F. Hardy, Sidney Sussex College,
Quarter-Master C.U.R.V.

Rev. R. Burn, Trinity College.

Rev. L. Stephen, Trinity Hall.

Rev. W. D. Bushell, St. John's College.

E. Ross, Esq., Trinity College.

Captain Hubbard, No. 5 Company, *Hon. Sec.*

" Studdert, No. 3 "

" Stephen, No. 1 "

" Winter, No. 4 "

" Buxton, No. 6 "

" Richardson, No. 2. "

No subscription is to exceed one Guinea, and the 6th of May has been fixed as the last day for receiving subscriptions.

We are pleased to hear that the number of recruits for this Term is at least equal to that of previous years, and we hope to see a good muster of the Corps at Oxford next Term.

The Company "Scratch Fours" for the present Term were shot for on Friday, the 24th of March; there were thirty-six entries, the following being the winners:

Ensign Vaughan
Corporal Wace
Private Bayley
Private Finch.

Athletic Sports have formed a considerable portion of the amusements of the University during the present term, great zest having been given to running and jumping by the inter-University Sports which came off, on Fenner's Ground, on

Saturday, March 25th. An Athletic Club has, we believe, been formed in every College, in connection with the University Committee. The following gentlemen were elected on the Committee of the College Club, at a Meeting held in the Rev. W. D. Bushell's rooms.

A. D. Clarke, *Representative in the University Committee.*

W. H. H. Hudson, *President.*

K. Wilson.

H. Watney.

J. Payton

T. G. B. Poole.

M. H. Marsden.

F. Andrews *vice* K. Wilson.

The College Sports were held on March 9th, and the following is a list of the winners:

Walking Race. (Two Miles)	Doig. 16m. 55sec.
100 Yards.	Morgan. 11sec.
Hurdle Race.	Barker.
Long Jump.	Barker. 18ft. 5½in.
High Jump.	Barker. 5ft. 3in.
Putting the Weight.	Barker.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.	Osborne. 98 yards.
Quarter of a Mile.	Pitman. 61sec.
One Mile.	Barker. 5m. 14sec.
Sack Race.	Fearon.
Consolation Stakes. (¼ mile)	Pritchard.

The College unfortunately did not win any event in the University Sports, but obtained several seconds. Mr. Doig was second in the Walking Race, doing 7 miles in 15 seconds over the hour. He was beaten by Mr. Chambers of Trinity, who accomplished the distance in about half-a minute less.

Messrs. Morgan and Pitman each won a heat in the 100 yards.

Mr. Barker was second in the Long Jump, and Mr. Osborne in Throwing the Cricket Ball.

Messrs. Barker and Warren were among 5 ties for the second place in the High Jump.

Mr. Barker and Mr. Osborne were selected to compete with Oxford in the inter-University Sports, in the Long Jump and Throwing the Cricket Ball respectively. Mr. Osborne was second, being beaten by Mr. Gray of Trinity Hall.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present Term are :

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.

Treasurer, H. Watney

Secretary, M. H. L. Beebee

1st Captain, M. H. Marsden

2nd Captain, E. Carpmael

3rd Captain, H. G. Hart

4th Captain, F. Andrews.

The crews of the 3rd and 4th Boats for the 2nd Division Races, were composed as follows :

<i>3rd Boat.</i>	<i>4th Boat.</i>
1 J. W. Hodgson	1 W. H. Chaplin
2 C. F. Roe	2 A. Low
3 J. M. Collard	3 C. A. Hope
4 W. Charnley	4 E. L. Pearson
5 T. Knowles	5 J. Snowdon
6 S. W. Cope	6 C. Taylor
7 W. Bonsey	7 H. Radcliffe
R. G. Marsden (<i>stroke</i>)	H. Rowsell (<i>stroke</i>)
R. Bower (<i>cox.</i>)	J. W. D. Hilton (<i>cox.</i>)

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Friday, March the 24th. Five boats entered, the following crew proving successful in the time race :

- 1 W. R. Fisher
- 2 J. M. Collard
- 3 F. Andrews
- R. G. Marsden (*stroke*)
- F. Marshall (*cox.*)

The University Boat is now in training for the annual race at Putney. We are glad to find that the College is represented by two of its members, Mr. H. Watney being bow, and Mr. M. H. L. Beebee, two. There appears to be more hope of success than for the last four years.

The following is the result of the races of the second division during the present Term :

Monday, March 6.

1 1 Trin. 4	8 Queens'	14 L. Marg. 4 }
2 Caius 2	9 Jesus 2 }	15 3 Trinity 2 }
3 Christ's 2 }	10 Trin. Hall 3 }	16 2 Trin. 2 }
4 Sidney }	11 1 Trinity 5 }	17 Magd. 2 }
5 Catharine's }	12 Clare 2 }	18 Pemb. 2 }
6 L. Marg. 3 }	13 Emmanuel 3 }	19 1 Trin. 6 }
7 Corpus 2 }		20 Downing }

Tuesday, March 7.

1 1 Trin 4	8 Queens'	15 L. Marg. 4
2 Caius 2 }	9 Trin. Hall 3	16 1 Trinity 6
3 Sidney }	10 Jesus 2 }	17 Pemb. 2
4 Christ's 2 }	11 Clare 2 }	18 Magd. 2 }
5 Catharine }	12 1 Trin. 5 }	19 2 Trinity 2 }
6 Corpus 2 }	13 Emmanuel 3 }	20 Downing
7 L. Marg. 3 }	14 3 Trinity 2	

Wednesday, March 8.

1 1 Trinity 4	7 Corpus 2	13 1 Trinity 5 }
2 Sidney	8 Queens' }	14 3 Trinity 2 }
3 Caius 2 }	9 Trin. Hall 3 }	15 L. Marg. 4
4 Cath. }	10 Clare 2	16 1 Trinity 6
5 Caius 2 }	11 Jesus 2 }	17 Pembroke 2
6 L. Marg. 3 }	12 Emmanuel 3 }	18 2 Trinity 2
		19 Downing

At a general meeting of the St. John's College Cricket Club, held in the Rev. W. Bushell's rooms, the following gentlemen were elected as officers of the Club for the ensuing year :

President, Rev. W. D. Bushell

Treasurer, E. Miller

Secretary, A. C. Skrimshire

1st Captain, C. C. Cotterill

2nd Captain, J. Massie

Room for three additional wickets has been added to the practice ground.





The Committee of Editors wish it to be distinctly understood that the insertion of an article by no means implies their acquiescence in the opinions contained therein ;—their sole rule of selection is to insert that article, which, from the thought it exhibits, or some other merit, shall appear most deserving of the reader's attention.

RICHARD COBDEN.

Obiit, April 2nd, 1865.

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘ This was a Man.’ ”

FEW events in a nation's history cause more consternation and grief, than the sudden death of one of its eminent men. If that eminence has been gained on the battle-field, memories of foes defeated, and victories won, serve to immortalise the honour and bravery of the departed soldier ; but if the foes defeated are ignorance, poverty and vice ; if the victories won are conquests over prejudice, superstition, and error, then great indeed is the consternation, and overwhelming the grief, which the decease of the Poet, Statesman, or Philanthropist spreads throughout the land.

The news of the death of Richard Cobden fell upon the country with a startling suddenness which prevented us at first from fully realising the irreparable loss we had sustained. We “ knew not how much we revered him until we found we had lost him.”

Richard Cobden, the son of a Sussex farmer, was born at Midhurst on the 3rd of June, 1804. Placed in business at an early age, by his integrity and zeal he at once gained praise and approval. Becoming connected with a large Manchester firm, from being the employed, he eventually became the employer, and was in the receipt of a considerable

income. But his active mind was not satisfied with success in business. He was born a politician, and by reading, travels, and observation, he strove to fulfil his destiny. As the successful Manchester manufacturer he became convinced of the unsoundness of the policy of the country on Commercial subjects. Identifying himself with the reformers of the time, he joined the "Anti-Corn-Law League," of which he soon became a distinguished member. Elected for Stockport in 1841 and afterwards representing Huddersfield and Rochdale, for nearly four and twenty years he devoted himself to the labours of Parliamentary life. His health, never at any time good, was greatly impaired by the amount of exertion he bestowed in the energetic furtherance of schemes for the public weal. Anxious to denounce with his forcible eloquence what he believed to be the uncalled for extravagance of the Government, he forsook that rest and retirement, so necessary for the preservation of his valuable life. The effort was too much. Surrounded by his friends, Richard Cobden succumbed to the attacks of his fatal disease, and "one of the manliest and gentlest spirits that ever actuated or tenanted the human form" returned to the God who gave it. His last thought was for his country, and he may truly have been said to have "sacrificed his life on the altar of Patriotism."

The career of Cobden admits of a two-fold division—the waging and winning of the two great contests of his life. It is by the energy and determination with which he successfully opposed the Corn-laws that he will chiefly be remembered by posterity. It is unnecessary here to trace the indomitable perseverance and passionate oratory whereby he aroused that great agitation which compelled the abolition of the unjust tax, which had stopped the progress, and checked the commerce of the country for so long a time. "His grateful countrymen will remember him as they recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

The latter portion of his life was devoted to the carrying out of those principles of Free Trade which he so long had desired to see established. Notwithstanding the determined opposition he met with, he believed that the success of one nation depended to a large degree on the prosperity of the others; and working on this principle he concluded the once much abused Commercial Treaty with France, the unquestioned success of which he was spared to see. Objecting to monopoly and protection of every kind, he strove for a future, when nations should freely interchange

their commodities for their mutual benefit. "Great as were his talents, great as was his industry, and eminent as was his success, the disinterestedness of his mind more than equalled them all." He had no selfish ideas of pre-eminence, gained at the expense of the welfare of others, but laboured equally for all, forgetting himself and his own interests in carefully consulting for the prosperity of mankind. A member of the Peace society, he opposed aggressive war of all kinds, and refused to believe in it as the civilizer of the human race. Far from being a peace-at-any-price man, he would have been the first to support the defence of his country; but he strenuously opposed all wars for the "balance of power" or for territory and empire: and denounced in the strongest terms, the wars in India, China, and Russia. Though he allowed that the surest means of preserving peace is to be prepared for war, yet he warned the country against their unwarranted extravagance, and lived to see his maxims of retrenchment and economy partially established. True friend of the working man he believed that the class which helps to pay its country's taxes, and to wage its-country's wars, has a right to a voice in its country's government. Giving the lower class their right to the suffrage, he would also have given them the protection of the Ballot; that without endangering their honour, they might fearlessly record their opinions. Tolerant of all, though a consistent member of the Church of England, he respected those who cannot conform to her tenets, and would have relieved them from the compulsory payment of rates, which support the Church from which they dissent. Considering that Capital Punishment is opposed alike to the truths of religion and civilization, alike to the principles of justice and mercy, he was convinced that nothing would be lost to justice, nothing lost in the preservation of human life, if the penalty of death were altogether abolished. Trusting as he did in the stability of Democratic institutions, he watched the civil strife which lately raged in a distant country—akin to us by nearer ties than any other—with calm and sad interest. Whilst grieving in his heart at the fearful sacrifice of life, he never for one moment doubted the result. His sympathy with the cause of freedom and justice, forbade his toleration of the slave-holders' rebellion. He was not permitted to see the final triumph of the cause he so nobly advocated, but had he lived he would have been among the first to counsel moderation and mercy towards the vanquished, whose determination and bravery, though in an unworthy cause, have been the theme of universal admiration.

The gentle nature and modest demeanour of Cobden, commended itself to all. Thrice was he offered Parliamentary honours, which he did thrice refuse, not being willing to purchase mere temporary rank, at the expense of honour and consistency. He had but little confidence in his own power. One incident will serve to show clearly this trait in his character: A gentleman travelling to London to be present in the House of Commons, when Cobden was to bring forward his celebrated motion with reference to China, got into the same carriage with the great Free-trader himself; and wishing to have the honour and pleasure of conversing with such a distinguished man, informed him of his intention of hearing him that evening, and complimented him on the effect which his motion was likely to produce. "Oh no," was the reply, "I shall say what I have to say—give them my views on the question—some government official will be put up to reply; and my motion will be lost in a Division!" We all know how "what he had to say" electrified the House and the country; how "his views" were accepted with such fervour, that the efforts of the "Government Official," nay, even of the Premier himself, were useless in preventing the successful opposition to a policy, which professed to drive civilization into the Chinese at the point of the sword, and bombard the Gospel into Canton at the cannon's mouth.

It is a custom in speaking of the two men, Cobden and Bright, to profess to admire the principles of the one, and disapprove of those of the other; in other words to eulogise the opinions of Cobden, at the expense of those of Bright. No mistake could be greater. Their principles were identical, their opinions the same. Together they determined on the course they would take, together they discussed the important questions of the day, and nothing would have given more grief to either, than to have heard his views praised in contrast to those of his friend.

By his sincerity and earnestness, Richard Cobden gained the admiration and affection of his political adversaries, and his loss will be felt by persons of every shade of opinion. As a "representative of the People" he at all times commanded the attention of the House, and as a debater he had few equals. The leaders of both the two great parties vied with each other in passing encomiums on his life and character. "The House has lost one of its proudest ornaments, and the country has been deprived of one of her most useful servants," said our aged Premier. "He was the greatest political character the pure Middle Class has pro-

duced, an ornament to the House of Commons, and an honour to England" re-echoed the chief of that party, which had throughout denounced his principles, and opposed his innovations. His loss to the Senate is great, but the effect of his unadorned eloquence and of his single-hearted earnestness will long remain. "He was one of those members who, although they may not be present in body, are still members of that House, who are independent of dissolutions, of the caprice of constituencies, nay, even of the course of Time."

Those who visited Cobden's funeral will never forget that impressive ceremony. It was one of those scenes in the panorama of life, which are brought out in bolder relief by the darkened shadows which they contain. The London visitors, some 500 in number, left Waterloo station by a special express train. Arrived at Midhurst we found numerous villagers awaiting the unusual sight. Never has that small country station witnessed such a scene as that which now presented itself. The dense crowd, dressed in the sombre hue of mourning, hastily alighting, formed itself in an irregular line, and made for Cocking causeway, the point where it was to meet the funeral procession. As the long dark line trailed through the lanes, and over the fields, on that bright spring morning to the appointed rendezvous, there was ample opportunity to see who had come to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the departed statesman. Foremost was Gladstone, his features apparently worn with care and fatigue. The Professors of Political Economy at both the Universities were there, our own Professor's usually sad but placid countenance appearing still more so on this sorrowful occasion. Representatives of the court and of the government were there, deputations from the northern manufacturing towns, the earliest fully to appreciate his worth, members of the House of Commons in large numbers, the associates of the apostle of free trade, who hand in hand had together fought and won in that honourable strife, friends of the cause of enlightenment and freedom throughout the world, were all gathered in that mournful assembly.

Having formed ourselves in a procession in rows of three, the members of Parliament in front, we are prepared to join the funeral cortège which now appears in sight. No vulgar trappings mar the sublimity of that unpretending funeral. Plain and unostentatious, as the character of the man whose earthly frame it conveys to its last resting place, it is grand in its simplicity. The procession now nearly half-a-mile in length, slowly wends its way towards West Lavington church,

through scenery exquisite in its thoroughly English character, and sublime in its modest beauty. The road was through a valley, bounded on the right by hilly woodlands, and on the left by the high ground on the top of which the church was situated. The Corporation of Midhurst, to a man, assisted in this last sad rite. This says much for the love and reverence which Cobden had inspired as a neighbour, and friend; as there could have been, in that agricultural and conservative borough, but little affection for the opinions of the radical free-trader. On each side of the road groups of workmen and peasants watch the mournful line. Dressed in black, as far as their scanty wardrobe will allow, by their presence and unchecked sorrow, they only too plainly show their appreciation of the loss they have sustained. As the country mourns for its departed patriot, and statesmen lament a lost companion, so do these humble servants grieve for a kind and gentle master, for a true and faithful friend. The church-yard on the slope of the hill is divided into three terraces, in the centre one of which the grave is prepared for the reception of the body. It was Cobden's own wish that he should be buried by the side of his only son, whose premature death he so greatly lamented. The small but pretty church is speedily filled: and the greater portion of the assembly go direct to the grave, and there await the arrival of the body. At last it comes, supported by the servants of the deceased, the pall being borne by twelve of his most notable co-adjutors. The first pair are Gladstone and Bright, the one pale as death itself, the compressed lip showing much inward emotion; the other aged and bowed down with grief, the sudden severance of "those twenty years of most intimate and brotherly friendship" having apparently shattered his naturally robust constitution.

And now the concluding rites are over, the eager crowd sways to and fro, as all strive to give one last sad glance at that which enshrined the crumbling tenement of that immortal spirit. Some loving hands have woven a chaplet of bright spring flowers, which wreathed with an "immortelle," emblem of the international character of Cobden's disinterested efforts, nearly covers the simple inscription,

RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ^R.,

M.P.,

DIED 2nd APRIL, 1865,

AGED 60 YEARS.

Slowly and sadly the mournful crowd disperse, and with difficulty tear themselves from the impressive scene. At length the earthly remains of Richard Cobden are left to repose in quiet on that fair summit, there to remain until the hour when they shall be called to re-unite with the gentle spirit, which freed from care and toil, has been lulled to its heavenly peace.

Anxious to make a pilgrimage to the home where that over-worked mind sought rest and retirement, we turn our steps thither. Hundreds of villagers are eager to direct us to '*the*' house, there is no need of further designation to-day, and after a short walk through a most picturesque country we arrive there.

The estate at Midhurst, a nation's gift to one a nation mourns, is pleasantly situated on a rising slope, commanding a fine view of the South Downs. The residence, built on the spot where stood the farmhouse in which Cobden was born, is of modest pretensions, and of homely and comfortable aspect. Far from the busy hum of daily life, placed in the midst of a beautiful garden, and fronted by a level and well-kept lawn, it is just the spot that we can understand the labouring statesman to have loved. Here it was he could for a time fling off the cares of political toil, and play lovingly with his children. Underneath this hospitable roof he received his numerous friends. Master minds from all countries were the guests of this truly 'international' man. Through that pathway in the neighbouring copse he took the last walk he ever had with his friend John Bright. Down that lane by which we have arrived he often strolled; planning how

"Best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor."

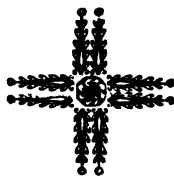
What varied feelings seize us as we stand on this almost holy ground; as we tread those paths he trod and view the scenes that must have so often charmed that genial mind, so often solaced that wearied frame. We linger awhile on this enchanted spot and leave with regret a scene so bright in its beauty, and so interesting in its associations.

No niche in cathedral aisle contains the epitaph of Richard Cobden. It is written in the prosperity of a nation; it is engraven on the hearts of a people. His honoured and revered name will ever be associated with those grand principles of peace, economy, and progress, in the consistent up-

holding of which he lived, and in the earnest furtherance of which he died.

“Now all his eloquent words must henceforth be
Only poor echoes, haunting memory !
But, as a friend's voice calls, who out of sight
Hath clomb beyond us up the mountain's height,
Or as a martial chief, whose sole command
Was ‘Follow me’ to all his eager band,
Who, lost to view still leads, because they know
That somewhere in the van, he fronts the foe,
So shall *his* words still guide us at our need,
Nor e'en Death's silence bar their power to plead.”

G. C. W.





“NUNC TE BACCHE CANAM.”

'Tis done! Henceforth nor joy nor woe
Can make or mar my fate;
I gaze around, above, below,
And all is desolate.
Go, bid the shattered pine to bloom;
The mourner to be merry;
But bid no ray to cheer the tomb
In which my hopes I bury!

I never thought the world was fair;
That 'Truth must reign victorious';
I knew that Honesty was rare;
That Wealth was meritorious.
I knew that Women *might* deceive,
And *sometimes* cared for money;
That Lovers who in Love believe
Find gall as well as honey.

I knew that 'wondrous Classic lore'
Meant something most pedantic;
That Mathematics were a bore,
And Morals un-romantic.
I knew my own beloved 'light-blue'
Might much improve their rowing:
In fact I knew a thing or two,
Decidedly worth knowing.

But thou!—Fool, fool, I thought that thou
At least wer't something glorious;
I saw thy polished ivory brow,
And could not feel censorious.
I thought I saw thee smile—but that
Was all imagination;
Upon the garden seat I sat
And gazed in adoration.

I plucked a newly-budding rose,
 Our lips then met together;
 We spoke not—but a lover knows
 How lips two lives can tether.
 We parted! I believed thee true,
 I asked for no love-token;
 But now thy form no more I view,
 My Pipe, my Pipe, thou'rt broken!

Broken!—and when the Sun's warm rays,
 Illumine hill and heather,
 I think of all the pleasant days
 We might have had together.
 When Lucifer's phosphoric beam
 Shines o'er the Lake's dim water,
 O then, my Beautiful, I dream
 Of thee, the salt sea's daughter.

O why did Death thy beauty snatch
 And leave me all benighted,
 Before the Hymeneal match
 Our young loves had united?
 I knew thou wert not made of clay,
 I loved thee with devotion!
 Thou emanation of the spray!
 Bright, foam-born child of Ocean!

One night I saw an unknown star,
 Methought it gently nodded;
 I saw, or seemed to see, afar
 Thy spirit disembodied.
 Cleansed from the stain of smoke and oil
 My tears it bade me wipe,
 And there relieved from earthly toil,
 I saw my Meerschaum pipe!

Men offer me the noisome weed;
 But nought can calm my sorrow,
 Nor joy nor misery I heed:
 I care not for the morrow.
 Pipeless, and friendless, tempest-tost
 I fade, I faint, I languish,
 He only who has loved and lost
 Can measure all my anguish.

CALAMUS.



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Quidquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.

AS years roll on, there may come a time, (who shall say?) when the study of geology combined with those of anatomy and phrenology shall have arrived at so great a pitch of perfection, that when human remains are found, which once belonged to men of this generation, the anatomo-geologophrenologist will be able to describe from some few bones the entire creature in his physical, moral, and intellectual capabilities. But however advanced the science, however acute the man of science, I cannot but believe that a previous knowledge of the main types of human character belonging to this age, will be found useful in determining the intermediary characters, and perhaps nowhere more than in a university may such abundant materials be procured for observing the chief sources (speaking roughly) of human character, and the various channels in which the streams diverging from those sources flow. This, then, is the object which has induced me to collect a few instances, (scanty and imperfect as I fully feel them to be) of the different characters prevailing among the youth of this generation. But all my long days and nights of wearying toil, all my feverish anxiety in this noble work were thrown away, were not the result of my tedious labours put in such a form or such a place as to be sure of passing uninjured into the eager hands of a grateful posterity. What place then would be so secure, what form so appropriate, in which to record my researches, as an article in *The Eagle*? a bird destined to soar on untiring pinions through the unclouded sunshine of innumerable ages. But I must begin my subject, and first I will

address myself to the editors of the illustrious periodical I have mentioned, humbly entreating them not to think my article too clever or too profound for insertion, and thereby deprive posterity of such an invaluable boon.

When this document comes into the hands of the future man of science for whom it is intended, it may read somewhat the same as the following words would to us of the present time :

It oftentimes may be discerned to what type a man belongeth by the manner wherein he is habited. For instance, who would mistake yonder man's appearance? He is habited in a short jacket which buttoneth the whole way up in front. He hath a pair of very closely fitting pantaloons on a pair of very meagre shanks, the said shanks being withal of the same thickness in all parts. The colours which he most affecteth for his clothes be some tinge of grey, or mayhap chestnut, though the latter be oftentimes enlivened by the admixture of a bay tint. His hat is composed of felt, and is either lofty in the crown and like to the dome of St. Paul's cathedral in London, (save that a patenteed ventilator taketh the place of the cross on the summit of the dome), or else it is of a shape like to a beaver hat cut abruptly asunder in the midst. His collars likewise must be mentioned, which be stiffly starched and stand up close round the whole neck, meeting beneath the chin. His neckerchief is mostly of a blue colour with white spots or orbs, or else it is plain white, it is of large proportions, and is crossed in the front and held firmly by means of a large pin, whose head is fashioned to represent a horse's hoof, or a fox's head or some similar device. In his hand he beareth a short stick, fitted with a silver top, or the handle of an hunting whip, with a bone crook at the one end and a stout loop of leather at the other; with this instrument he oftentimes striketh his leg as he walketh, which latter process he accomplisheth by leaning his entire weight upon his heels, and turning his toes (whereof he maketh no use) outwards, in such wise as to turn the inward sides of his legs to the front, and thus he shambleth along slowly (for your friend is never in haste), whistling oftentimes a catch of a song and hitting his leg with his whip or stick, as above described. If he falleth in with a friend whom he desireth to stop, he crieth "Wo Ho," to which cry he often addeth "Boy" or "Mare," I suppose according as his friend seemeth to him for the time being to resemble the one or the other. His discourse beareth wholly on horses or dogs, and the probabilities that such an horse will win in such a race, these

probabilities which he calleth "odds," he computeth accurately, and layeth a series of wagers on which he for ever harpeth. Hence in passing him in the street it is mighty strange if you hear him not saying "Three to two," or "Fine fencer," or "Handicap," or somewhat that relateth to *riding*; whence indeed I would fain say, if I may be allowed to use the conceit, that his talk is wholly ridiculous. So much for the horse-riding or equestrian man.

But yonder is one of a far different type, for whereas the sporting man seemeth to try how uncomfortable he can make himself by means of his stiff collars and tightly fitting habiliment, the man next to be commented on taketh the opposite course, and is attired in a loosely fitting jacket or pilot's coat, above which in place of the sharp edged collars lately mentioned, appeareth a wrapper or comforter of a woollen material. On his head he weareth a hat of plaited straw, which is an easy head gear and light withal. His pantaloons be of a soft material which is a most essential requisite to him for comfort's sake. The lower extremities of his pantaloons he rolleth upward, in general, for some distance, thereby displaying what the sporting man would scorn to own, a goodly calf to his leg. He even carrieth out his principle of comfort to his very feet and weareth shoes of a soft and pliable leather in the room of boots. Such is the aquatic or boat-rowing man.

The next man to be noted is habited wholly in black clothes, though his coat hath oftentimes a tinge of green in it, but as that is frequently the effect of poverty, it is not good to remark further upon it: to proceed, his left hand is in his bosom, which as his waistcoat buttoneth low on his person, is to him no hard feat to perform; his right hand swayeth to and fro, encased in a cloth glove of a dark hue, while he explaineth some knotty question (doubtless concerning the square root of the circle, or some such important matter), to his friend with whom he walketh. Above the said glove may be seen the extreme end of his shirt sleeve, which alas! too oft hath not a snow-white appearance. His friend with whom he holdeth converse is in the main attired in like fashion, and nothing further perhaps remaineth to be noted of him except as to the disposal of his hands and arms, for, unlike his companion, he carrieth in the one hand a stick the point of which he throweth upwards in front of him as he strideth furiously along, as though by thus throwing up his stick, he were attempting to describe some particular curve whereof he hath that day read; the other arm he

holdeth rigidly downwards while with his fingers doubled back he firmly graspeth the cuff of his coat. Their trousers, unlike to those of the boat-rowing man, be not upturned, nor indeed seem they to require it. The hair of this species is of long growth and unkempt, though some do prefer dividing it behind and leaving it unkempt at the sides. Needeth it to be further said that these be men mathematical?

The fourth species is remarkable indeed for nought but his attire, yet for that alone is well worthy of a remark, though how to describe him it were hard to say, since that very point wherein he is most remarkable in the only remarkable feature he possesseth, is the ingenuity he displayeth in the constant *change* of his attire. As well might a man attempt to write a description of a chameleon that is changing every moment before his eyes; for so doth the true dressing man (if ought can be called true that changeth so often) appear in clothes that exhibit all the tints and colours of the rainbow. In light coats, in sombre coats, in red neckerchiefs, in green, blue, yellow, and all other coloured neckerchiefs; in lavender gloves, in gloves of a straw colour, in long and tightly fitting coats, in short and loose lounging coats, in pantaloons that reach unto his boots, in pantaloons that reach no further than his knees, and are there met by long hosen, which also exhibit every variety of colour. He drawleth in his talk, and if he lisp and have an imperfect articulation to boot, it is well in his eyes and in the eyes of his fellows. In the subjects too of their talk, this species is as multiform as in their dress, for some do affect the current topics of interest among the equestrian, or boat-rowing, or cricket-playing men, and some do even trench on literary talk; but the one pervading character of their conversation is to seem to trouble themselves as little as may be, by all of them one motto is professed as the ruling maxim of life, "*Dolce far niente.*" And thus they pass their days in what they themselves would dignify with the name of *ease*, but which others have preferred to call *sloth*. These by the common consent of all men have gained to themselves the appellation of men of dress.

Such seem to me to be the main orders of undergraduates in this University of Cambridge, as diverse as are the various orders of monks, not only in their habit, but in their habits. And these chief types would stand out more distinctly each from other, but for the complicated network of intermediary characters with which they are interlaced, so that to unravel each were a work of endless time and hopeless toil, and it is

as I have said with a view to the assisting the labours of geologists of future ages (in whose hands *The Eagle* will be without doubt the standard book of reference on all matters of antiquarian lore) that I have ventured to pen these lines.

Q.

AMOIBAIA.

AMY.

"My love, my sweetest fondest own,
My heart, my life, my all,
My nearest, dearest, mine alone,
List to your Amy's call."

GEORGE.

"Light of mine eye, my sweetest sweet,
What is my Amy's call?
Behold here prostrate at thy feet
My life, my purse, my all."

AMY.

"'Tis not your purse, 'tis not your life,
(But ah! this rural fête!)
I dare not,—yet I am your wife—
Yes—Is my bonnet straight?"

γ.



EURIPIDES. HIPPOLYTUS 732—775.

STROPHE I.

WAFt me, some god, to those bird-haunted caves
That winged among the wingèd I might soar
Where restless Hadria spreads his surging waves,
Where the far-sounding friths of Padus roar:
Seated by the deep-blue waters,
Speechless gazing o'er the mere,
There the Sun's three sorrowing daughters
Shed the amber-sparkling tear.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Waft me to yonder orchard-blooming grove,
Where ocean's King bids every sail be furled,
Where mighty Atlas bears the starry globe,
Fast by the solemn boundary of the world:
There the fields are ever singing
Welcome to the gods they love;
There eternal fountains springing
Ever kiss the halls of Jove.

STROPHE II.

O! Ship, that sailedst from the Cretan shore!
Dark were the fates that through the rippled sheen
Sped from the halls of home my hapless queen,
Plumed thy white wings and gently waved thee o'er.
Dim was the star that ruled thy farewell day;
Ill omen brought thee to the Attic land,
And bound thy cable to the luckless strand,
And lured my queen upon her fated way.

ANTISTROPHE II.

She, therefore, tossed upon the whelming wreck
Of fell desire, shall in that bridal-room
Bow to the might of Love and sadly doom—
Doom to the halter's grasp her snow-white neck.
Yet fair shall be her fame, and Death's cold hand
Shall quench the impious love that fired her breast—
She from all pangs,—she from all care shall rest,
Bathed in deep slumber in the Silent Land.

LADY MARGARET.

(Concluded from p. 304.)

LADY Margaret's will is too long to be given in full here, occupying, as it does, about twenty-three pages of moderately small print. We purpose to quote such portions of it as seem to be most interesting. The whole document has been printed verbatim in Nichol's *Collection of Royal Wills* and also in Hymers' Edition of Bishop Fisher's *Funeral Sermon*. The Will is dated June 6th, 1508, and commences with provisions and orders with regard to the disposal of her body, and the religious ordinances to be observed before and after her funeral. There are a great number of bequests to various churches and chauntries throughout the kingdom, for the purpose of providing candles, and for the payment of priests to say masses, dirges, and lauds for the benefit of her soul. Although the good lady thus satisfies the utmost demands of the Romish Church, in her general charities the largest sum mentioned is for the poor, as may be seen from the following clause. We must bear in mind that to appreciate the amount it is necessary to multiply by at least fifteen.

It'm, we will that in the daye that it shall please Almighty God to call us from this p'sent and transitory lif to his infynite mercy and grace, and in the daie of o'r enterment there to be distributed in almes amongs poore people by the discrecion of our executour, cxxxiii li. vis. viii d. or more, as shall be thought convenient by their discrecions.

Then follow some directions with regard to her funeral, the particulars of which are set forth with considerable minuteness. In all these details we notice a spirit of extreme benevolence and thoughtfulness, which may be shewn by the following extract.

It'm, we will that our executors, in as goodly haste and breff tyme as they can or maye aftir our decesse, content and paye all

our detts. And we will that our said executors cause all our household servants to be kepte togider, and household kepte in all things convenyent for theym at and in suche convenyent place as shalbe thought by o'r executors most necessarye for the same from the tyme of our deceasse by the space of oon quarter of a yere at the leste. And that our executors, by all the same time, shall provide and ordeyn, or cause to be provided and ordeyned for all our said household servaunts; that is to saye, for as many of theym as will there soo tarrey and abide by all the said tyme, mete, drynke, and other thing convenyent for household, as they have used and accustomed to have had heretofore in oure householde. And also to content and pay to every of our household servaunts, bothe man and woman, their wages for oon halfe yere next after our deceasse, as well to them that will departe within the quarter of oon yere afir our deceasse, as to theym that will tarry and abide togider in household during all the same quarter.

After this a list of her executors is given. They were Richard Bishop of Winchester, John Bishop of Rochester, Lord Herbert the King's Chamberlain, Sir Thomas Lovell Treasurer of the King's Household, Sir Henry Marvey Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir John St. John half-brother to Lady Margaret, son of her mother, and Sir Oliver St. John of Bletsoe, Henry Hornby Chancellor of the Testatrix, Master of Peterhouse, and Dean of Wimborne Minster, and Sir Hugh Ashton, comptroller of Lady Margaret's household, a considerable benefactor to our College. It is his tomb that is such a marked feature in our ante-chapel. Henry VII., who at the date of the will was still alive, was appointed supervisor. After the enumeration of the executors the will proceeds as below.*

And forasmoche as the singular lawde, praise, and pleasur of Allmighty God restith most, in this transitory world, in admynistraction of sacrifice and divine services by the ministres of holy church for remyssion of our synnes, and in the increas of vertue, cunnyng, and of all cristen faith, and in doying of goode almes-deeds and werks caritatifs; therefore we, entending with the grace of Almighty God to cause hym to be the more honored and served with sacrifice and divine services by the mynistres of holy church, as well within the said monastery where we intende, with Godd's grace, our body to be enterred, as in the univarsitees of Oxenford and Cambrigge, and other places where the lawes of God be more specially lernyd, taught, and prechid, and scolers to the same entent

* We extract the portions that have reference to the University. The parts omitted chiefly treat of benefactions to Westminster and Wimborne.

to be brought up in vertue and cunnyng for the increase of Crist's faith, * * * * * have provided, established, and founden, by the Kyng's licence ii perpetuall reders in holy theologie, oon off theym in the universitie of Cambrigge, and another of theym in the universitie of Oxforde, and oon perpetuall precher of the worde of God in the said universitie of Cambrigge. * * * * * And also whereas King Henry the VIth of blessed memory was in mynde and purpose to have provided and ordeyned, in a place in Cambrigge called than Godd's-house, scolers to the nowmbre of LX, there to lerne and study in all liberall science, in which place was never scholars, felowes of the same place above the nomb'r of IIII, for lack of exhibicion and fynding; we have nowe of late purchaced and obteyned licence of the said King our most deere son, and by reason thereof have founded and established in the same place a college, called Crist's college, of a maister, XII scolers felowes, and XLVII scolers disciples there, to be perpetually founden and brought up in lernyng, vertuo, and connyng, according to such statuts and ordynnaunces as we have made, and shall make, for the same.

* * * * *

And for the exhibicion and perpetuall fynding of the said ii perpetuall reders in the said universities of Oxenford and Cambrig, the saide abbot, prior, and covent, at our desire and request and according to the said confidence and trust, have geven and graunted by these several deeds, beryng the date the first day of July the yere of our LORD M^l v^o and three, and of my said Soverain Lord and Son XVIII, to either of the same ii reders an annuytie of XIII li. vi s viii d. yerely. And also by another deede, beryng the date the sixte day of November the yere of our LORD GOD M^l v^o. v. and of my said Soverain Lord and Son XXI, to the said perpetuall prechor an annuytie of xli. for his exhibicion and perpetuall fynding, in suche manor and forme as in the same deeds more playnly apperith.

* * * * *

And whereas we the said Princesse, by reason and vertue of lettres patents made to us by the said King our Sovrain Lord and most deere Son, beryng date the first daye of Maye the xx yere of his reigne last paste, have established and founded the said college called Crist's College, in the said universitie of Cambridge, to the hole nowmbre of LX persons, with servants to theym convenyent and necessary; and, by reason of the same licence, have geven and graunted to the maister and scolers of the same college and their successours, for their exhibicion and sustentacion, the manors of Malketon, Melreth, and Beache, with dyvers londs, tenements, rents, reversions, and services, in Malton, Melreth, Beache, Whaddon, Knesworth, Hogyngton, Orwell, and Baryngton, in the countie of Cambrigge; the maner of Ditesworth with th'appurtenaunces, with divers londs and tenements in Ditesworth, Kegworth, Hathern, and Watton, with the advousons of the churches of Malketon, Keg-

worth, and Sutton de Bonyngton, in the countie of Leycester, and the manor of Roydon in the countie of Essex, to have to theym and their successours for evermore; and also obteyned license to the same maister and scolers and their successors, to appropre to them and their successours the saide church of Malketon, and also the churches of Fendrayton, Helpeston, and Navenby, as in the same lettres patents more playnly apperith; which churches of Malketon, Fendrayton, and Helpeston, we have causid actually to be impropried, by assent and consent of the ordynaries and of all other havynge therein interest, unto the same maister and scolers and their successours, aftir due forme and processe of the lawe in that parte requisite: also we have, by the Kyng's licence, and by auctoritie, assent, and consent, of the ordinary and of all other having interest, united, annexed, and appropriated for ever the parisshe church of Manberer in Wales, within the diocese of Seynt David, to the said maister, scolers, and their successors. Item, we have, by the Pope's auctoritie and the King's special graunte and licence, yeven unto the same maister, scolers, and their successors, the abbey of Creyke in the diocese of Norwich, with the purtenances, which was in the King's hands as dissolvdyd and extincte. All which maners, londs, and tenements, and other the premisses, we late purchased and provided to the same entent: and will therfore and specially desir and requyre the said maister and scolers and their successours, to cause and see our foundation of our said college to be truely observed and kepte, according to the statuts and ordynances by us therof made, and to be made, and according to our will, mynde, and entent, as they will therfore answer bifore Almighty God at the dredefull daye of fynall jugeament. And also we specially desiro and requyre our executors and every of them, that they, according to the confidence and truste that we have putt in them and in every of them, to see and cause, as fere as in theym is or shalbe, saide III daily masses to be said and doon, and the anniversary, with the said lights, distribucion of almes, to be holden and kepte, and the said converse to be provided and kepte in the said monastery, and the said annuities to be truely content and paid to every of the said reders and prechars, according to our will, mynde, and entent, aforesaid; and also to see and cause the maister and scolers of the said college called Crist's College, to be orderid, rewlid, and governed according to our saide will, mynde, and entent, and according to the said statuts and ordinaunces; and also to see and cause all our testament and last will to be truely executed and performyd in every behalf, as they will answer before Almighty God at the dredfull daie of finall jugeament. And also we, in moost humble and hertie wise, praye and beseche the said King our Sovrain Lord and moost deere Son, for the most tendre and singular love that we bear, and would have born to hym, to see and cause our said will therein, and in all other things, to be truely executed and performed.

* * * *

Be it remembred, That it was also the last will of the saide Princesse to dissolve th'ospitall of Seynt Joh'nis in Cambrigge, and to alter and to founde therof a college of seculer persones; that is to say, a maister and fifty scolers, with divers servants; and newe to bielde the said college, and sufficiently to endowe the same with londs and tenements, aftir the maner and forme of other colleges in Cambridge; and to furnysshe the same, as well in the chapell, library, pantre, and kechen, with books and all other things necessary for the same And to the performans whereof the saide Princesse willed, among other things, that hir executors shuld take the yffues, revenues, and profitts of hir londs and tenements put in feoffament in the counties of Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Northamptonshire, &c. Also the saide Princesse willed, that with the revenues comyng of the said londs putt in feoffament that the said late hospitall shulde be made clere of all olde detts dewly provid, and also that the londs and tenements to the same late hospitall belonging, shuld be sufficiently repayred and maynteyned.

* * * *

Also the saide Princesse willed, that the maister and felowes of Crist's College of Cambridge should have provided for them and their successours londs and tenements to the yerely value of xvi li. over and besids other londs that the said college hath in possession. Also the said Princesse willed, that the said Crist's College shuld, at hir costs and charge, be perfity fynished in all reparacions, bielding, and garnysing of the same. Also the said Princesse willed, that saide maner of Malton, in the shire of Cambrige, whiche belongeth to the said Crist's College should be sufficiently bielled and repayred, at hir coste and charge; soo that the said maister and scolers may resort thidder, and there to tary in tyme of contagiouse seknes at Cambrige, and exercise their lernyng and studies. Also the said Princesse willed, that a strong coffer should be provyded in the said Crist's College, at hir costs and charge. Also that hir said executors shulde putt in the same a c li. of money, or more, to the use of the said college, to be spended as they shall nede. Also the said Princesse willed, that all hir plate, juells, vestments, aluterclothes, books, hangyngs, and other necessarys belonging to hir chapell in the tyme of hir decesse, and not otherwise bequethed, shuld be divided betwene hir said colleges of Criste and Seynt John, by the discrecion of hir executors. Also the saide Princesse willed, the iiii daye before hir decesse, that the Reverend Fader in God Richard bishop of Wynchester and maister Henry Hornby, hir Chauncellor, shuld the same day have the oversight of hir said will and testament; and by theire sadnesse and goode discrecions shulde have full auctoritie and power to alter, adde to, and demynishe, suche articles in her said will and testament, as they thought most convenyent, and according to the will of the said Princesse.

Probat' dict' testamenti apud Lambhith, xvii die Mensis Octobris, Anno Domini Mill'imo Quingentissimo xiii^o.

To us the most interesting part of these extracts is of course that which refers to our own College; and when we read it, we no longer wonder that the executors of the will were unable to perform the full intention of our noble Foundress. It is not in our province to record the foundation and early History of the College, but we must remind our readers that although the Countess of Richmond and Derby is our foundress, it is more than doubtful whether the college would ever have been called into existence, if it had not been for the exertions of the Bishop of Rochester and Dr. Hornby, two men who ought never to be forgotten by all loyal and true Johnians.

Bishop Fisher's funeral Sermon on Lady Margaret, or as it is called, "a mornynge Remembraunce" we have often alluded to, but it will not be out of place now to give a short summary of it. The text was the 21st and following verses of the 11th Chapter of St. John's Gospel, being the dialogue between Martha and our Lord, and the preacher applied the dialogue to the deceased Lady, dividing his sermon into three heads "First, to shew wherein this noble Prynces may well be lykned and compared unto that blessed Woman Martha. Second, how she may complain unto our Savyour Jhesu for the paynful dethe of her body, like as Martha dyd for the dethe of her Broder Lazaras. Thyrd, the comfortable Answer of our Savyour Jhesu unto her again. In the first shall stand hyr prayre and commendation; in the secondde our mournynge for the loss of hyr, In the thyrd, our comfort again." Under the first head Lady Margaret was compared to Martha in four things—In nobleness of Person—in the discipline of her body—in the ordering of her soul to God—and in keeping hospitality and charitable dealing to her neighbours.

Then we have an account of the Countess's lineage and descent which concludes with a remark that she had thirty Kings and Queens within four degrees of marriage to her. After this, follows a relation of the severity of the discipline both of her body and mind, and a recital of the daily routine of her life; the first part of the sermon finishing with an account of her hospitality and courteous demeanour to all with whom she was brought into contact.

For the straungers, O mervaylous God! what payn, what labour, she of her veray gentleness wolde take with them, to bere them maner and Company, and intrete every Person, and entertayne them, according to their degree and havour; and provyde, by her own commandement, that nothyng sholde lacke that myghte be

convenyent for them, wherein she had a wonderful redy remembrance and perfyte knowledge.

In the second division of the Sermon the Bishop states the loss suffered by all in her death:—

Lyke a spere it perced the hertes of all her true Servaunts that was about her, and made them crye alsoe of Jhesu for helpe and socoure, with grete haboundance of teares. But specyally when they saw the dethe so hast upon her, and that she must nedes depart from them, and they sholde forgoe so gentyll a Maistris, so tender a Lady, then wept they mervaylously; wept her Ladys and Kyneswomen to whome she was full kinde; wept her poore Gentyllwomen whome she had loved so tenderly before; wept her Chamberers to whome she was full deare; wept her Chaplayns and Preests; wept her other true and faythfull Servants. And who wolde not have wept, that there had bene presente? All Englonde for her dethe had cause of wepynge. The poore Creatures that were wonte to receyve her Almes, to whome she was always pyteous and mercyfull; the Studyentes of both the Unyversytees, to whom she was as a Moder; all the Learned Men of Englonde, to whome she was a veray Patroness; all the vertuous and devoute persones, to whome she was as a lovyng Syster; all the good relygyous Men and Women, whome she so often was wonte to, vysyte and comforte; all good Preests and Clercks, to whome she was a true defendresse; all the Noblemen and Women, to whome she was a Myrroure and Exempler of honoure; all the comyn people of this Realme, for whome she was in theyr causes a comyn Medyatoryce, and toke right grete displeasure for them; and generally the hole Realm hathe cause to complayne and to morne her dethe.

He copcludes by shewing that her death is but a new life more glorious and more to be desired than the present.

Therefore put we asyde all wepynge and teeres, and be not sad, ne hevy as Men withouten hope; but rather be we gladd and joyous, and eche of us herein comfort other; alwaye praysynge and magnyfyinge the name of our Lorde, to whome be laude and honoure endlesly. Amen.

Lady Margaret lived in a transitional period of English History; the age of chivalry had passed away; and the age of civil progress had not yet begun, but she possessed in a remarkable degree many of the feminine virtues which characterize both periods.

Everything we have written tends to show her respect, amounting almost to reverence, for the institutions of her forefathers, and her heroic chivalry may be illustrated by an

expression she is said to have uttered, "that if the Christian Princes would agree to march with an army for the recovery of Palestine, she would be their laundress." On the other hand she gave every encouragement to the progress of Learning, Science, and Art in the country, and was almost the earliest patron of the printing press. She appointed Wynken de Worde, the partner and successor to Caxton, to be her printer, and Caxton dedicated to her one of his own works which he had translated from the French at her request. The book is "The Hystorye of Kynge Blanchardyne and Queen Eglantyne his Wyfe." The dedication begins "Unto the right noble puissant and excellent princess my redoubted lady, my lady Margaret duchess of Somerset, Mother unto our natural and sovereign lord and most Christian King Henry the Seventh by the grace of God King of England and of France, lord of Ireland, &c. I William Caxton his most *Indigne* humble subject and little servant present this little book I late received in French from her good grace and her commandment withal, for to reduce and translate it into our own maternal and English tongue, which book I had long tofore sold to my said lady..... Beseeching Almighty God to grant to her most noble good grace long life, and the accomplishment of her high noble and joyous desires in this present life; and after this short and transitory life, everlasting life in Heaven, Amen."

Lady Margaret's love of books and of study is shewn by the will of the Duchess of Buckingham, the mother of her second husband, who bequeathed her the following legacy:† "To my Daughter of Richmond a book of English called "Legenda Sanctorum," a book of French called "Lucum," another book of French of the Epistles and Gospels, and a Primer with clasps of silver gilt covered with purple velvet."

We printed in full in a previous number of *The Eagle* the ordinances of the Countess of Richmond and Derby with respect to the deliverance of the Queen and for the Christening of the child, but besides these one or two more of Lady Margaret's works are still extant. The most important is "The Myrraure of golde for the Sinfull Soule" which is a translation from a French translation of *Speculum Aureum Peccatorum*, and was printed by Wynken de Worde.‡ There

* Ames' *History of Printing*, Herbert's edition, Vol I., p. 98.

† Sir Harris Nicolas, *Testamenta Vetusta* p. 357.

‡ Ames' *Hist. of Printing*, Vol. I., p. 165. *Funeral Sermon*, p. 170.

is a copy of the work in the University Library (AB, 4 56) and also an imperfect one in the College Library. The book is divided into seven chapters, the table of these chapters is as follows:

"Firste—Of the filthines and miserie of man.

"Seconde—Of synnes in generalle, and of their effectes.

"Thyrde—Howe they ought hastily, with all diligence to do penance.

"Fourthe—Howe they ought to flee the worlde.

"Fyfthe—Of the false riches, and wayne honours of the worlde.

"Sixth—Howe they ought to dred deth.

"Seventh—Of the joyes of Paradyse, and of the paynes of Hell!"

Lady Margaret's other translation is the Fourth Book of the Imitation of Christ.

There is a copy of it in the University Library at Cambridge, A.B. 4. 56, entitled—'Here beginethe the forthe boke of the folowyng Jesu Cryst and of the contempnyng of the world. Imprynted at the comandement of the most excellent princes Margarete, moder unto our soveraine lorde kinge Henry the VII. Countes of Richemont and Darby and by the same Prynces it was translated out of frenche into Englishe in fourme and manner ensuinge.' At the end—'Thus endeth the fourthe boke followinge Jesu Cryst and the contempnyng of the world. This boke inprynted at london in Fletestrete at the signe of the George by Richard Pynson Prynter unto the kynges noble grace.'

The above is subjoined to—'A full devoute and gostely treatyse of the Imytacyon and folowyng of the blessed lyfe of our moste mercyfull Savyour cryste: compyled in Latin by the right worshypful Doctor Mayster John Gerson: and translate into Englysshe the yere of our Lorde MDII. By Maister William Atkynson Doctor of divinitie at the speciall request and comaundement of the full excellent Pryncesse Margarete, moder to oure souerayne lorde kynge Henry VII. and Countesse of Rychemont and Derby.' At the end—'Here endeth the thyrd booke of Jhon Gerson, &c. Emprynted in London by Richarde Pynson, &c. The yere of our lorde god M,CCCCC, and XVII. The vii day of October.'

There are two or three copies of this in the University Library.

Another performance of the Lady Margaret's was,—'The ordinance and reformation of apparell for greate Estates, or Princesses, with other Ladyes and Gentlewomen, for the time of mourning; made by the right highe mighty and excellent Pryncesse Margaret Countesse of Richmont, Da: and sole Heir to the noble prince

John Duke of Somerset, and mother to the prudent and mighty Prince Kinge Henry the Seventh, in the eight yeir of his Raigne; [Harl. MS.] relative to which, Sandford (*Geneal. Hist.* p. 320), observes,—‘the Countess Margaret (an. 23 H. 7.) by the commandment and authority of King Henry VII. her son, made the orders, yet extant, for great Estates of Ladies and noble Women, for their precedence, attires, and wearing of Barbes at Funerals over the chin, upon the chin, and under the same; which noble and good order hath been and is much abused, by every mean and common Woman, to the great wrong and dishonour of Persons of quality.’

Besides these works of Lady Margaret, she caused to be printed the following works:*

‘Scala Perfectionis: Englyshed: the Ladder of Perfection.’ Impressum anno salutis MCCCCLXXXIII. Folio; of which there is a copy in St. John’s College Library, bequeathed by Tho. Baker ‘in memoriam Pientissimæ Fundatricis.’

The Grete Shyppe of Fooles of this Worlde Imprynted at London in flete strete by wynkyn de worde. y^e yere of our lorde M.CCCCC. and xvii. The nynthe yere of y^e reygne of our souerayne lorde kynge Henry y^e viii. The xx. daye of June. Quarto.

This translation is in prose, and the prologue contains the following paragraph:—

‘Considering also, that the prose is more familiar unto every man than the rhyme, I Henry Watson, indygne and simple of understanding, have reduced the present book into our maternal tongue of English, out of French, at the request of my worshipful master Wynken de Worde, through the enticement and exhortation of the excellent Princess Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and Grandame unto our most natural sovereign King Henry the viii; whom Jesu preserve from all incumbrance.’

The seuen penytencyall Psalmes of Dauyd the kynge and prophete &c. by Johan fyssher doctoure of dyuynyte and byshop of Rochester, &c. Enprynted &c. In the yere of our lorde MCCCCix.

¶ ‘This treatyse concernynge the fruytful saynges of Dauyd the kynge and prophete in the seuen penytencyall psalmes. Deuyded in seuen sermons was made and compyled by the ryght reuerente fader in God Johan Fyssher doctoure of dyuynyte and byshop of Rochester at the exortacion and steryng of the moost excellent princesse Margarete countesse of Rychemount and Derby, and moder to our souerayne lorde kynge Henry the VII.’

The Bishop says in the prologue—‘for as moche as I of late, before the moost excellent pryncesse Margarete Countesse of Ryche-

* These notices are taken from Dr. Hymer’s edition of Fisher’s Funeral Sermon, pp. 179. sqq.

mount and Derby, publysshed the sayenges of the holy kynge and prophete Davyd of the vii penytencyall psalmes, in the whiche my sayd good and synguler lady moche delytet, at whose hygh commaundement and gracyous exhortacyon I have put the sayd sermons in wrytynge for to be impressed.' The Colophon is—

'Here endeth the exposycyon of the vij psalmes. Enprynted at London in the fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde prynter vnto the most excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges graundame. In the yere of our lorde god MCCCCC and ix the xij daye of the moneth of Juyn.'

St. John's College Library possesses two copies of the above, and also the Edition of 1525 by Wynk. de Worde. In the Library of King's College, there is the first Edition, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1508. Bishop Fisher's Funeral Sermon on Hen. VII. was, as we have seen, 'enprynted at the specyall request of the ryght excellent pryncesse Margarete, moder unto the sayd noble prynce.'

In bringing to a conclusion this life of Margaret Beaufort, we must apologize for very many short-comings. We know we have occupied many pages of *The Eagle* with what must have been, to a number of readers, very dry matter, but we felt that there ought to be a memoir of the Foundress of the College in this the College Journal, and we are only sorry that the duty has not been performed in a more able manner. The subject ought to be interesting to us all, and if it has not been made so, the blame must not fall on the Editors of *The Eagle* who have admitted these pages, still less on "the famous Margaret Countess of Richmond, whose merit exceeds the highest commendation,"* but on the unworthy writer of the memoir.

* Camden.



MUTAT TERRA VICES.

'Tis sweet to lie on grassy vale,
To any thoughts to yield,
List to the music of the pail
As milkmaids hie a-field.

'Tis sweet to gather primrose pale,
Each fairest gift of spring;
List now to Philomel's sweet wail,
Now list the throstle sing.

'Tis sweet, these silver months now passed,
Passed now the lingering May,
To help fork-armed to load the last
Last load of summer hay.

'Tis hardly sweet, 'tis sad as sweet,
Now summer months have fled,
To see the rude scythe bend the wheat
And bruise the barley's head;

To see the smiling fruit trees rent,
Pear torn from sister pear,
The branch at morn with fruitage bent
At even robbed and bare.

'Tis sad to see the red leaves fall
Cuffed by the careless blast,
Young Winter slowly master all,
And rule himself at last.



CONCERNING MESMERISM.

*μάγον τοιόνδε μηχανοράφον,
δόλιον ἀγύρτην, ὅστις ἐν τοῖς κέρδεσιν
μόνον δίδορκε, τὴν τέχνην δ' ἔφω τυφλός.*

IN another part of our Magazine some of the peculiarities of this enlightened century have been ably handled; but these are but single drops in the vast ocean of peculiarities, but isolated leaves in the boundless forest of innovating eccentricities. It is pardonable therefore to select another subject from such a number.

One of these, and perhaps one of the most impressive, is what is ordinarily called Mesmerism, and it is with a view to remove some vulgar superstitions which obtain on this subject that the present article is written.

It may be well at the outset to make a clear distinction between Mesmerism and Electro-Biology. The first is the genus, the second a species of that genus; and let it be rightly understood that I treat here only on this species.

Mesmerism, though expressing that which is generally understood by the term, is also applied to the last state which the patient undergoes, when, soothed by the charmer's irresistible and soporific influence, he becomes unconsciously his (or her) unresisting slave, compelled, will he nill he, to obey all his behests, be they reasonable or unreasonable. And since in this state all consciousness deserts him, it can never be our lot to be made aware of the reason of this strange behaviour, enforced, as it appears, solely by the will of one whose rank in society whether literary or polite is in many cases of an order by no means exalted. How this effect is produced it is perhaps not expedient to inquire, but its peculiarity all will be ready to admit.

That a man of stern and imperturbable character, possessing that "solid base of temperament" of which the poet sings, strengthened moreover by a liberal education, and sharpened by his intercourse with the world, should in any degree yield

his will to the will of such a one as this, is sufficiently extraordinary ; but that he should so utterly yield it as to commit what, in his sober senses, he would denounce as only befitting the crouching submission of a docile creature of the brute creation, is startling indeed. Yet this is no uncommon case, and one that all of us who have completed the first decade of life cannot fail to have witnessed, probably more than once. Such a patient appears a very Proteus, with this difference between himself and the wily god, that the one assumes all his various contortions to further his own ends, the other to further those of another ; the one to make another the fool of his illusive shapes, the other to be made the fool and sport of others by a forced assumption of shapes alien to himself. Thus much for a subject on which a great deal has been written, serving only the more to mystify and confuse.

Electro-biology is in its nature distinct from this. Here the patient is so far an independent agent, inasmuch as it rests with him to comply with or refuse the *primary demands* of the mesmerist, and thus far it differs not from mesmerism ; but in this it differs, that in the one case you are helpless and senseless, in the other you retain your full strength of both body and mind.

I will briefly describe my own case, and honestly declare my feelings under such a treatment ; and let it be understood that mine was an extreme, or what is called a very successful case.

Some dozen of us, members of the University, were seated round a room in this college, and the fair mesmerist (for she was of the gentler sex) put into the palms of our hands two discs of different metals, copper and zinc, the combination of which acts upon the nerves as a miniature galvanic battery.* To take my own case, after gazing intently into my loaded palm for some ten minutes (for such were the directions given) it began to assume an unnaturally livid and ghastly hue, I was shaken by a perceptible tremor, and a feeling of nervous helplessness came over me. This, let it be remembered, was the result of no *personal* influence. The lady visited us in turn, and with a commanding sweep removed the plates from their callous resting-places, bidding us at the same time close our eyes. This, I need hardly add, was perfectly voluntary. Then came "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands" for a sufficiently long period,

* It has been objected by one learned in magnetic lore that these can have no such effect ; I confess I cannot account for it otherwise.

and with a sufficiently close proximity to the face; then a defiance to allow your eyelids to exercise the other of their wonted offices, the one of which they had already performed at the lady's request. For myself I may say that hitherto only the irresistible chain of Morpheus had been able to exercise such a tyrannizing usurpation of rights over these members of my face, and that the present case proved no exception to the rule. Unoffendingly I looked my would-be tyrant in the face, yet with a commendable adaptation to circumstances, almost instantaneous with the defiance, and before my muscles, helplessly weak as above declared, could acquire strength to fulfil their wonted offices, by means of a thrice repeated retonating palm, and the while a tiny puff of scented breath, (for alas! the fair enchantress had been unable to resist the enticements of a certain most palatable yet odoriferous bulb) I was pronounced released. This then was mere trickery, and so far none of the feeling has been excited by the mere willing power of another.

Some two or three of us only were pronounced successful subjects, myself the most so; of one of those that were pronounced unsuccessful, I may perhaps be allowed to introduce an anecdote. He was short sighted, but happily assisted by Art to overcome the deficiencies of Nature; in fact he wore spectacles. It was objected to him by the lady that even her searching eye was all too weak to pierce through such an impenetrable barrier of non-conducting material. The gentleman answered this objection by proving that the excellent conducting material of the frame would amply counterbalance the non-conducting tendencies of the glass. The proof was allowed, and all her powers were tried, but the result was a failure. Then the barriers were removed, and an unprotected front exposed to the enemy's cannonade; but alas! his natural infirmity proved, though in another way, an equally formidable obstacle, for he could not behold the cannon's mouth, and how then could he be expected to be shattered by the cannon's rolling balls? No, this was an incontrovertible argument against it, and *therefore* he was pronounced invulnerable! I in particular was made the scape-goat to bear the defaults of all the unsuccessful subjects, and passed through a series of muscular grimaces which seemed to afford no little amusement to the spectators.

And here it may be objected that, unless I had been fully in the power of the lady mesmerist, I should not have consented to such a course of action. But I hope to be able satisfactorily to remove this objection.

First, it rested entirely with myself, as already stated, to refuse or comply with the first request. Again, all the effects produced were through the medium of the muscles, and an attempt to produce it without the aid of this medium was a complete failure. Moreover I was predisposed to be mesmerised, and facilitated the effect by my own ready acquiescence in all directions given.

I will instance one of my performances, one that brings into play every muscle of the body, painful alike to head, heart, and foot; known colloquially as the dance of the Perfect Cure. It is unnecessary to describe it. I complied with the first request to dance, and with future reiterated calls for an increase of speed. I did my best to go mad for the time, and I think, succeeded tolerably well. I felt the blood rush wildly into my head at a single moment, (I was told afterwards that my face was purple) and after that, I did not know where I was or what I was doing until I fell from sheer exhaustion. Now all this time I had not heard a word of my instructress's directions, and I am *perfectly convinced* that, (always remembering my previous condition towards the excitement of which the lady had had no share,) had I chosen, I could have produced precisely the same effect upon myself, or (allowing myself to follow his instructions) any other person could, and weariness alone would have concluded my convulsive exertions. The failure that I alluded to was the following: I was placed in a chair in the centre of the room, and long and carefully was "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands" resorted to, and then as before came the defiance, this time to walk to the door. Unfortunately my conscience would not allow me to practise the deceit, and I was fain to convince my Vivien, as in the similar case first mentioned, of her inability to bind my will. Twice and thrice were the magic paces repeated, and with the same sad result.

I hope it is clear from these instances given that in Electro-Biology the patient's will remains his own, and is not a slave at the beck of any one whose only necessary qualifications for becoming a tyrant are a shameless tongue and confident air of superiority. But when this is not so, we cannot but think that in one so easily led there is either a very slender supply of brains, or a large superfluity of those qualities which induce him thoughtlessly to deceive for the sheer love of deception, or that his name may be bandied about as of one whose will may be conquered and thoughts easily read by any vagabond juggler at a village wake. And yet, it may be

urged, if this is the case, why should not any one produce the same effects and practice the same deceits? It is, we would reply, partly owing to a superstitious awe of name and reputation inherent in us all, which facilitates the production of the effect, but chiefly to a certain manual dexterity which the mesmerist acquires by practice. Any one not very much below the average standard of common sense, with a little of this practice and confidence gained by it, may rise to the lofty eminence of the mesmeric heights, and enshrouded in the favouring mist of Olympus' King, thunder his tyrannizing tenets upon unresisting mortals.

If such deceptions as these be lightly allowed, and their authors suffered to go unexposed, the time, we think, is not far distant when they will inspire no less terror than the far less dangerous wizards and witches of old. But we would hope far different things. Already have the impostures of that "*par nobile fratrum*" been successfully exposed, though for a while they bade fair to establish a belief that spiritualism alone could accomplish such apparent impossibilities. Such persons have a greater demoralizing effect upon the country than we can readily appreciate, and I would beg all persons to investigate these matters for themselves, and not give credence to idle tales, urged, for the most part, by a Reynard shorn of his brush.

¶.



THE DOOM OF DIAZ.

[Bartholomew Diaz, the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, or, as he called it, the Cape of Storms, was lost at sea during a second voyage: the popular superstition attributes his fate to the vengeance of the Spirit of the Cape, whose solitude he had disturbed by his approach.]

THE Storm-Cape looks in silent majesty
Upon the silent sea;
In silver lines of shuddering light
The moon shines through the night:
Far from his home, through seas unknown,
Bold Diaz holds his course alone.

The Storm-Cape giant held his reign
Unroused by mortal hand
Till Diaz broke the slumber of the main:—
Again bold Diaz speeds his way
To realms of Eastern day,
And India's golden land.

Lo, as the Lusian bark glides fearless past
With shout and trumpet-blast,
The giant wakens from his sleep
And glares along the deep;
Then summons up the tempest cloud,
And calls the wave to be their shroud.

The petrel skims the swelling tide,
And scales its foamy crest,
Then shrieking courses on with airy stride
To tell of doom, so seamen say,
And scared swoops far away
On Ocean's heaving breast.

The gallant ship before the wind she hies,
O'er the dark sea she flies;
Each sail is furled, and each tall mast
Bows to the coming blast;
The storm is gathering swiftly round,
With deep and hoarse and sullen sound.

The skies are blackening overhead,
And faster fly the clouds;
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes red;
The fireball tips the mast on high,
Then meets the lurid sky,
Or flashes down the shrouds.*

The albatross looks on from Heaven's lone height,
Nor stays his circling flight:
The gull speeds to his rocky home,
Far o'er the wild waves' foam;
With sullen shrieks and boding cries
In many a whirl the storm-finch flies.

And on, and onward still she glides,
Right onward to her doom:
O'er each proud wave in turn she proudly rides,
Nor heeds the glistening streak of light,
That marks the breakers white,
But hastens on to doom.

θ.

* In tropical thunder-storms, a ball of fire appears to rest on the mast-head, and the lightning flashes upwards as well as downwards from it.





OF ALLITERATION.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari.—Juv.

THOUSANDS of children have doubtless rejoiced in endeavouring to tell how Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper, and how Ten toads totally tired tried to trot to Tilbury. Now if this passion for the delights of alliteration had been confined to babes, it might have been considered beneath the notice of a magazine patronised by an array of learned celibates whose ambition is to bless posterity *libris non liberis*, as George Herbert hath it. But it so happens that the same passion has exhibited itself in children of a larger growth, that poets of every age have courted “apt alliteration’s artful aid,” and that the most fastidious critics have often been unable to resist the influence of that magic charm which links sound to sound and word to word, and weaves a chain of harmony whose spell is most powerful so long as it is dimly seen, and which then only ceases to entrance the mind when the *cause* of pleasure has become palpable. Then only did the harp of Memnon please the ear, when the listener deemed that he was catching the notes of a divine harmony whose mystery he cared not to unravel, but when once he knew of the cunning priest that struck music out of the reverberating slab of marble, then was the spell broken and all its magic lost: and thus too the harp of Poesy delights the listener, while he can see no fingers sweeping the chords, but let him once catch a glimpse of the harper’s hand, and the spell that bound him will be snapped asunder.

I need hardly remark that what has just been said is very far from applicable to every instance of alliteration. Most of these instances may be arranged under one of three very distinct classes;—the *first* in which the whole effort of the so-called poet is bent on producing a constant recurrence of a dreary monotone, to the sacrifice of all true poetry; the

second, where this device is used at stated intervals, and in accordance with a systematic and almost invariable plan; the *third*, where the poet makes only an occasional, unsystematic, and often a scarcely perceptible use of the artifice.

I now propose to give a few examples of that puerile species of monotonous repetition, which forms my *first* class. They will be enough, and more than enough, to inspire the reader with a becoming abhorrence for the pitiful poetasters who spent their time and their talents (if they had any) on one of the most childish objects that can waste the energies of man.

The earliest instance I can adduce of a sustained application of this foolish ingenuity is a poem belonging to the ninth century. The writer was a monk of France, the subject of his eulogy was Charles le Chauve. Thinking that ordinary Latin would be far too inexpressive to sound the praises of his king, the priest composed no less than three hundred hexameters, every word of which began with the letter C; and how could a monarch's name be more fitly celebrated than by compelling every word of his praises to submit to the inexorable law, that placed his sacred initial in a position of perpetual prominence? The oft-repeated line of Ennius

O Tite tute Tati, tibi tanta tyranne tulisti

must veil its glories before the splendour of a poem the mere fraction of which appears in the noble line

Carmina clarisonae Calvi cantate Camenae.

But the length of this effusion was more than trebled by the thousand lines written in a similar style by Christianus Pierius. His subject was *Christus crucifixus*; the following quotation will doubtless be more than enough for an ordinary reader's patience:

Currite Castalides Christo comitate Camenae,
Concelebraturae cunctorum carmine certum
Confugium collapsorum; concurrere cantus
Concinnaturae celebres celebresque cothurnos.

Setting aside the "Canum cum cati certamen," the only other instance which I shall venture to quote, is on a subject that will doubtless be most interesting to all true Johnians: the title of the poem, if such it may be called, is *Pugna Porcorum, per Publum Porcium Poetam*, A.D. 1530. Then follow some hundred lines of which the following may be considered a fair sample; the young pigs are there exhorted

to make peace with their sires, by a stirring appeal to all that a pig holds most sacred :—

Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono,
Præcipitem Plebem pro patrum pace poposcit :
Perata paulisper, pubes pretiosa ! precamur.
Pensa profectum parvum pugnae peragendae ;
Plures plorabunt, postquam praeclsa premetur
Praelatura patrum ; porcelli percutientur
Passim, posteaquam pingues porci periere.
Propterea petimus praesentem ponite pugnam,
Per pia Porcorum petimus penetralia, &c.

I am not aware of any English production in which so much ingenuity has been wasted on so unworthy a cause : but an instance of similar trifling will occur to every one in the celebrated lines on the Siege of Belgrade :

An Austrian army awfully arrayed
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade, &c.*

The labours of these idly industrious minds form a strange contrast to the Herculean efforts made by the Leipogrammatists in a cause diametrically opposed to that of alliteration. Tryphiodorus published an edition of the *Odyssey*, and Nestor one of the *Illiad*, in which not a single A appeared in the first book, not a single B in the second, and so on, through the twenty-four books and the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Several equally absurd instances might be added from more modern times, but I shall content myself, at the risk of telling a thrice-told tale, with the following anecdote, related by Chardin† of a *Persian* Leipogrammatist. On one occasion a Persian poet had the honour of reading to his sovereign a poem in which no admission had been allowed to the letter Aleph. The king, who was tired of listening, and whose weariness had probably too good a cause, returned the poet thanks, and expressed his very great approbation of his omission of the letter Aleph ; but added, that, in his humble opinion, the poem might have been better still, if he had only taken the trouble to omit all the other letters of the alphabet.

But I am digressing from the main subject of my paper ; I trust however that what I have already said is quite enough

* The remainder may be seen in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. Vol. iv. p. 88. The writer was R. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester.

† Vol II., p. 188, Ed. 1711.

to awaken a feeling of just indignation at the barbarous maltreatment which the poor helpless letters have received at the hand of man, by being banished from posts which they would willingly have retained and by being thrust into positions which they never wished to fill.

It is not easy to give a very definite reason for all this waste of industry; perhaps the greatest of the offenders would have had little more to say for themselves than the opening words of the speech of Master Holofernes;

I will something affect the letter, for *it argues facility*.

The preylful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket.*

Love's Labour Lost, IV. 2.

I now arrive at a more agreeable part of my task in the consideration of those modified forms of alliteration which have always been held legitimate, have often met with commendation, and have not seldom won the highest praises. It will be enough to state, in passing, that the Greek Tragedians supply us with a few instances of lines that may very fairly be called alliterative.† Plautus is freely sprinkled with alliteration; Ennius, Virgil and Livy contain a few very marked instances; to the use of this ornament by Lucretius it is hardly necessary to refer. One quotation out of many will serve as a tolerably good specimen;

Cum tuba depresso graviter sub murmure mugit
Et reboat raucum regio cita barbara bombum.

Thus much for the ancients; as to modern times, there was once a day when alliteration played a most important part in the poetry of England. A few remarks on our earlier alliterative poems may form the *second* division of my article. Rhyming verse, it may be premised, was not in use among the Anglo-Saxons. In place of rhyme however, they employed a system of verse so arranged, that in every couplet there should be two principal words (or accented syllables) in the first line, commencing with the same letter, which

* A very similar instance of alliteration is quoted by Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.* II. 17, from Ennius.

Qui alteri exitium parat,

Eum scire oportet sibi paratam pestem ut participet parem.

Cf. also *Tusc. Disp.* IV. 36.

† e.g. *Soph. O. T.* 371. *Aj.* 493. *Eurip. Med.* 476. *Iph. Taur.* 765.

letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line. As an instance of Anglo-Saxon alliteration would not be very intelligible, I may illustrate my meaning by the following stanza from a poem of a later period:—

Any science under sonne,
The sevens arts and alle,
But thei ben lerned for our Lorde's love,
Lost is all the tyme.*

Alliteration formed a remarkable feature in Icelandic verse and prose; indeed, it is a special characteristic of Teutonic poetry, although far from confined to it, being also employed by the Finlanders.

The Anglo-Normans of the twelfth century were the first to introduce Rhymes, which they employed in their own poetry. This change was only gradually adopted, and hence arises the phenomenon of the existence of poems in which rhyming couplets are suddenly changed into alliterative couplets and *vice versa*, while every now and then the harmonies of both systems are combined in a single couplet. This mixed species of verse is best represented by the great work of Layamon, whose translation of the *Brut d'Angleterre* of Wace, the poet of Jersey, appeared, with additional matter of his own, in the earlier years of the thirteenth century. After the middle of that century alliteration was used irregularly in songs that employed rhyme throughout. The following stanza may be taken as a specimen of the period when rhyme began to establish its predominancy. It is from one of the ten poems in which Lawrence Minot celebrates the victories of Edward III:—

The princes that war rich in raw,†
Gert nakers‡ strike and trumpets blaw
And made mirth at their might,
Both alblast§ and many a bow
Was ready railed|| upon a row
And full frek¶ to fight.

* Piers Ploughman. Passus decimus. 6897. Ed. Wright.

† Apparently according to Craik "were richly clad in a row."

‡ Caused cymbals to strike.

§ Crossbow.

|| Placed.

¶ Eager.

The taste for alliteration survived longest, as might be expected, in the ballad literature of the lower classes: towards the middle of the thirteenth century the last grand effort to establish its claims against those of the Norman Rhymers, was made by the author of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*. The poem is a calm allegorical exposition of the corruptions of the state, of the church, and of social life, presented in the form of a dream. The opening lines tell us how, in the soft and sunny summer-tide, the poet wrapped himself in shepherd's garb, and went out into the world to view its wonders;—how, on a bright May morning in the Malvern hills, a wondrous vision came upon him—a vision sent from fairy-land; for weary with his wanderings he had laid him down to rest on the broad bank of a sparkling stream, and, as he lay there and looked into the waters, so sweet it seemed, that he fell into deep slumber, and dreamed that he was in a wilderness; and far on high, towards the eastern sun, he saw a tower on a hill, a deep dale below, and in the dale a donjon keep, and in the space between, a fair meadow, full of rich and poor, full of men working and wandering to and fro. Here the satire of the poem begins; the pilgrims, priests, and friars, that are scattered over the meadow, are forthwith submitted to the lash, which is used very freely on them at intervals throughout the book. Many portions of the poem show abundance of descriptive power and manly thought, but the form of poetry in which these thoughts and descriptions are embalmed, soon lost its fragrance, and at last died away. A similar measure was however adopted in several long romances, such as the *Romance of Alexander*, the *Wars of the Jews*, and other poems that are still extant. But the influence of Norman literature soon became too powerful to admit of any further resistance or compromise, the old love of alliteration, which had long been so dear to the heart of the people, was at length banished from the poetry of the land, and the claims of Rhyme as a means of poetic harmony became finally victorious.

Thenceforth alliteration became a subordinate ornament, an ornament however, whose worth has been appreciated by some of our greatest poets. The consideration of this modified and unsystematic use of alliteration will occupy the *third* division of my paper.

The stanzas of Spenser are often adorned with the happiest instances of its beauty; the following passages will sufficiently warrant my statement:—

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all men's sight.
 From her faire head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside: Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in a shady place.

Faerie Queene, I. iii. 4.

The Gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance stern, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dared his dreaded powre.

Ib. I. viii. 5.*

They passe the bitter waves of Acheron,
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shrieks do bootlesse cry.

The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
 So calme, so coole, as nowhere else I finde;
 The grassie ground with daintie daisies dight,
 The bramble bush, where birds of every kinde
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Shepherd's Calender, June.

I ought to say that the last quotation is perhaps one of the most exaggerated instances to be found in Spenser; the words commencing with the same letter are in too close proximity: indeed, the harmony of Spenser's alliterations is seldom so effective as when it is employed in *alternate* words, e.g. her daintie limbs did lay; on a sweet bed of lilies softly laid. It would be easy to extend the number of the instances given above, by the quotation of shorter passages, as the following:—

But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
 Fit to adorn the dead and deck the dreary tomb.

* For similar alliteration of *st*, vid. *Faerie Queene*, I. ix. 24, II. ix. 13, xii. 21.

or the fine description of Honor,

In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
And wil be found with perill and with paine;

but I prefer to represent the melody of Spenser by the longer passages already adduced. I am well aware that it would be easy for objectors to carp at such expressions as the "cruell craftie crocodile," but I would ask the most cursory reader of the *Faerie Queene* whether the strength and beauty of many a line is not marvellously increased by the judicious and sometimes imperceptible use of alliteration.

It is only natural that the success of a great poet should have led to an affectation of the same ornament by poets of smaller calibre. No wonder then, that Sidney censures those who "course a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionarie" and that, in a passage of *Astrophel and Stella*, he treats the art as an evidence of a want of poetic inspiration :

You that do dictionaries method bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rows,
.....

You take wrong waies; those far-fet helps be such
As do betray a want of inward touch.

I have alluded in a former part of this article to the ridicule which Shakspeare pours upon the abuse of alliteration. To the passage there quoted I may now add the well-known lines from the interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe* :

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.
Mids. Night's Dream, V. i.

Nor is this the only passage in which this childish excess of ornament is parodied. In the first act of the same play, Bottom edifies his friends with a display of his capabilities in "Ercles' vein" as follows:—

The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' ear
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
Our foolish fates.

That the poet was, at the same time, well able to make a proper use of that ornament, the abuse of which he despised in others, may be sufficiently proved, if proof be needed, by a single instance :

Staring full ghastly like a strangled man,
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling.—
2nd Part of *Henry VI*, ACT III. SC. II.*

I have seen it stated† that Milton entirely avoids alliteration; if by that term is meant the succession of four or five words commencing with the same letter, I admit the truth of the remark; but if we thereby understand the subtle connection of word with word effected by consonantal sounds at the initials of various accented syllables that have a definite relation to each other, I apprehend that it will be easy to show that this artifice in its higher forms is frequently adopted by Milton. He was bold enough to denounce Rhyme as “the jingling sound of like endings,” as “the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre” but he showed at the same time that none could afford to despise those minor artifices which often add vigour to the most vigorous line, and melody to the most melodious. The description‡ of the transformation of Satan and his comrades into hissing slimy serpents may be here referred to as a remarkable instance of sibilant alliteration. Everyone will notice the effect of the artifice in such collocations as ‘Behemoth, biggest born of earth,’ ‘His bursting passion into plaints thus poured,’ ‘The mountains...Their broad bare backs upheave,’ ‘So high as he heaved the tumid hills, so low Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep.’ What ear can be so dull as not to appreciate the beauty of the line in *L’Allegro*, “By whispering winds soon lulled asleep,” or the exquisite harmony in the description of the “Swain

Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods.”

Comus, 86.

* I may also refer to the song of the Fairy in *Mids. Night’s Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1.

† Marsh’s *Lectures on the English Language*, p. 392. ed. Smith :—a book which I have found useful in the compilation of several parts of this article.

‡ *Paradise Lost*, X. 517—527, 538—543.

After adducing all these instances of alliteration in the great poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, we are not a little surprised to find one of the critical biographers of Waller attributing to him the first introduction of 'that way of using the same initial letters in a line, which throws the verse off more easily, as in the line "Oh, how I long my tender limbs to lay!"' No mistake could have been greater; the reader is, I trust, sufficiently provided in the former part of this article with abundant materials for the refutation of this arrant blunder.

The use of alliteration was revived by Dryden; several instances may be found in the introduction to the 'Hind and Panther,' and in many other passages with which I shall not trouble the reader. I must now hasten to a brief consideration of some of the more remarkable instances which may be found in the lighter poems of Pope. I have seldom seen such a prominence and sharpness gained, such an irresistible effect produced, by such a slight artifice as in the following lines:—

Believe me many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.

Imit. of Horace, Ep. i. vi. 83.

But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them by pathos or by pun.

Imit. of Horace, Ep. ii. i. 294.

But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.

Moral Essays. iii. 95.

Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a prayer.

Id. ii. 105.

Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billets-doux.

Rape of the Lock, l. 138.

The last example may perhaps be considered the best; I have very little hesitation in saying that the collocation is, to most persons, far more humorous than that of 'Potatoes, mouse-traps, and other sweet-meats.' The source of pleasure in this particular line may be reduced to the same causes as those which lead to the success of a good pun: the alliteration of words that express opposite ideas is, in fact, a species of wit, if we accept the definition that makes wit consist in the sudden discovery of congruity in the incongruous. This remark applies in its full force only to the latter part of the line above quoted; at the

same time it may be noticed, that the effect of the former part of the line arises in part from the discovery of an unexpected resemblance in objects whose points of similarity were supposed to be already known to their full extent. Indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that alliteration is to a part of a sentence what a pun is to the whole; alliteration is a pun of letters, and puns conversely may be said to imply alliterations of entire words.

The poems of Gray present us with instances of a very marked endeavour to gain strength and delicacy of sound by means of the same artifice. In some of his odes, almost every Strophe begins and concludes with an alliterative line: thus we have, 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,' 'weave the warp, and weave the woof,' 'To high-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay.' 'Stamp we our vengeance deep and ratify his doom,' 'Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, That hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey;' similarly we have 'Hauberk crash and helmet ring,' 'Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' and many other lines which any careful reader must have noticed. Few poets have shown such good taste as Gray in the sparing use of this ornament; but it becomes little better than paltry tinsel in the hands of inferior poets, such as the authors of *Tannhäuser*. The elegance of their joint production is, I admit, frequently enhanced by such artifices as that which is apparent in such lines as the following:—

The wandering woodman oft, at nightfall, heard
A sad, wild strain of solitary song
Float o'er the forest.

The great defect however of many of the best parts of the poem is that this artifice is carried to an unreasonable length. There is a painful want of variety, a want of the subtle and inwoven harmonies of Spenser in the lines

Athwart the incense-smoke
She stole on sleeping sunbeams, sprinkling sounds
Of cymbals through the silver palms.

The alliteration in this and many other passages is far too monotonous to be effective: I have before me a passage of some five and twenty lines, of which four or five only are not marked by a very decided alliteration; toward the end of this passage the artifice has to be carried out of all bounds to produce any effect on an ear that has been dulled by a constant recurrence of monotonous initials: I quote the

climax to show what may become of a delicate art in the hands of rude and unskilful workmen :

A throbbing light that grows and glows
From glare to greater glare until it gluts
And gulfs him in.

It is pleasant to turn aside from the imitation to the reality, from the work of Temple and Trevor to the versification of the Poet Laureate. Now I am not one of those who consider it the proper thing to fall into ecstasies over every line that he may happen to write, but this I can say, that few poets have made so judicious and effective use of the art of alliteration. Every one must have been struck by the harmony of his rhythm, and the slightest examination will show that it is owing to a preponderance of liquid sounds and to a moderate use of the ornament of which I am writing. Where so many instances may be found, it is scarcely necessary to quote more than two of the most remarkable :

Myriads of rivulets murmuring through the lawn
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees.

Where the river sloped
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
Its breadth of thunder.*

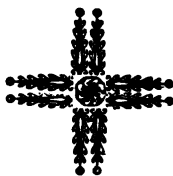
Up to this point I have taken into consideration the alliteration of poetry alone ; but it must be remembered that the same artifice has other uses to which I have not referred. In the titles of works of fiction, when many names are equally appropriate in every other respect, alliterative resemblance is frequently sufficient to decide the author's choice : hence such names as 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Roderick Random,' 'Pickwick Papers,' &c., &c. The same general principle is illustrated by the epithets that have become conventionally attached to many of the Scotch clans ; thus we hear of the 'gallant Grahams,' the 'gay Gordons,' the 'muckle mou'ed Murrays,' the 'saucy Scotts,' the 'handsome Hays,' the 'light Lindsays,' and the 'haughty Hamiltons.' Lastly, in the

* I cannot refrain from simply alluding here to Swinburne's lately published tragedy, *Atalanta in Calydon*. It contains a few harsh alliterations (e.g. 'Mutual month of marriages') and many of considerable elegance (e.g. 'Lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.') I had intended to quote the commencement of the prologue ; I hope my abstaining from doing so may induce readers to examine it for themselves.

traditional proverbs of all countries, alliteration is continually found, and where it falls on the key-words of a proverb it adds considerably to its force: thus we have 'Out of debt, out of danger,' 'No cross, no crown,' 'Frost and fraud both end in foul,' 'Do in hill as you would do in hall,' and 'Who swims in sin must sink in sorrow.' Alliteration is, in fact, one of the most important of all the artificial means which a proverb employs for obtaining currency among men, and for rivetting its words on the memory, so that no force of time can shake them from their resting place.

But the longest day has its evening, the longest article must come to its conclusion. I trust however that I have said enough to lead some few at least to appreciate more than ever the *form of words* in which the poetry of the past and the present has found utterance. For the length of my quotations I shall make no apology; some of them I have set down by way of a 'horrible example,' as beacons to tell of the shoals where the small and great have suffered shipwreck: the rest I have adduced in sure confidence that among them may be found some of the most expressive and graceful lines that have lent beauty and energy to the poetry of the world. They will be enough to remind us that the same laws of poetic harmony have prevailed from the beginning, that time and place cannot fetter the impulse of poetic genius, and that the same adornment which gave new vigour to the goodly words of Lucretius and other master spirits of the olden time, has in these later ages, embellished and strengthened the lines of Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Pope, Gray and Tennyson.

S.



OUR CHRONICLE.

IN every kind of manufactory there is allotted to each workman his peculiar work, and rapidity and excellence in each department is the result. As supervisors of the food with which Aquila our domesticated bird claims to be satisfied, we cannot but think it unreasonable that we should be expected also to provide the same. And though she has now been regularly supported for seven years, and thriven under her terminal change of diet, and shown no symptoms whatever of any desire to return to the native wilds whence we reclaimed her, yet we cannot but tremble for the future unless she obtain more generous support. Seriously, we would beg our Subscribers, both present and late Members of the College, while congratulating them on the completion of the Fourth Volume of our Magazine, to come forward more liberally with their literary contributions. At present, the greater number of the articles are contributed by the Editors themselves.

The Members' Prizes, open to Middle and Commencing Bachelors, have been adjudged as follows :

- 1 F. W. H. Myers, B.A., Trinity.
- 2 H. Lee Warner, B.A. St. John's.

The Porson Prize and the Browne Medal for the Greek Ode, have been awarded to J. E. Sandys.

The following additional Donations and Subscriptions towards the Chapel Window Fund have been promised :

DONATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
R. C. Atkinson	1	1	0	R. G. Marsden	3	3	0
E. Brook Smith	1	10	0	A. Salts	1	1	0
Rev. W. A. Chapman	5	0	0	H. A. Williams	3	0	0

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(to be paid in three years.)

	s.	s.	d.		s.	s.	d.
W. Almack	6	6	0	T. S. Ladds	3	3	0
E. K. Bayley	10	10	0	Rev. W. H. A. Lewis	3	3	0
M. H. L. Beebee	15	15	0	E. W. M. Lloyd	6	6	0
H. R. Beor	6	6	0	A. Low	6	6	0
A. Bonney	3	3	0	A. Marshall	9	9	0
W. Bonsey	6	6	0	F. Marshall	3	3	0
C. W. Bourne	6	6	0	T. Moss	6	6	0
R. Bower	3	3	0	A. N. Obbard	3	3	0
T. L. C. Bridges	6	6	0	E. L. Pearson	6	6	0
R. Browne	6	6	0	T. N. Perkins	6	6	0
J. F. Buckler	3	3	0	E. A. B. Pitman	6	6	0
G. F. Bulmer	6	6	0	R. K. Pritchard	6	6	0
J. P. Cann	3	3	0	M. H. Quayle	6	6	0
J. M. Collard	6	6	0	G. E. Redhead	6	6	0
W. Covington (2nd sub.)	3	3	0	C. W. Reynolds	3	3	0
W. Davies	6	6	0	E. J. S. Rudd	9	9	0
R. J. Ellis	3	3	0	A. C. Skrimshire	3	3	0
A. J. Finch	6	6	0	C. J. Stoddart	3	3	0
E. Fynes-Clinton	3	3	0	— Watson	3	0	0
T. W. W. Gordon	6	6	0	G. C. Whiteley	6	6	0
W. Griffith	6	6	0	A. S. Wilkins	6	6	0
S. Haslam	6	6	0	A. F. L. Wilkinson	6	6	0
H. Humphreys	3	3	0				

Altogether a little more than £1000 has been promised, of which £285 has been paid.

The Fellowships lately held by the following gentlemen, have become vacant since the publication of our last number: Rev. J. J. Beresford, B.D., Rev. A. V. Hadley, M.A., and C. E. Graves, M.A.

The living of Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. C. Sharpe, B.D., has been filled up by the presentation of the Rev. G. G. Holmes, B.D.

The following have been elected to Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions:

Minor Scholars and Hare—Boutflower and Hallam.

Minor Scholars—Carpmael and Chamberlain.

Somerset and Hereford—Benson and Hewison.

Somerset—Lee-Warner.

Hare—Cotterill, Hart, and Routh.

The following obtained a first class in the Voluntary Classical Examination: Burrow, J. B. Haslam, H. G. Hart, Hewitt, Massie, Sandys, and W. F. Smith.

The following obtained a second class: Beaumont, Brayshaw, Brogden, Brown, Cotterill, Cox, Jamblin, Marsden, Rowsell, Souper, Warren, and A. W. Watson.

The following gentlemen have obtained a first class in the College Examination :

THIRD YEAR.

Hill	Pryke	Covington
Genge	Dewick	Rowsell
Marrack		

English Essay Prize—J. B. Mullinger.

Greek Testament Prize—H. M. Hewitt.

SECOND YEAR.

Charnley	Green	Landon
Humphreys	Groome	Beaumont
Gwatkin	Carpmael	Sandys
Blunn	Chaplin	Thorpe, C. E.
Fiddian	Hope	Thornley

English Essay Prize—J. E. Sandys.

Reading Prizes—1 G. Oldacres.

2 F. G. Maples } *Æq.*
A. W. Watson }

FIRST YEAR.

Moulton	Marshall }	Brook Smith
Laidman	Sparkes }	Atkinson
Bourne }	Holditch	Braithwaite
Smales }	Fynes-Clinton }	Luck, R.
Griffith	Lester }	Charlton, J.
Verdon	Collard }	Ashe
Lloyd	Moss, T. }	Almack }
Watson, F.	Pearson, E.L. }	Prevost }
Wilkins	Ellis }	Thomas
Watson, A. M.	Gannon }	Bower }
Obbard	Haslam, S.	Whiteley }

English Essay Prize—A. S. Wilkins.

The following gentlemen were elected Scholars of the College on the 15th of June, 1865 :

<i>Third Year.</i>	<i>Second Year.</i>	<i>First Year.</i>
Rowsell	Sandys	Bourne
Covington	Humphreys	Laidman
Dewick	Charnley	Smales
Burrow	Blunn	
	Gwatkin	
	Green	
	Palmer	

The under-mentioned have been appointed Proper Sizars :
Thornley, Robson, T. G. B. Poole, Wilkins, Lester, Ellis, Gannon.

Exhibitions have been awarded to the following gentlemen :

Third Year—Cotterill, Genge, H. G. Hart, J. B. Haslam, Hewitt, Hill, Jamblin, Marrack, Marsden, Massie, W. F. Smith, Stevens.

Second Year—Beaumont, Blunn, Carpmael, Chaplin, Charnley, Cox, Groome, Gwatkin, Hope, Humphreys, Landon, Sandys.

First Year—Griffith, Lester, Lloyd, F. Marshall, Moss, Moulton, Obbard, Smales, Sparkes, Verdon, A. M. Watson, F. Watson, Wilkins.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present Term are :

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.

Treasurer, F. Andrews.

Secretary, M. H. L. Beebee, B.A.

1st Captain, M. H. Marsden.

2nd Captain, H. Watney.

3rd Captain, E. Carpmael.

4th Captain, F. G. Maples.

The crews of the boats in the race were :

<i>1st Boat.</i>	<i>2nd Boat.</i>
1 F. G. Maples	1 W. H. Chaplin
2 E. Carpmael	2 C. F. Roe
3 E. B. l'Anson	3 J. Snowdon
4 M. H. L. Beebee	4 A. Low
5 M. H. Marsden	5 W. Charnley
6 H. Watney	6 J. M. Collard
7 W. Bonsey	7 A. Cust
F. Andrews (<i>stroke</i>)	H. G. Hart (<i>stroke</i>)
H. Forbes (<i>cox.</i>)	J. W. D. Hilton (<i>cox.</i>)

3rd Boat.

- 1 A. G. Cane
- 2 C. W. Bourne
- 3 J. Toone
- 4 C. A. Hope
- 5 E. L. Pearson
- 6 R. Ellis
- 7 J. W. Hodgson
- S. Haslam (*stroke*)
- R. Bower (*cox.*)

4th Boat.

- 1 W. F. Barrett
- 2 E. Cargill
- 3 H. R. Beor
- 4 W. H. Green
- 5 H. M. Hewitt
- 6 F. C. Wace
- 7 C. Taylor
- W. Mills (*stroke*)
- H. W. Street (*cox.*)

The Wright and Pearson Challenge Sculls were rowed for on Tuesday, June 6th. In an exciting time race, Mr. H. Watney was successful, beating Mr. T. Roach by about half a second, and Mr. W. Bonsey by about five seconds.

The Bateman pair-oars were won easily by Messrs. Andrews and Maples: four other boats entered.

The following is the result of the Races during the present Term:

Thursday, May 18.

FIRST DIVISION.

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 1 Trin. Hall | 8 Trin. Hall 2 | 15 Magdalene |
| 2 3rd Trinity | 9 Christ's | 16 Jesus |
| 3 1st Trinity | 10 Caius | 17 2nd Trinity |
| 4 Lady Margaret | 11 1st Trinity 2 } | 18 Emmanuel 2 } |
| 5 Emmanuel | 12 Pembroke } | 19 St. Peter's } |
| 6 1st Trinity 2 | 13 L. Margaret 2 | 20 King's |
| 7 Corpus | 14 Clare | |

SECOND DIVISION.

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 King's | 7 Christ's 2 } | 15 1st Trinity 5 |
| 2 1st Trinity 4 } | 8 Corpus 2 } | 16 L. Margaret 4 |
| 3 Sidney } | 9 Trin. Hall 3 } | 17 1st Trinity 6 |
| 4 Catharine | 10 Queens' } | 18 2nd Trinity 2 } |
| 5 Caius 2 | 11 Clare 2 | 19 Pembroke 2 } |
| 6 L. Margaret 3 | 12 Emmanuel 3 | 20 Downing |
| | 13 Jesus 2 } | |
| | 14 3rd Trinity 2 } | |

Friday, May 19.

FIRST DIVISION.

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Trin. Hall } | 8 Trin. Hall 2 | 14 L. Margaret 2 } |
| 2 3rd Trinity } | 9 Christ's } | 15 Magdalene } |
| 3 1st Trinity | 10 Caius } | 16 Jesus |
| 4 L. Margaret | 11 Pembroke | 17 2nd Trinity |
| 5 Emmanuel | 12 1st Trinity 3 } | 18 St. Peter's |
| 6 1st Trinity 2 | 13 Clare } | 19 Emmanuel 2 } |
| 7 Corpus | | 20 Sidney } |

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's }	8 Christ's 2 }	14 Jesus 2 }
2 Sidney }	9 Queens' }	15 1st Trinity 5 }
3 1st Trinity 4 }	10 Trin. Hall 3 }	16 L. Margaret 4 }
4 Catharine }	11 Clare 2 }	17 1st Trinity 6 }
5 Caius 2 }	12 Emmanuel 3 }	18 Pembroke 2 }
6 L. Margaret 3 }	13 3rd Trinity 2 }	19 2nd Trinity 2 }
7 Corpus 2 }		20 Downing }

Saturday, May 20.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity }	8 Trin. Hall 2 }	15 L. Margaret 2 }
2 Trin. Hall }	9 Caius }	16 Jesus }
3 1st Trinity }	10 Christ's }	17 2nd Trinity }
4 L. Margaret }	11 Pembroke }	18 St. Peter's }
5 Emmanuel }	12 Clare }	19 Sidney }
6 1st Trinity 2 }	13 1st Trinity 3 }	20 Emmanuel 2 }
7 Corpus }	14 Magdalene }	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2 }	7 L. Margaret 3 }	14 1st Trinity 5 }
2 King's }	8 Queens' }	15 Jesus 2 }
3 Catharine }	9 Christ's 2 }	16 L. Margaret 4 }
4 1st Trinity 4 }	10 Trin. Hall 3 }	17 Pembroke 2 }
5 Caius 2 }	11 Clare 2 }	18 1st Trinity 6 }
6 Corpus }	12 3rd Trinity 2 }	19 2nd Trinity 2 }
	13 Emmanuel 3 }	20 Downing }

Monday, May 22.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity }	8 Caius }	14 1st Trinity 3 }
2 Trin. Hall }	9 Trin. Hall 2 }	15 Jesus }
3 1st Trinity }	10 Pembroke }	16 L. Margaret 2 }
4 L. Margaret }	11 Christ's }	17 2nd Trinity }
5 Emmanuel }	12 Clare }	18 St. Peter's }
6 1st Trinity 2 }	13 Magdalene }	19 Sidney }
7 Corpus }		20 Emmanuel 2 }

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2 }	8 L. Margaret 3 }	15 Jesus 2 }
2 King's }	9 Christ's 2 }	16 Pembroke 2 }
3 Catharine }	10 Clare 2 }	17 L. Margaret 4 }
4 1st Trinity 4 }	11 Trin. Hall 3 }	18 2nd Trinity 2 }
5 Corpus 2 }	12 3rd Trinity 2 }	19 1st Trinity 6 }
6 Caius 2 }	13 Emmanuel 3 }	20 Downing }
7 Queens' }	14 1st Trinity 5 }	

Tuesday, May 23.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity	8 Caius	15 1st Trinity 3 }
2 Trin. Hall	9 Pembroke	16 2nd Trinity }
3 1st Trinity	10 Trin. Hall 2 }	17 L. Margaret 2 }
4 L. Margaret	11 Christ's }	18 Sidney }
5 Emmanuel	12 Magdalene }	19 St. Peter's }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Clare }	20 Emmanuel 2
7 Corpus	14 Jesus	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2 }	7 Caius 2 }	14 1st Trinity 4 }
2 King's }	8 Christ's 2 }	15 Pembroke 2 }
3 Catharine	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Jesus 2 }
4 Corpus 2	10 Clare 2 }	17 2nd Trinity 2 }
5 1st Trinity 4 }	11 3rd Trinity 2 }	18 L. Margaret 4 }
6 Queens' }	12 Trin. Hall 3	19 Downing }
	13 Emmanuel 3	20 1st Trinity 6 }

Wednesday, May 24.

FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity	8 Caius	15 2nd Trinity
2 Trin. Hall	9 Pembroke	16 1st Trinity 3 }
3 1st Trinity	10 Christ's	17 Sidney }
4 L. Margaret	11 Trin. Hall 2	18 L. Margaret 2 }
5 Emmanuel	12 Clare }	19 St. Peter's }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Magdalene }	20 King's
7 Corpus	14 Jesus	

The presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. W. D. Bushell and Mr. W. H. Besant, on their resigning the commissions they had so long held in our College Company, took place on Friday, May 12. Capt. Richardson presented the testimonials in an appropriate speech, which was suitably acknowledged and replied to by Messrs. Bushell and Besant.

The cup for those Members of the Corps who have never won a prize in the Corps, was carried off by Mr. Roe. The same gentleman won also the cup presented to Number 2 Company by Messrs. Bushell and Besant.

On Monday, May 29th, the Cambridge University Corps paid a visit to Oxford, for the purpose of being inspected in company with the Oxford University Corps. The day was most favourable, and everything passed off most satisfactorily. No. 2 Company was hospitably entertained in Exeter College Hall.

The Company Challenge Cup was won in the Lent Term by Private Roe, and in the present term by Corp. Wace. The last named won the Officer's Pewter in the Lent Term, the winner this term being Private Braithwaite.

Three Members of our Company, Captain Richardson, Corporal Wace and Lance-Corporal Roe are in the twelve selected to represent the battalion at Wimbledon. We hope next term to be able to chronicle their successes.

The Cricket Club has played the following Matches during the past and present Terms :

March 31st. Eleven *v.* Nineteen. Eleven, 83; Nineteen 84, with 5 wickets to fall.

April 27th. *v.* Trinity Scratch Elevens. Won by Trinity.

April 29th. *v.* Caius College. St. John's 181; Caius College, 1st Innings 84; 2nd, 44, with 9 wickets to fall. Mr. Skrimshire scored 49 (not out).

May 15th. *v.* Ashley. Ashley 166; St. John's 108.

May 23rd and 24th. *v.* Trinity College. St. John's, 1st Innings 228; 2nd, 135. Trinity, 1st Innings 194; 2nd, 96, with 8 wickets to fall. Mr. Souper scored 81, Mr. Lloyd 78, and Mr. Warren 56.

May 25th. *v.* Trinity Hall. St. John's 1st Innings 211; Trinity Hall, 1st Innings 52; 2nd, 26, with 5 wickets to fall. Mr. A. Bateman scored 105 (not out).

May 26th. *v.* King's College. St. John's, 1st Innings 99, with 3 wickets to fall. King's, 1st Innings 248.

May 30th. *v.* Jesus College. St. John's, 1st Innings 84. Jesus, 1st Innings 215.

June 7th. *v.* Emmanuel College. St. John's, 1st Innings 388; Emmanuel, 1st Innings 54, with 8 wickets to fall.

This match was remarkable from the fact, that there were nine double figures in the St. John's score. Mr. Souper played a splendid Innings of 103, Mr. Miller scored 57, Mr. Lloyd 50, and Mr. Warren 49.

The Second Eleven have played the following matches:

May 8th. *v.* Trinity Second Eleven. Trinity, 1st Innings 240; St. John's 146. Mr. Miller scored 70 in this match.

May 25th. *v.* Sidney Sussex College. St. John's, 1st Innings 113. Sidney Sussex, 1st Innings 46; 2nd, 35.

May 27th. *v.* St. Catharine's College. St. John's, 1st Innings 151. St. Catharine's, 1st Innings 46; 2nd, 63, with 1 wicket to fall. In this match Mr. Bonsey scored 47.

May 30th. *v.* Jesus College, 2nd Eleven. St. John's, 1st Innings 140; Jesus 164. In this match Mr. Almack scored 42.

It is worthy of note, that the First Eleven has always been successful this season when they have played their full strength.

No. XVIII.—Vol. IV.]

[December, 1863.

THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1863.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1863.

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ERRATUM, VOL. III.—No. 17, p. 347, for Demex read Remex.

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St. John's College, December 5th, 1863.

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No. XIX.—Vol. IV.]

[March, 1864.



THE EAGLE.

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ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

LENT TERM, 1864.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1864.



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No. XX.—Vol. IV.]

[June, 1864.



THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

EASTER TERM, 1864.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1864.



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[December, 1864.



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PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1864.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1864.



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No. XXII.—Vol. IV.]

[March, 1865.



THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
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PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

LENT TERM, 1865.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1865.



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No. XXIII.—Vol. IV.]

[June, 1865.



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A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

EASTER TERM, 1865.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1865.



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